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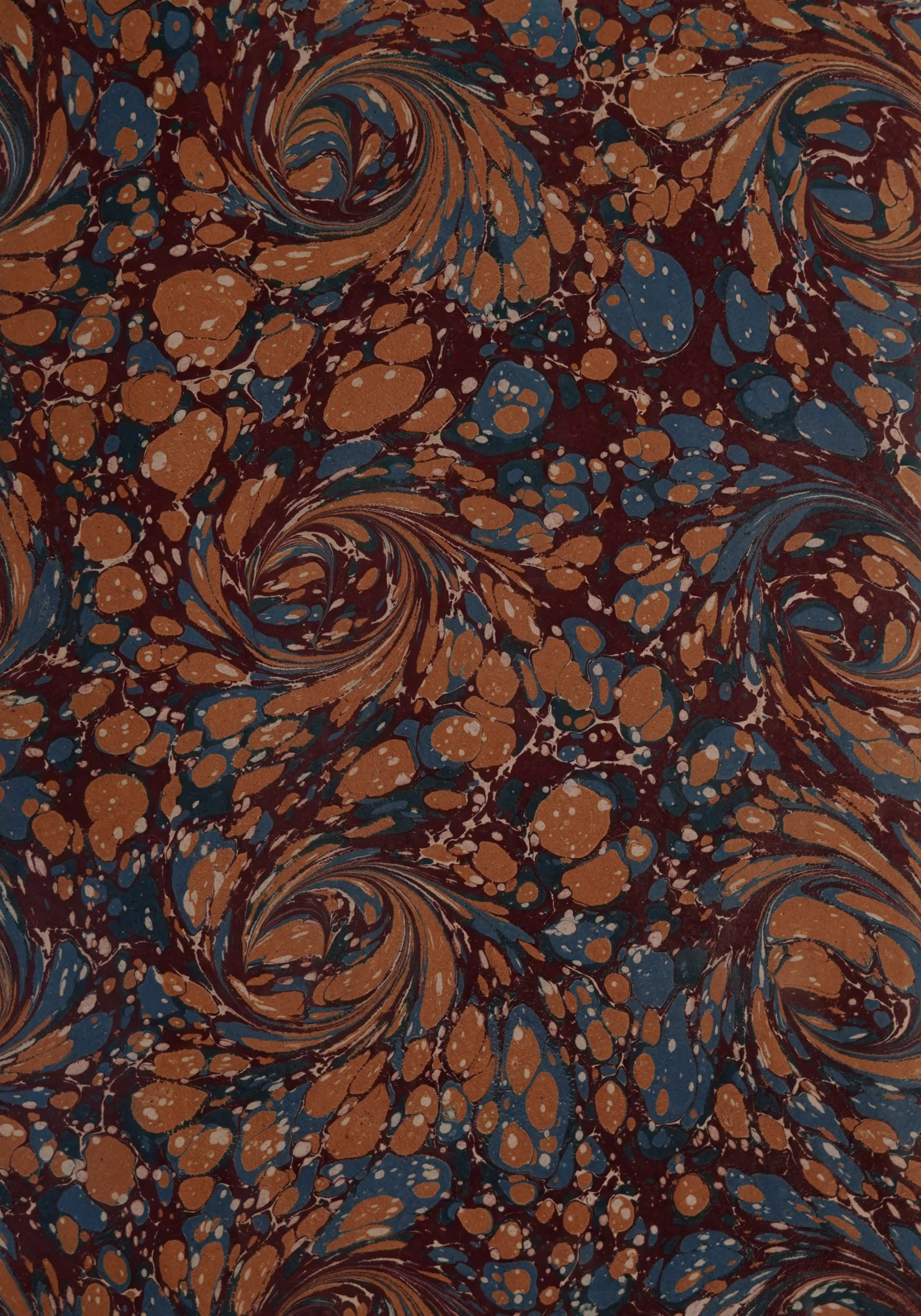

*THE*

# PORTFOLIO

*AN ARTISTIC PERIODICAL*

Edited by Philip Gilbert Hamerton

*With many Illustrations*

LONDON

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# THE PORTFOLIO

## THE BOOKWORM

ETCHED BY W. WRIGHT-NOOTH, FROM A PICTURE BY JOHN A. LOMAX

THIS pleasant little picture has the qualities which can be effectively reproduced in black and white, and especially in etching. Its strong light and shadow, and its variety of texture, afford the etcher just the opportunities which he seeks for the exercise of his skill. The painter is a son of Mr. John Lomax, of Manchester, whose name was formerly well known to collectors. It was at Munich that he received his artistic education, where he studied for some years under Professors Lüftz and Lindenschmidt. He began to exhibit at the Royal Academy in 1880, and had three landscapes in the exhibition of that year. Then he was compelled by family affairs to give up the practice of art for some time, and it was not until 1888 that he was able to come to London and make a second *début* with the small *genre* pictures which he has since exhibited at the Royal Academy, the Institute, and the Suffolk Street Gallery. Mr. Lomax was elected in 1890 a Member of the Royal Society of British Artists.

## THE INNS OF COURT

### I

The Ward of Farringdon Without—The First Settlement of the Templars—Some Geographical Notes—The Opening of Ludgate—The Three Temples—The Bishop of Exeter in the Outer Temple—Lincoln and his Inn—Portpool—The Inns of Chancery—The Greys of Wilton—The Murder of the Bishop of Exeter—The Earl of Essex—The Elector Palatine—Barbon and Essex Street—The Temple Church—Vandalism—The Suppression of the Templars—The Hospitallers and the Temple—The Lawyers—Chancery Lane—The Bishop of Chichester—Gray's Inn—Summary.

IT is a curious fact that all the Inns of Court and Chancery are within the boundaries of the City of London, or within a stone's throw of the boundaries. They are, in fact, all either within, or just beyond, the borders of one city ward, that of Farringdon Without. There must be a reason for this, and it is the business of the historian to find out what that reason is.

We must first get hold of a date to start from, a chronological 'from which,' and then work down the stream of time as steadily as we can. We know that Farringdon Without was made a city ward in or before 1223, but long before that time Fleet Street had been reckoned a suburb, and was under civic rule and governance. It is referred to as early as

1115, under the designation of 'Ultra Fletam,' and the names of four tenants there of the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's—and the occupation of one, a lorimer, or maker of bits and stirrups—are mentioned. The great man of the region was named Theobald, and Theobald had a daughter who married Fulcred, and Theobald gave her a piece of land as her marriage portion. But Fulcred was dead, and his son William succeeded to the land. I cannot date the document exactly in which these names occur, but it must have been written, as I have said, in or before 1115. Three years later a great event happened in the region 'Ultra Fletam,' an event which has continued to mark its history ever since: the Knights Templars settled in Holborn in 1118.

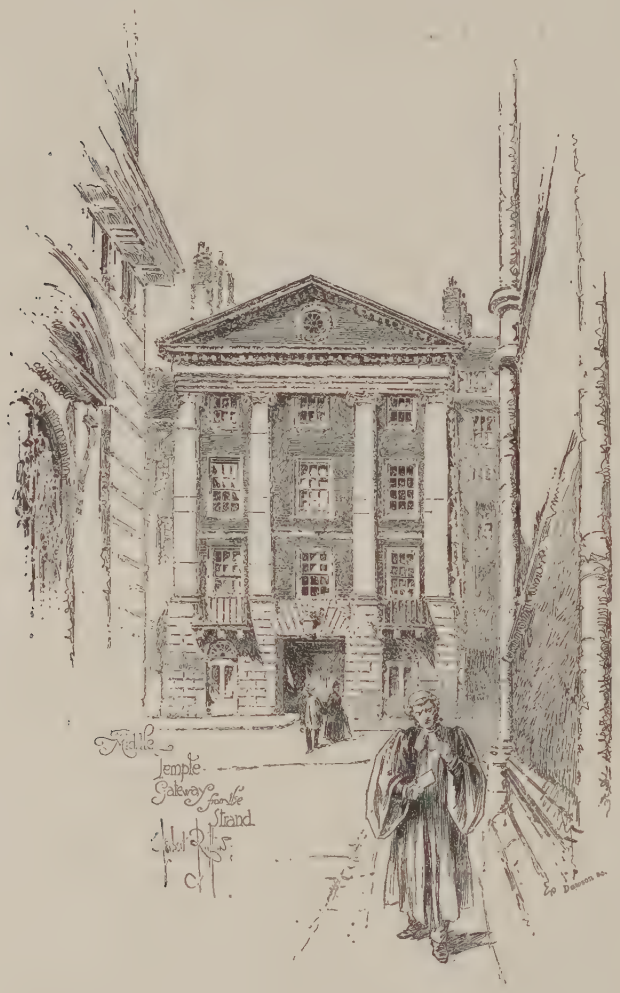
It may be well to make some geographical notes before proceeding further. We remember that the Thames was then, and long after, the great highway between the city of London and the King's court and the royal abbey at Westminster. But there was also a street or road which led from the city to the palace. It was not, however, as we might suppose at first sight, the street which we know now as Fleet Street, with its continuation, the Strand. In many books you will find it stated that this roadway is very ancient; that it was first made by the Romans, and that it entered the city at Ludgate. But no such roadway could have existed—there was no Roman gate at Ludgate. In stating this, I am met by a single fact, which, in the minds of people not thoroughly acquainted with the geography of the district, might be taken as conclusive. There is an undoubtedly Roman building, or part of one, in a lane leading southward from the Strand. But if you start from the Roman bath and go northward, you ascend a steep slope to reach the roadway, and you perceive that a little way off, upon your right, there is a slope downward down Fleet Street; and a little way further, on your left, there is another, but slighter, slope down the Strand. You perceive, in fact, that you are on a ridge, and, if you pursue it, you will be led to High Holborn, and will perceive there also a decided slope to the right, and a slighter one to the left. The Roman bath, thus used, teaches us, not that there was a gate at Ludgate, and a road leading westward from it, but that the Romans coming out of the city by their gate near where Newgate is now, crossing the Fleet by their bridge in the hollow, and ascending Holborn Hill, made their way down the ridge I have mentioned to a place where it jutted into the Thames. There they built their bath, and there, no doubt, they took boating for Westminster, if they desired to go so far, for a pavement has been discovered to show that the Romans built at Westminster as well as in the Strand. The first settlement, then, 'Ultra Fletam,' after the Conquest, in all probability was in High Holborn, and neither Fleet Street nor the street of the Strand could exist until the opening of Ludgate, whose name is good Anglo-Saxon for a postern, and has no more to do with King Lud than it has with the Luddites; and until a bridge had been made at what we call Ludgate Circus, over the lower, wide, tidal reach of the Fleet; and until enough dry ground had been made by deepening the Thames and embanking, to give room, first, for houses on the west side of the Fleet about Bridewell before the ridge was climbed, and, secondly, for draining and rendering habitable the land between Fleet Street and the river. These conditions did not exist in Roman times. They did not exist when the boundary between the city of London and the manor of the Abbot of Westminster was called London Fen (see 'Westminster Abbey,' ii. 34), in the middle of the tenth century, a little more than a century before the Conquest. They did not exist when, before the year 1115, the four tenants of St. Paul's lived beyond the Fleet; and they did not exist when the Knights Templars began to build in 1118 in High Holborn. But when seventy years or so had elapsed, these conditions did exist. Ludgate had been opened; the road had been carried, presumably by a bridge, across the lower Fleet; the city had begun to claim land which the Abbot said was his; much engineering work had been carried out; and, finally, the Templars—wanting more room than they could get in Holborn, with new houses rising all round in Fetter Lane,

in Show-well Lane (which we call Shoe Lane), in Chancery Lane—obtained the fine open meadow sloping down to the Thames on the southern side of the new street, and there built a great house and the church, part of which is still standing. They also rented a field which lay on the other side of the new road along the Strand, which was called Fickett's Field, and squared with the Outer Temple, or that part of their own domain which was not within the city boundaries. This field was used for tilting, and doubtless 'The Forge,' for which the city still pays a rent to the Crown, was the place where their armour was fitted and riveted, and their horses shod.

We now leave geography and return to history. We find the Templars settled on the extreme verge of the city territory, but inside the boundary. A brief examination of a plan of the ward shows a kind of semi-circular projection just at Temple Bar, extending a few yards to the west, and marking, no doubt, where there was at some remote period a semi-circular outwork to protect the city entrance. North of this point the boundary runs so as almost to surround the holding of the Bishop of Chichester, and then slopes away eastward, reaching Holborn at Staple Inn. The Ward of Farringdon was not yet so called, but was the Ward of Holborn and Fleet Street, and in 1222 the city hold on it was tightened by the Mayor and the Abbot coming to an arrangement by which the city was to retain the land, but the abbey was to have the two new churches of St. Bride and St. Dunstan. Henry III. soon took St. Dunstan's from the Abbot, but to this day St. Bride's is in the gift of the Abbot's successors, the Dean and Chapter of Westminster. A few years later, the boundaries of the ward were settled. An arbitrary division was probably made then, a division which still exists. We all know there was, and is, an Inner Temple. This was probably the ground on which the domestic buildings stood, the nearest part to the city, and abutting on the precincts of the Carmelites or White Friars, who had settled eastward of the Templars in 1241. The Templars, in addition to these buildings which ended on the west with the church, had probably gardens or orchards beyond and a gateway into Fleet Street, and this is now the Middle Temple. But the word 'Middle' implies the existence of at least three entities, so to speak. There was an Inner Temple, but the adjoining space was not the Outer, it was the Middle Temple. But we know two more things about the ground. The city boundary, more or less fortified, ran outside—that is, to westward of the Middle Temple—and cut off a field which the Templars possessed. This was the Outer Temple, and sloped gently to a certain stream which here crossed the Strand, and, before it fell into the Thames, worked a mill. The roadway ran through the brook by a ford, commemorated by Milford Lane, and the Templars had a bridge, or what we should call a floating wharf, where, until the making of the Thames Embankment, there were stairs and a landing or embarking place. The Outer Temple never belonged to the lawyers, but was leased to Walter Stapledon, bishop of Exeter, by whose tenancy hangs a tragic tale, to be told presently. Finally, it belonged to the Devereuxes, earls of Essex, and so we have, marking its site, Devereux Court and Essex Street, where this chapter on its history is now being published.

Soon after the Templars and the Carmelites had established themselves south of Fleet Street, Henry Lacy, earl of Lincoln, and the Bishop of Chichester settled themselves on territory which lay over against the Temple, on the north side of the new street, and just outside the extreme verge of the city defences. Beyond it, as beyond the Temple, there lay a paddock, and beyond that again the open common still known, though no longer open nor common, as Lincoln's Inn Fields. This estate takes us up to Holborn, and across the way, but also outside the city boundary, is Gray's Inn, a much later addition. At the time of which I am writing, the thirteenth century to wit, if there was a house here it must have been the manor house of a canon of St. Paul's. But it is more likely that the incumbent of the prebend of Portpool, his estate being so near the city, preferred to have

his house within the protection of the city wall, or at least within the boundary. There is, therefore, some difficulty about the manor of Portpool, and I remember, some years ago, that my lamented friend, Mr. Benjamin Webb, when he told me he had been presented to the prebend of Portpool, asked if I could tell him where Portpool was. But the 'port,' which means, in this connexion, rather an extra-mural market than a gate, may be found, perhaps, in the neighbouring Staple Inn, which is not 'Staple's Inn,' as it is sometimes erroneously called, but a name which denotes, by another old word, the existence of a market; and the pool—well, what can be more natural than that a horsepond adjoined the market-place? However, the market-place has become an Inn of Chancery, and the horsepond the site of an Inn of Court.




These, then, are the four Inns of Court, namely, the Inner Temple, the Middle Temple, Lincoln's Inn, and Gray's Inn. The Inns of Chancery were subject in certain matters to the Inns of Court; but by degrees all have been dissolved and are Inns of Chancery no longer. They were, under the Inner Temple, Clifford's, Clement's, and Lyon's; under the Middle Temple, Strand and New; under Lincoln's Inn, Furnival's and Thavies'; and under Gray's Inn, Staple and Barnard's. Besides the regular Inns of Chancery there were several wholly independent bodies, such as two Serjeants' Inns, and the comparatively obscure Dane's Inn. In early times we read of other societies of lawyers, which, in their origin at least, might have claimed to be Inns of Chancery, if Dugdale is right in saying they derived this name from being 'Hospicia for the clerks of the Chancery.' There was also a hospice, known as Scroope's Inn, adjoining the palace of the Bishops of Ely in Holborn, and some of small duration seem to have subsisted still further east, about Smithfield and the Old Bailey.

It will have been perceived that all these rookeries of the lawyers are close to the city boundaries except Gray's Inn. The reason for this may be found in the fact that the two Temples and Lincoln's Inn are older than Gray's Inn. When students of the law betook themselves to the monastery of the military order and to the palace of the last of the Lacies, there was no security except in cities. It was dangerous as well as inconvenient to be at any distance from the walls. But when, in the year 1516, an association, consisting of two serjeants and four barristers, took out a lease at ten shillings rent of the manor of Portpool from the Prior of Shene, public security had been so far ensured by good government that many people considered it perfectly safe to live in houses built all along the Strand as far as Charing Cross, and much further west than the old manor house of Edmond, Lord Grey de Wilton. In the older days, as we have seen, the lawyers never

took to the Outer Temple, but, as has often been observed, the pioneers, the first colonists, so to speak, of the Strand were the bishops, who, perhaps, thought themselves sufficiently protected by their sacred office. Accordingly, the Bishop of Exeter ran the risk and built his palace outside the city boundary. The result, though it really had little or nothing to do with the palace in the Outer Temple, was not encouraging.

Walter Stapledon was appointed to govern the See of Exeter in 1308. He speedily built himself 'a very fair house,' afterwards known as Essex House, and in 1320 was Treasurer to Edward II. In the contests between the King and his Queen, whom Gray has commemorated in the title, 'She-wolf of France,' Bishop Stapledon sided with the King, who, however, leaving his Treasurer to defend London, fled to the west on the news of Isabella's landing. This was in the autumn of 1326. But the London citizens, impoverished by the maladministration of the weak Edward, did not care to obey his nominee. The Bishop was mobbed in the streets. He had been peaceably riding to dine at a hostelry in Warwick Lane, then called Old Dean's Lane, and when the tumult broke out he turned his horse in order to take refuge in the adjacent church of St. Paul. But before he reached the sanctuary he was torn from the saddle, and hustled by the crowd through the network of lanes—of which Paternoster Row survives, among others—until he reached the church of St. Michael-le-Querne, where Peel's statue is now. Here, at the foot of the Cross of Cheap, lay ghastly evidence of the temper of the rioters. Earlier in the day, John Marshall, a citizen who had opposed the Queen's party, had been seized in his house by the Wallbrook, carried into the market-place, and beheaded. Here the unhappy Bishop shared the same fate, and with him two of his adherents, William Walle and a certain John of Paddington, who, as we read in the 'French Chronicle,' 'was warden of the manor of the aforesaid Bishop, without Temple Bar, and was held in bad repute.' The rest of the story more nearly concerns the Outer Temple. 'Upon the same day,' continues the chronicler, 'toward vespers, came the choir of St. Paul's and took the headless body of the said Bishop, and carried it to St. Paul's Church, where they were given to understand that he had died under sentence; upon which the body was carried to the church of St. Clement, without Temple Bar.' The people of the church, however, were afraid to receive it, warned by the attitude of the mob, who had already plundered the Bishop's house, close by. The body of the Bishop and the bodies of his servants were buried in a heap of sand behind the house, all naked as they had been dragged from the city—'mes qe une femme luy dona un ancien drapiau pour coverer le ventre.' Some time later, the Queen and her son, repenting of the deed done in their name, punished the citizens who could be identified as concerned in the murders, and took the body of the Bishop to Exeter, where his effigy still lies on the north side of the choir, under a curiously painted canopy.

Nearly three hundred years elapsed, and once more the Outer Temple is concerned with a city riot. Robert Devereux, 'Queen Elizabeth's Earl of Essex,' here made his plans for raising London against the Queen's government. The measures of Burleigh had been too carefully matured, and Essex, discomfited, unable to raise the citizens or to obtain arms from the armourers in Gracechurch Street, turned to make his exit by Ludgate. This the Bishop would by no means permit, and the baffled conspirators, when 'Paul's Chain,' then a reality, had been lifted to let them pass, descended to Paul's Wharf and took a boat to the landing-place at Essex House. In the evening they were arrested here and taken over to Lambeth. When, in the following reign, the Elector Palatine, or Palsgrave of the Rhine, came to wed the King's daughter, he was lodged in Essex House. A court in the Outer Temple afterwards bore the name of Palsgrave Place. The Parliamentarian general, Essex, was born and also died in Essex House. Finally, Barbon, the brother of 'Praise God Barebones,' bought it, and built Essex Street on the site; this was in 1680, but a portion of the old house remained until 1777. And so the Outer Temple disappears from the page of history.

There are but three specimens of Norman architecture above-ground in London. One of the three is the round part of the Temple Church. True, in addition to the Tower and its chapel of St. John, and to the grand church of the Canons of St. Bartholomew, there is a crypt in Cheap, under the church of St. Mary-le-Bow; also a crypt exists in the precincts of the Hospitallers at Clerkenwell. But we have to go far into the country to find another specimen of Norman, west of the walls of London, and even ordinary Gothic only exists in the Savoy and at Westminster. Unfortunately, during the first outbreak of the so-called 'great Gothic revival,' the fell spirit of 'restoration' laid a heavy hand on the sole relic of the Templars. The work carried out in 1845 at this place would alone justify a recent suggestion, namely, that in writing or speaking of modern, or mock, Gothic, as distinguished from the real thing, the term Vandal or Vandalic might be used. The name of Gothic was certainly bestowed by our not very remote ancestors on mediaeval, and especially on pointed architecture, as a term of reproach. When we see how the modern architect has used what he would persuade us is Gothic—as Smirke used it at the Temple, as Mr. Pearson has used it at Westminster, as Salvin used it at the Tower, and as Lord Grimthorpe is now using it at St. Albans—what name can we think of more appropriate? Nothing else, as we shall see, will adequately describe the alterations made in the chapel of Inigo Jones in Lincoln's Inn. And certainly, when we compare the Temple Church as it now is with what we can judge it to have been fifty years ago from numerous engravings and descriptions, we cannot but assert that the changes have well deserved the name of Vandalism. The monuments, which comprised many great names, and showed many fine old figures in judicial robes and shields of multitudinous quarterings, have been broken to pieces, or removed to a kind of garret, and the effigies of the knights arranged symmetrically in groups.

The suppression of the Knights of the Holy Sepulchre is among the many obscure passages in the history of Edward II. They first settled in England in 1118, and the narrative of their sojourn here closes in torture and spoliation as early as 1313. They made, considering the short two centuries of their stay, a very indelible impression on our topography and architecture, if not on our history. The Order grew out of one of the numerous confraternities to which the Crusaders gave birth, and Hugh Payne, or 'de Paganis,' with Godfrey of St. Omer, are named as the founders. Only seven other knights joined at first in their vows of poverty, chastity, obedience, and succour of the Holy Land; but within a year they had so grown and prospered that they were able to establish a house in London, and built a round church in Holborn, where now stand Southampton Buildings, and where, a hundred and fifty years ago, the foundations were laid bare. There was a bar at this, the old Temple, as well as at the new; for when the knights removed to the meadows by the Thames, they still kept their buildings within the lines of the city defences, while the other military knights, those of St. John, preferred to be wholly in the country, at the village of Clerkenwell.

Some curious documents are extant as to the crimes and confessions of the Templars. Their fall may, however, be attributed to several influential circumstances which worked together against them. They were reputed very wealthy. They had done nothing for many years to redeem their vows of 'succouring Jerusalem,' or protecting pilgrims. The Hospitallers were envious of them. And finally, the Pope himself turned against them, and their doom was decreed. In Wilkins's 'Concilia,' some of the confessions are reported, and seem certainly to have been extorted from the weaker members of the Order by fear, if not by actual torture. Leading questions were put to them, especially as to heretical doctrines; the answers were twisted, and every form of inquisitorial terrorism was employed. One knight in particular, who seems to have been weakly in body, as we read that he could not attain to the highest rank owing to his lameness, and showed no courage, answered 'Yes' to any accusation, however absurd. He was Treasurer of the Temple. The Treasury of these devotees of poverty was

one of the chief features of the house, and was used by King John and King Henry III. as a safe place of deposit for the regalia on several occasions. Stoke's confession won him absolution. But Thomas de la More, grand master in England, with six knights and twenty-two subordinate members of the Order, confessed nothing but the orthodox faith, and made a noble and pathetic appeal to their prejudiced judges. The Templars were sent to the Tower, but many or most of them, having been degraded, were eventually released, and some of them were pensioned. Very different was the treatment they received in France, where they were prosecuted with the utmost severity, and their grand master put to death by a slow fire. The Kings of both France and England, if they had moved against the Templars from motives of cupidity, must have been disappointed, for the decree of the Council of Vienne, convoked by Clement V. in 1312, gave their possessions to the rival Knights of St. John, who continued in England to hold them, including the Middle and Inner Temples, till the dissolution of the monastic orders, under Henry VIII. We have more to say about the Templars in the next chapter, as their beautiful church contains most interesting memorials of some of them. The Hospitallers must have found such a palace as the Templars had built in Fleet Street rather of the nature of a white elephant, and it was long before they were enabled to let it to any advantage. In the meanwhile, it seems to have been occupied, at the King's instance, by Aymer de Valence, earl of Pembroke. Some say he had a grant of it from the King, which seems unlikely. In any case, Aymer did not long occupy it, for Edward next gave it to Thomas, earl of Lancaster,

—'Saint Thomas,' as the people called him—who was murdered, under judicial forms, at Pontefract, in 1322. At his death it was supposed to revert to the Crown, with Fickett's Field, on which the Law Courts stand now, which, as we have seen, had been a place of exercise and perhaps a tilting-ground for the Templars. But in 1324, the decree of the Pope's council was enforced, and the house became absolutely the property of the Knights of St. John, lest, as the decree ran, 'the same should be put to profane uses.' The new owners interpreted the clause for themselves, and as, no doubt, the majority of lawyers and many of the judges were in orders, they may have thought they were carrying it out to the letter when they leased the house at ten pounds a year to a certain society of students of the law. The date of this transaction must be placed somewhere between 1338 and 1377, but the deeds were lost when the rebels of 1381 destroyed the records of the new Templars. The rebels seem to have acted as the Irish holders of notes issued by

an obnoxious bank acted when they put them in the fire and made the banker's fortune! Certainly, though their deeds perished, the students of the law held their house even until the Dissolution, when the ground passed into the possession of the Crown. Even then, as we shall see, they were not disturbed, and eventually became owners of the freehold. As to whether they are within the city and its jurisdiction, opinions differ. There can be no difficulty as to their geographical position. The Inner and Middle Temples are certainly within the boundaries of the Ward of Farringdon Without.

When 'the students of the law' had obtained settled possession of the Temple, another and similar society had already established themselves at the other side of Fleet Street. The Dominicans, or Black Friars, had come into the kingdom in 1215, and had gradually settled themselves on a piece of ground facing into the roadway of Holborn, at the western side of the northern end of what we know as Chancery Lane. Here, according to their custom, they added field to field, and garden to garden, by purchase, exchange, testamentary and eleemosynary gift, and by incessant, tireless begging. At last they amassed a large territory, reaching from Holborn down to the house and coney garth of the Bishop of Chichester. This 'piecea terrae,' to quote the elegant Latinity of an old document, did not content them, and, in 1278, they removed to what we know as Blackfriars, a place just within the city wall, where an embankment of the Fleet had left a space vacant at high as well as low tides. Their holding in Holborn came into the market, so to speak, and was bought by Henry Lacy, earl of Lincoln and Salisbury, in 1286—a man of learning and law, as well as of military prowess, who filled several high judicial offices, and in 1310 was one of the 'Lords Ordainers of Reform.' He gave the friars 550 marks, to be paid in instalments, 'for all their place, buildings, and habitation near Holebourn,' to be held by all the accustomed secular services due to the lord of the fief. The grant was read and enrolled in the Hustings of London on the 4th March, and about a year later received royal confirmation. From these transactions we may gather that there was at that time at least a doubt as to whether it was in the city or not.

There are tales in many books as to the wonderful gardens and orchards Lincoln had here, and what a large sum, in 1295, he was able to make in the market by the sale of his fruit. Mr. Wheatley assesses it at '135*l.* in our currency.'

Another tale is that Lincoln was so fond of law and lawyers that he had his house full of students, and had already arranged for them to take it over entirely when he died, early in 1311. The particulars of this transfer seem never to have been ascertained. Herbert, who is a fair authority, says: 'Tradition reports that Henry Lacy, the great Earl of Lincoln, who, in the next age, had a grant by patent from King Edward I. of 'the old friar house juxta Holborn, being a person well affected to the study of the laws,' assigned the professors of them this residence, but we are not told whether by gift or purchase. Dugdale mentions this tradition as being current 'among the antients here,' and adds, 'direct proof thereof, from good authority, I have not as yet seen any.' The modern boundaries of Lincoln's Inn include 'a house in a garden,' near the foot of Chancery Lane, which belonged to the Bishops of Chichester, one of whom, the last who lived here, was Chancellor of England in 1292 and 1307. After him, it is said, Chancellor's Lane, now Chancery Lane, is called. He was allowed, owing to the state of the lane during the wardenship of John le Breton, to put up bars to prevent the passage of heavy traffic. These bars were removed as soon as the lawyers obtained their hold on the place, but their tenure was still dependent on the pleasure of successive Bishops of Chichester, the leases reserving a residence for the Bishop when he should visit London, and it was not until 1536 that Bishop Richard Sampson, with the consent of his Dean and Chapter, finally parted with it to a tenant. In addition to the buildings there was an open space called the Coney Garth, and sometimes Cotterell's Garden. The new proprietors, however, William and Eustace Tyliard, were private persons, and it was not until 1580 that the benchers of Lincoln's Inn obtained the freehold for 520*l.*

The Temple Church.

The whole of the buildings and gardens of Lincoln's Inn are without the present boundary of the city, and Gray's Inn, although geographically its longitude is east of that of Lincoln's Inn, is not within Farringdon ward, although it is within the parish of St. Andrew, Holborn, part of which only is reckoned in the city. The manor of Portpool was leased to the Greys of Wilton. John, Lord Grey of Wilton, in 1315 gave lands in the manor to the canons of St. Bartholomew that they should keep a chaplain for him, for 'his chapel of Portpole, without the bar of the Old Temple.' He died in 1323. Edmund, ninth lord, succeeded about 1505, and soon after, 'by indenture of bargain and sale, passed to Hugh Denny, Esquire, his heirs and assigns, the manor of Portpoole, otherwise called Gray's Inn, four messuages, four gardens, the site of a windmill, eight acres of land, ten shillings of free rent, and the advowson of the chantry of Portpoole aforesaid.' Some eight years later, the prior and convent of Shene, that is Richmond, in Surrey, bought the manor from Denny's trustees, and let the place to certain 'students of the law,' for 6*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* a year. It came to the Crown at the Dissolution, but Henry VIII. renewed the lease, and the Treasury still pays the rent to the Crown.

We have thus traced, in places somewhat uncertainly, the history of the lands on which the four great inns of court were destined to rise. We have seen that at first men crowded into the city for mutual protection, and that those who, like the Bishop of Exeter, lived without the defences, did so at the risk of having their houses plundered. We have further seen that in more settled times a great noble like Grey was not afraid to build his house outside the boundaries, and that by the time of Henry VII. even the unwarlike students of the law could live there securely. That the lawyers should have selected this particular region for their special settlements, that they should have preferred it to the neighbourhood of the King's courts at Westminster, and by what means their institution of inns was originated and grew up, it is difficult to say. We only know that all conformed more or less exactly to the same model, and it was neither that of a monastery nor yet of a college at a university. In the succeeding chapters I propose to seek out and record whatever may be found entertaining in the further history of each inn, but not to neglect the small inns of chancery and those inhabited by the Serjeants. To these, also, I must add something about that singular institution known as the Rolls, but formerly a refuge for converted Jews; and it may be well, also, to give some notes on the King's courts at Westminster, the city courts at Guildhall and their transfer to a new building, partly situated on Fickett's Field, the Templars' old tilting-ground, and partly within the boundaries of the city at 'the bar of the New Temple.'

# MR. AUSTIN DOBSON'S 'HOGARTH'

WE greet with genuine pleasure the reappearance of Mr. Austin Dobson's 'Hogarth,'* avowedly an amplification of a smaller book which appeared some ten years since in the 'Great Artists' series. The work has, however, been completely remodelled, and the additions to it are so considerable both in volume and importance as to entitle it to rank as a new book. The Memoir has, as the author informs us, been entirely rewritten, while the sections entitled 'Bibliography' and 'Catalogues' are virtually new; the former now occupying, instead of one, thirty-nine pages, the Catalogue of Prints eighty-eight pages in lieu of eight, and the Catalogue of Paintings twenty-six pages in lieu of two and a half. Moreover, the volume, while it appears in an outward dress of welcome sobriety, is admirably printed, supplied with ample but never unnecessary footnotes, and, above all, illustrated with a profusion of process-reproductions of Hogarth's most famous paintings and prints, and of some less-important designs doubly welcome because they are not very generally known, save to Hogarth students. These illustrations are invaluable, as supplementing and giving additional point to Mr. Austin Dobson's text, and enabling him to indulge in some descriptions of the master's most typical inventions, which, as will readily be imagined, are among the most agreeable things in the 'Life.' Still, though no doubt, as the author states, the endeavour has been made 'to give what Hogarth gave, without essential loss of his characteristics as an artist and an engraver,' we cannot agree that in all cases achievement has crowned effort. The much-reduced scale on which the prints are necessarily presented is the cause that what in the originals is vigorous and incisive is in the reproductions often flat, black, and opaque; while some of Hogarth's cunningly interwoven crowds look here, what they rarely do in the originals, really confused. Again, in the autotype reproductions of some of the principal paintings, it would be difficult to recognise the artist's directness and incisiveness of touch or his mastery of detail, where he deems detail necessary. It is, perhaps, as it should be that in a book of this kind, destined to be, at any rate for a considerable time, the definitive biography of the great artist, and primarily a book for study and reference, Mr. Austin Dobson should have put a curb upon the well-known daintiness and elegance of his style, and should have refrained to a great extent from exerting that fascination which he so well knows how to cast over any subject connected with his beloved eighteenth century. He, indeed, declines the friendly contest with the most illustrious of his predecessors, Charles Lamb, Hazlitt, and Thackeray, who, among an infinity of lesser luminaries, have treated the same subject to the full as much from the ethical as from the aesthetic and the pictorial standpoint. Perhaps it is that the author, loving rather the faint, dead-roseleaf perfume which the country and the provincial folk of a hundred years ago evoke for him, than the rank, but not unhealthy, odour which Hogarth's pictures of the close, dark city and its motley inhabitants exhale, has not been inspired by the searching realism of his present hero. True it is, at any rate, that while fully perceiving the tragedy which underlies the satirical but never hilarious comedy in Hogarth's most characteristic scenes, he declines to probe to the utmost the subjects presented or the mood of the artist who presents them. Luckily for his readers, he prefers rather to dwell on the quaintness of the *mise-en-scène* and surroundings; for it is in these pages of description — such as the admirable elucidation of the *Marriage-à-la-Mode* series, from the modish as well as the dramatic point of view — that they will best recognise their Austin Dobson, while, perhaps unreasonably, wishing that more oases of the same kind had enlivened his stately and duly serious volume.

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* 'William Hogarth.' By Austin Dobson. (London: Sampson Low, Marston, & Co.)

One thing is made abundantly clear by this last and most exhaustive of the numerous volumes written on England's greatest pictorial satirist, and that is that we are never likely to know much more of Hogarth the man or Hogarth the painter than we do at present. If the author, having ransacked the immense series of books, pamphlets, and essays duly set forth in the bibliography which forms one of the precious appendices to his book, and having been aided in his own further researches by some of the most competent authorities of the day, is unable to add anything very material to the too scanty facts with which the world has been compelled to satisfy itself up to the present, we must perforce consider the chapter definitely closed. And the question suggests itself, *is* there anything further to be learnt about Hogarth the man, or is his not one of the many lives of artists which must for ever remain in shadow? Is not the true cause that in this, as in so many other instances, the human personality is swallowed up in, or rather completely poured into, the artistic, so that the true and only history of the man is furnished by his works? Is it not in *them* that we must seek to decipher *him*, and not merely in those scanty anecdotes which we may have been able to glean, and which bear upon what is practically the fringe only of his outer life? We may accept *pro tanto* the following summing up of Hogarth's individuality by his latest biographer :—

*HOGARTH'S TOMB.*

'He was—it is easy to believe—a sturdy, outspoken, honest, obstinate, pugnacious little man, who, as one is glad to think, once pummelled a fellow soundly for maltreating the beautiful Drummeress whom he drew in *Southwark Fair*. As a companion he was witty and genial, and to those he cared for thoroughly faithful and generous. He liked good clothes, good living, good order in his household; and he was proud of the rewards of industry and respectability. . . . . His prejudices, like those of most self-educated men, were strong; and he fought doggedly in defence of them, without any attempt to conciliate his adversary. . . . .'

But, after all, this is only the upper crust of the man's nature, and does not pretend to go to the root of the matter. And the strong possibility that Hogarth himself may not have been—as his contemporaries certainly were not—fully conscious of the width and scope of his genius, of that far-reaching grasp of humanity as a whole which makes its greatest glory, need not be taken as conclusive against those who, in this period of analysis and appreciation rather than of synthesis and invention, should seek to form for themselves

another and perhaps a higher estimate of the man and the creative artist. Our time has been reproached, and not wholly with injustice, with making too much of a sentimental hero, too much of a *grand premier sujet* of tragedy, out of Molière's Alceste, and of Shylock too entirely a fulminating Hebrew prophet; and in like fashion we may be accused of seeking to extract too deep a tragic meaning, too wide a human significance from the painted and engraved satires of Hogarth. Still, is it not possible that we of the later day, looking back from a certain distance and from a point of vantage, and thus obtaining a wider and more comprehensive view of things as they stand out above and beyond their accidental surroundings, may sometimes form the truer as well as the higher estimate?

With regard to the professional career of the artist, further enlightenment would above all have been desirable as to the training which he obtained as a painter proper, after he had emerged from his chrysalis stage as a silver-plate engraver and had begun his career as a satirist of the point and pencil with his *Emblematic Print on the South Sea Scheme*, his *Masquerades* and *Operas*, and his *Burlesque on Kent's Altar-piece at St. Clement's*. We have his own account, written, however, at the end of his career—that contained in the short memoir of his life given in 1796 by his widow's cousin and executrix, Mary Lewis, to John Ireland. In this he boasts that, finding drawing from the life both too arduous and too mechanical, he had habituated himself to the exercise of a sort of technical memory, and that by repeating in his own mind the parts of which objects were composed, he was by degrees able to combine and put them down with his pencil, resorting only to the life for correcting the parts he had not perfectly enough remembered, and then transferring those corrected parts to his compositions. It is almost incredible, however, that the masterly draughtsmanship and painting to be found in the best portions of, for instance, the *Marriage-à-la-Mode* should have been the result of the above method, although we readily believe that it was employed in producing the rough-and-ready designs for the didactic prints of the lower order, intended mainly to impress upon the plebs some moral precept and not to afford any special artistic gratification. Can it be in Sir James Thornhill's art academy, or school, in James Street, Covent Garden—his connexion with which, as is so well known, led to his obtaining the wife who was to be to him a true and faithful companion through life—that Hogarth obtained the sound and solid, if limited, technique in painting which is so clearly to be followed in his best performances, and especially in his portraits? Nothing in the perfunctory Thornhill's extant works affords any satisfactory explanation of the query, or anything likely to have constituted an example to his gifted pupil. And in those days the National Gallery was not, and the collections of the great were, it may be guessed, not readily accessible to students in the modest position of the young Hogarth; while those fourth-rate examples of, or rather copies after, the much-hated 'Dark Masters' (chiefly Italian), of the class which may be seen adorning the walls of the Countess's saloon and bedchamber in the *Marriage-à-la-Mode* were little likely to inspire him. The master whom Hogarth most resembles, and of whose technique, as of whose standpoint in depicting the rollicking and unsavoury humanity around him, we imagine we find some traces in his work, is Jan Steen. Parts of the *Rake's Progress*, and especially the third scene, in which the unhappy youth is discovered drunk in a tavern in Drury Lane, seem certainly to have been executed under the influence of the Dutch painter, of whom, in his better and more careful phase, some passages are indeed not unworthy. But then, while Hogarth scourged the people and loathed the scenes which he depicted, and grimly, pitilessly held them forth as scarecrows to the humanity in whose natural vileness he would appear to have had so unlimited a belief, Jan Steen was no moralist, but a fellow-reveller, ready, if report is to be believed, to roll in the sensual sty in the company of the most crapulous among his models and companions.

Hogarth was, after all, as his biographer very justly observes, a painter rather than an engraver; although it was through his work with the burin that his satirical inventions

were even in his own time made popular all over Europe, and his fame achieved. As an engraver he cared little for such technical refinements, such clear and delicate manipulation as marked the contemporary art of the Continent, and especially of France, but sought above all to drive his moral home in the most direct, the most unmistakable fashion possible. His style as a limner is marked at the most by developments, and not by any of those complete metamorphoses which are the cause that the work of some masters varies in such startling fashion at successive stages of their artistic career. Not, indeed, that those 'small conversation-pieces from twelve to fifteen inches high,' which were as nearly as possible his beginnings as a painter, show his manner or his execution at their highest; on the contrary, the comparative immaturity of some of these is the cause that many feeble, characterless things of the same type are still by their fond owners attributed to him. Still, between even these and such paintings of the last period as *The Lady's Last Stake* and the too famous *Sigismunda* the family likeness is strong, while the technical execution, though of course far more complete, is essentially of the same class in both early and late works. And Hogarth at his best, as in the scene from the *Rake's Progress* just mentioned; in the greater part of the *Marriage-à-la-Mode;* in the *Morning* of the *Four Times of the Day;* and in such portraits as the famous *Captain Coram* of the Foundling Hospital, the *Lavinia Fenton as Polly Peachum* of the National Gallery, and the *Mrs. Desaguliers* shown last year at Burlington House, is very remarkable even as a *praticien.* There is one especial quality in which the painter may be deemed to be without a rival in the whole range of art, and that, too, a quality depending entirely on technical mastery placed at the service of a genial intuition. Where the deliberate caricaturist leaves off and the painter of manners begins, Hogarth commands a subtlety, a variety, and a marvellous truth of facial expression for the equal of which it would be vain to look elsewhere. Take, for instance, the coxcomb Squanderfield gazing with inane complacency into a mirror in the first scene, or, rather, the first canvas, of the *Marriage-à-la-Mode;* or the Earl, the Countess, and the Steward in the famous breakfast scene after the debauch, so admirably analysed by Mr. Austin Dobson; or again, the wounded Earl seen in the very agony of dissolution, in the bagnio scene: take as examples in the *Rake's Progress* the mute, measureless despair of the poor Rake when it is pronounced that his tragedy 'won't do;' the tragic horror of the lunatic's expression in the closing act of all. The only British artist who has at all approached Hogarth in this respect is Wilkie; and in the wonderful variety of the Scotch humourist's comic faces and figures there is something much more *voulu,* less convincing, less inevitable. Among living artists that rarest and subtlest of English genre painters, Mr. Orchardson, has the same precious quality in a very high degree. As a portrait-painter, our master

*HOGARTH'S HOUSE.*

by very simple means, and with but few of the technical refinements which help to render irresistible the better-preserved works of Gainsborough and Reynolds, attains, on great occasions, to a frankness and a vitality greater even than theirs—or at any rate greater than that of Reynolds. The *Polly Peachum*, the *Mrs. Desaguliers*, the *Simon, Lord Lovat*, the *Captain Coram*, live and breathe as only a Frans Hals lives and breathes, and with a life less purely animal than his, though physical vitality is still, perhaps, the predominant quality. The wonderful *Shrimp Girl* of the National Gallery stands on a footing entirely different from any of the artist's other works. This is a veritable study of nature *pris sur le vif*, an instantaneous impression of humanity, in a fleeting moment of complete physical activity, which has never been surpassed, even by the most magically dexterous of the higher Impressionists of to-day; and over and above all this it has a salt savour of the sea, a true national flavour which renders it in its way unique. If Hogarth had persevered in this direction, instead of allowing this incomparable sketch to remain, so far as we know, an isolated exception, it is impossible to say what triumphs of execution he might not have achieved.

*SIMON, LORD LOVAT.*

Mr. Austin Dobson, in the all-too-brief conclusion to his memoir, sums up modestly, but sufficiently, Hogarth's position as a craftsman, both in the branches of painting and engraving, speaking, however, naturally with more authority on his hero's characteristics as a satirist and 'humourist upon canvas.' Here he takes the sounder if the more prosaic view of William Hazlitt rather than the imaginative conception formed by the tender-hearted Charles Lamb, who credited the mighty censor of morals and manners with a latent compassion for the misguided humanity whose most loathsome side he so relentlessly exposed to the public gaze. This unquenchable compassion was, indeed, the rarest and most precious of Lamb's own gifts, and a quality—colouring all he produced—in which he stands forth as a herald of what is best in the literature and the art of to-day. But this quality Hogarth did not possess—he could not well possess it, in that optimistic eighteenth century which made far lighter of its infinite physical miseries than does this succeeding age of its woes of spirit cultivated and magnified by the perpetual introspection which is its most conspicuous characteristic. He was, on the contrary, uncompassionate, as his biographer justly points out, to the vices and foibles which he castigated with an energy so grim and unrelenting, if also with so incomparable a humour. Not that he withheld from human misery in the extremity of its agony that kind of pity which even the sternest and most unbending judge may accord; and this is conclusively shown in the tragic climaxes to his histories of the *Rake's*

*Progress* and the *Marriage-à-la-Mode*. But he had not for the humanity which he sought to admonish that *enthousiasme de pitié*, that *passion de bonté*, which is the divine element transforming the clay of our realism, and clothing the literary and artistic productions of our generation with a special virtue which its predecessors had not, save exceptionally, in the same degree.

Hogarth's comedy—if comedy, indeed, it can be called—is a fantastic tragi-comedy, full of horror and foreboding, lacking in sympathy and love. He is not Molière or even Cervantes, but rather Juvenal, the relentless scourger of vice, and like the Latin—though not in his latent enjoyment of the muck which he stirred up around him—the British satirist fills with a certain grim delight, of which he is himself not fully conscious, his office of professional flagellant. We are far here from the all-embracing pity, with one happy touch of which Thackeray would temper and redeem his most unmerciful dissections of his fellow-creatures; farther still from the mystic religion of humanity, of which Tolstoï and Zola (on an infinitely lower level) are the great apostles in literature, Jean-François Millet the noblest exponent in art. Perhaps Rembrandt is the one mighty master of the past, who—in this as in many other things a precursor of the nobler schools of realism of this century—possessed to the full this precious and all-penetrating quality of pity. He claimed it for himself—as the infinitely pathetic portraits of his old age prove to those who know how to read them—and he extended it to all humanity alike. This it is which gives to his sacred art its unique quality, and it is this, too, which, above and beyond the splendour and variety of his technical achievements, has endeared him to the present generation, and has made him the great master, *par excellence*, whom it loves and delights to honour.

If we have a criticism to make, it is that the present biographer has not sufficiently emphasised the scope and breadth of Hogarth's tremendous art—that generalising as well as individualising power which has made of it, notwithstanding the purely national and local character of its subjects and surroundings, an art comprehensible and appealing to all the world alike. True, he took the 'social blots' and 'burning fashionable vices' of the time and the *milieu* in which he lived, and with infinite variety and resource held these up to public scorn and reprobation; but he treated his humanity in these social phases with so broad and masterly a touch, with so wonderful an intuition of its essential characteristics—never obscured by the humorous details with which they are adorned and accentuated—that, while remaining local and British to the very backbone, he stands forth an artist, not for his own time or people only, but for all people and for all time. None will be found to gainsay the biographer's conclusion:—'*In his own line he stands supreme and unapproached; "nec viget quidquam simile aut secundum."*'

It must be for an expert in such matters to say whether the admirable Bibliography appended to the new 'Life' is as exhaustive as to us it appears to be: in any case, it is abundantly clear that it contains all that even the most enthusiastic student of Hogarth the craftsman or Hogarth the moralist need consult on the subject. The respective catalogues of engravings and paintings by and attributed to the master, which form the second part of the appendix, have been compiled with the greatest care and elaboration, and are certainly the best dealing with this special subject. In cataloguing the paintings, Mr. Austin Dobson has wisely included, though without vouching for their authenticity, a certain number of doubtful works, or rather works which have been doubted, although strongly supported by tradition. In so doing he prejudices nothing, and lays a solid foundation for discussion, which will materially assist future workers in the same field.

CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

## A SPANISH SHEPHERD

ETCHED BY H. MACBETH-RAEBURN

THE incident of this etching was seen by the artist near Seville in the month of September, during the autumn cattle-fair. The shepherds and drovers come down from the hills and long plains to dispose of their flocks, and being too poor to lodge in the town, camp out in the open country about five miles from the city; and two of them keep watch over each flock during the night. Groups of shepherds may be seen seated round large fires, and under trees, from the branches of which hang portions of the sheep killed for their daily consumption.

## THE YORKSHIRE COAST

### I.—*Characteristics and Maritime History*

THE coast-line of Yorkshire, except in the long, low shore of Holderness, confronts the Northern Sea, and the pitiless blasts of the north-east wind, with grim escarpments of seamed and shattered rock, from which the rude violence of the tempest has hurled down, here and there, the rugged undercliff that lies below. It throws out huge headlands that half-encircle, with their protecting arms, its lovely 'wykes' and bays, and it thrusts far out to sea the hoary scarps of Flamborough, that seem like some ancient weather-beaten foeman to bid stern defiance to the storm. What may appear at first weird and forbidding in this rocky coast-line, discloses, nevertheless, when we explore its recesses, rare beauties of luxuriant vegetation in the deep sylvan glens through which peat-stained streamlets, from the lofty heather-clad moorlands beyond, run their brawling course to the sea. It opens for us, beneath the venerable ruins of Whitby, the glorious valley of the Esk, through which we may reach, amid scenes of surpassing woodland loveliness, the breezy Cleveland hills. And, if we look at the huge scarps themselves, watch them in the changing lights and varying hues of time and season, and, above all, if we observe their bold configurations and varied character, we shall be tempted to linger still, and explore further the varied attractions of the Yorkshire shore. For be it noted that variety is a distinctive feature of this coast owing to the southern dip of the strata, which causes the successive denuded formations to emerge as we go northward towards Whitby. From beneath the low diluvial cliffs the long coast of Holderness, the chalk, rising beyond Bridlington, forms the mighty mass of Flamborough Head, and then, turning inland towards the Wolds, is succeeded by the coralline oolite strata to which are due the new characters of the rocks of Filey and Scarborough. Beyond these again the sandstones, with bands of coal and shale emerging, give distinctive features, by their sharply everted ends, to the southern cheek of Hayburn Wyke, and rise to the northern elevations of the long cliffs of Stainton Dale. Still advancing, the lias formation comes to the surface, forced upward by a dislocation, stretches along the length of Robin Hood's Bay, and, in conjunction with the superimposed strata, gives their character to the great escarpments north of Whitby. According to the nature of the formation, too, is the varied wasting effect of the sea and the storm upon them. The diluvial coast of Holderness is being eaten away with almost measurable rapidity, so that parishes which are mentioned in Domesday lie now beneath the sea, the names of vanished villages are yet

recorded upon the maps, and the lacustrine deposits of the interior are exposed upon the shore. The materials which are thus washed away are carried southward, and serve to build up the pebbly isthmus of the Spurn, which is maintained by the nicely balanced action of the Humber and the sea, and, though but a shifting bank, is perhaps the most durable portion of the coast of Holderness. The chalky mass of Flamborough is deeply worn into twilight caves and fantastic isolated pinnacles, while the sandstones to the north seem to be wasted more by aerial denudation, and scatter their fragments upon the lower shore; but, further north still, upon the rise of the lias shale, we have waterworn caves again, which—less durable than those in the chalk—have undermined the cliffs and thrown them down in huge masses into the surf.

The wild storms that sweep the Northern Sea have met their match in a sturdy seafaring population, and there hangs about the Yorkshire coast—as about much of the shores of our island—in a high degree, the poetry of lives won in hardship and danger from the sea. It is pleasant to look at these hale, sea-browned men, to learn from them

*WHITBY HARBOUR. DRAWN BY ALFRED DAWSON.*

the story of their lives met uncomplainingly, and, for those who do not fear discomfort, to have a night's trawling with them upon the deep. It is not difficult, in such company, to cast back one's mind to the far-off ancestors of this seafaring race—to the Danes, who have marked their settlement of the shore by many place-names hereabout. The peninsula of Flamborough—the place where the flame was that guided ships at sea—has been called 'Little Denmark,' but the Dane's Dyke there is the work of a much earlier invader—as there is reason to believe, from the investigations of General Pitt Rivers—of the Celtic incomer who displaced the still more ancient Gael. It is said by Matthew of Westminster, too, that long before the coming of the Danes, Ida, the 'flame-bearer,' landed at Flamborough with his twelve sons, in forty keels, to found the Bernician kingdom (547 A.D.); but we have a more trustworthy notice of early seafaring on this coast—of how, in 684, after the death of St. Hilda, the Abbess Ælfleda sailed from Streoneshealh to hold speech with St. Cuthbert in his northern isle. It was this ancient journey that suggested to Scott the famous voyage to Lindisfarne, and let it not count to the disadvantage of him—*nihil tetigit quod non ornavit*—that he pictured it far later, at a mediaeval date:—

'It curled not Tweed alone, that breeze,
For far upon Northumbrian seas
It freshly blew, and strong;

Where, from high Whitby's cloistered pile,
Bound to St. Cuthbert's Holy Isle,
It bore a bark along.'

The coming of the Danes, about 867, laid waste ancient Streoneshealh, and a long stretch of the northern coast beside, when they gained their footing there; and again we learn of Harald Hardrada how that he 'lay-to at Scarborough, and fought there with the burgher men;' how 'he ascended the hill that is there, and caused a great pyre to be made there and set on fire;' and how, 'when the fire spread, they took great forks and threw the brands on the town, and, when one house took fire from another, they gave up all the town.'

Of the seafaring incidents that affected the Yorkshire coast throughout the middle ages we have scanty record. Whitby, mentioned as a port soon after the Conquest, continued the centre of a considerable fishery, and there were fishing stations all along the coast. The pirates of the Northern Sea seem to have done their best to profit by the growing trade, and there remains a legendary story of one such who was bold enough even to land at Whitby, steal the bells from the church tower, and carry them aboard his ship, which thereafter struck on the Black Nab, and went down at a place where still the sunken peal rings merrily at Hallowe'en. A piratical incident of considerable significance occurred at Scarborough in 1377, when one Andrew Mercer, a Scottish freebooter, had been captured by certain northern ships, and lay in durance in the castle. It was a period when England had lost her command of the seas, chiefly by the defeat of Rochelle; her waters were infested with Frenchmen, Spaniards, and Flemings, and in that very year the Isle of Wight was ravaged, and Hastings was burned by the French. Mercer's son entered the confederacy against England, and, with several Scotch, Spanish, and French vessels, entered the harbour at Scarborough, cut out certain ships, and carried them to sea. A patriotic citizen of London, however, one Alderman Philpot, having taken upon himself the duty which the Government neglected, furnished a fleet of his own, put to sea, overhauled the enemy, gave him battle, and recaptured the Scarborough craft, as well as fifteen richly freighted vessels of the Spaniards. The gallant alderman was afterwards impeached for 'raising a navy without consent of King or Council,' but was acquitted, and received some of the honour he deserved. It was off Flamborough Head, in 1405, that the young Earl of Carrick, afterwards James I. of Scotland, was captured by an armed merchantman of Wye, as he was being conveyed, for his education, to the court of France. The Yorkshire coast, too, was, in the middle ages, the landing-place of those political personages who sought both to escape the strong opposition of the Channel and to secure the support of the great nobles of the north. Thus Shakespeare—

'The banished Bolingbroke repeals himself,
And with uplifted arms is safe arrived
At Ravenspurg.'

The important port of Ravenspurg, Ravenspur, or Ravenser, just within the Spurn, which had returned burgesses to Parliament, had already been abandoned, owing to the ravages of the sea, when Bolingbroke landed there in 1399; but thither also came Edward IV., before the battle of Barnet, in 1471. The place has now entirely disappeared.

By the development of the resources of the alum shales upon the coast the trade of Whitby was wonderfully increased by the time of Elizabeth, and still more by that of the Stuarts, and the harbour became thronged with shipping. As an illustration of this thriving industry, we find that, in 1660, Lieutenant Thomas Waade, of Whitby, who had served at sea during the whole of the late war, claimed the customary allowance for his discovery of the concealed lands and alum workings which Sir Paul Pindar and another had formed, and

which the Earl of Mulgrave had seized. These were valued at 11,600*l.*, and the King's loss in rental during sixteen years was estimated at 184,000*l.*, while the Earl confessed that his profits during three years had been 11,000*l.*—a very much larger sum in these days. This surprising growth in the coasting and export trade gave new opportunities to the pirates; but, as in the case of Mercer, their operations, which threw much light upon the circumstances of the time, appear to have been largely associated with political objects.

With that consistent belief in the utility of maritime power which was the wisdom of the Stuarts, though here their strength was insufficient, the pirates were, indeed, commissioned as privateers by letters of marque from Prince Charles during the Civil War, and so effective was their action that in 1646 the people of Scarborough complained that, within eight days, they had lost as many as nine vessels. Seven ships of war were thenceforward stationed upon the Yorkshire coast, but seem often to have been outmatched by astute privateers, manned largely by Yorkshire seamen, who knew their own coast exceedingly well.

*RUNSWICK. DRAWN BY ALFRED DAWSON.*

One of the most notable of these was one John Denton, master of a ketch carrying one gun and a company of about thirty men. With this craft he committed great depredations about the year 1650, boarding and capturing the *Amity* of Scarborough in the neighbourhood of Filey, and carrying it near Flamborough, where he released it on payment of a fine; looting a vessel aground in Tees mouth, laden with alum and butter; and being captured himself in action when he was attacking a ship of Whitby. Some coble-men of Bridlington were instrumental in his defeat on this occasion, for, lying in York Castle, he declared that, if it had not been for the company he was with, he would have landed in revenge and burned Bridlington Quay. The political character of Denton's piracy is proved by the warrant of Bradshaw, as President of the Council, authorising his detention in York Castle on a charge of piracy and bearing arms against the Parliament; but his careless, or, it may have been, his sympathising custodians allowed him to go abroad, though with a keeper, to dine with a certain Captain William Thornton, and, horses being in waiting at Walmgate Bar, he made his escape.

Another very remarkable episode took place at Scarborough on April 1st, 1650. A privateer, named the *St. Peter of Jersey*, Captain Joseph Constant, which had been commissioned by Prince Charles, set sail from Dunkirk with a crew of about thirty, mostly

Dutchmen, and hovered about the Yorkshire coast. The strange craft being observed, and her character being detected—either by her build, for she is styled a 'vessell of warre,' or her suspicious movements—one Robert Colman, master of a North Sea fishing smack, volunteered to Colonel Bethel, then governor of Scarborough, to effect a capture. Accordingly he was provided with a proper vessel, well armed, and manned by twenty-five seamen, as well as by as many soldiers under the command of Captain Thomas Lassells. The Scarborough craft put out from the harbour towards dusk, so that her character could not be distinguished, and approached the privateer, the commander of which, thinking he had an easy prey, fired upon her, hove alongside, and hailed them, 'Strike, ye dogs, for King Charles!' Colman, thereupon, gave the order to board, which was done; a hot skirmish took place, himself and three seamen being wounded, but the strangers were outmatched, five of them slain or drowned, and the rest brought with their vessel as prisoners into Scarborough harbour. Another privateer commissioned at about this period by Prince Charles for action upon the Yorkshire coast was the *Fortune*, two guns, which sailed for Dunkirk, under the command of Captain Cusye; but certain of her crew—Thomas Roseter, an Irishman, one Dickinson, a native of Scarborough, a certain Marser or Plunkett from Bristol—'a notable, cunning, boulde rogue'—with another, having landed at Easington for water and provisions, were imprisoned and brought to trial.

The Stuarts, indeed, having strong support in the North, had naturally recourse to the Yorkshire coast. Already, in 1643, Queen Henrietta Maria, returning from Helvoetsluys, under convoy of Van Tromp and seven Dutch men-of-war, bringing with her the arms and supplies which she had purchased in Holland by her disposal of the Crown jewels, landed at Bridlington Quay. Batten, the Parliamentary admiral, who had been on the look-out to intercept her, had been outwitted, but he put into Bridlington Bay two days later with four ships, and cannonaded the town—the Queen, still lodged in a house in Queen Square, being compelled to seek shelter, half-naked, in a ditch. Van Tromp, however, whose vigilance had been strangely relaxed, then hove in sight, and drove off the outnumbered Englishmen.

One of the most important naval actions that ever took place near the Yorkshire coast was that off Flamborough Head on September 23rd, 1779, which was witnessed by crowds from the headland. The celebrated Paul Jones had spread terror along the coast, and it is still related that, whenever he sailed by Mapleton, in Holderness, he was wont to salute Mr. William Brough—a former Marshal of the Admiralty, who had superintended the execution of Byng—for whom he had a particular enmity, with a well-shotted gun fairly aimed at that gentleman's house, which was a conspicuous object upon the coast. The action of 1779 has been graphically described by Cooper in 'The Pilot.' It was again a period of decline in the English naval power, and Jones, with a squadron sailing under the stars and stripes, had swept along the Yorkshire coast, and driven the trading craft to port. He was in command of a French East-Indiaman, which had been renamed the *Bonhomme Richard* out of compliment to Franklin, whose 'Poor Richard's Almanack' had just been translated into French under the title of 'La Science du Bonhomme Richard.' She was frigate-built, with this peculiarity, that she had a lower battery, and she carried a scratch armament of forty guns in all. In her company were the *Alliance*, an American bomb-frigate of thirty-six guns, and the French vessels *Pallas*, thirty-two guns, and *Vengeance*, twelve guns. A convoy of merchantmen, escorted by the *Serapis*, forty-four guns, Captain Pearson, and the *Countess of Scarborough*, an armed vessel mounting six-pounders on a flush deck, Captain Percy, coming over from the Baltic, was sighted, and Jones with his force gave chase. The battle was fought with great valour by the two Englishmen, and, in her engagement with the *Serapis*, the *Bonhomme Richard* lost three hundred killed and wounded, and sank after the battle, carrying many wounded with her. Pearson, however, though a

brave man, was no match for Jones, but would probably not have hauled down his colours, which he did in the end, but for the presence of the *Alliance*, which had taken small part in the battle. The *Countess of Scarborough*, after a gallant struggle, struck her flag to the *Pallas*. In one sense, however, the action was won, for the merchantmen were enabled to reach Scarborough in safety. Later, Paul Jones appeared off Whitby with a threat to enter and burn the town. These are some of the naval and seafaring incidents which, though often forgotten, add much of historic interest to the Yorkshire coast.

It is a coast which has given its share of fine seamen both to the fleet and the merchant marine, and not seamen only, but ships too, for the vessels with which Captain Cook made his first voyage round the world were built in Whitby yards. The name and fame of the great circumnavigator himself will always be associated with places on the coast of Yotkshire, for it was in the picturesque village of Staithes that he learned to love the sea, and from Whitby that he made his first voyage to distant seas. The ship in which Cook

*STAITHES. DRAWN BY ALFRED DAWSON.*

embarked as an apprentice was engaged in the coaling trade; but the coast from which he set sail is chiefly famous for its very important fisheries. The whale fishery of Whitby began in 1753, when the *Henry and Mary* and the *Sea Nymph* sailed for the Greenland coast, and thereafter a considerable impetus was given by whaling to the shipping of the ancient port. In all, it is recorded that fifty-three Whitby vessels were engaged in the Greenland and Davis Straits whale fishery. During the fifty years from 1767 to 1816, 2761 whales were brought back, together with 25,000 seals, 55 bears, and many other creatures of the arctic clime. In the year 1814 alone, eight vessels brought back 172 whales, which produced 1392 tons of oil, as well as 42 tons of fins. By their energy and success as whalers the Whitby men showed again their hardihood and seafaring skill, as they show it still, in common with the men of Staithes, Scarborough, Filey, and many other places, in their fishing of the Northern Sea. In the summer months, when it is the herring season on the Yorkshire coast, there is a concourse of smacks, not from the neighbouring shores only, but from almost every important fishing station on the English and Scottish coasts. The large and graceful boats from far-off Fowey, Penzance, and St. Ives; the heavily-framed craft from the further north; the roomy Manxmen; smacks from Berwick, Hartlepool, Harwich, Lowestoft, and the Channel — all these may be recognised by their different trim

and rig, or, failing that, by the distinctive letters, 'F. Y.,' 'P. Z.,' 'S. S., 'B. K.,' 'H. L.,' 'H. H.,' 'L. T.,' or other like sign, painted in white, with numbers, upon their bows, to indicate the port of their origin, and for the identification of them in case by accident they should carry away the lines or nets of other craft at sea. As to the foreign pirate boats that seek to poach in English waters, and, as is sometimes averred, do of *malice prepense* destroy the nets of the Englishmen, there are gunboats deputed to keep watch upon them, as well as upon the floating dram-shops from abroad, which, at one time, did something towards demoralising our fishermen afloat. Few sights are more attractive at Whitby or Scarborough than the fishing fleets as they return from a night's trawling on the herring ground, some unsuccessful and lightly burdened, others labouring heavily with a catch that weighs them down almost to the gunwale, lowering their brown sails as they bring up at the quays, and giving forth with their silvery fry the ancient and fish-like smell that belongs to the craft. There is no more picturesque spectacle, too, than the harbour of Scarborough when, after a storm, it is crowded with these varied smacks, and the quays are busy with their men, while the grey cliff rises behind, crowned with its crumbling walls and shattered tower. In another article we shall take a descriptive cruise along the Yorkshire coast, and shall put in at this place and elsewhere, to glance at the points of interest, the natural beauties, and the other attractions that are found upon the shore. Meanwhile, it may be pleasant to remember a verse from a Robin Hood ballad which, exaggerating no little the prosperity of the Yorkshire trawlers, sends even the brave outlaw himself from beneath the greenwood tree to join the fishing fleet.

'The fishermen brave more money have
Than any merchants two or three;
Therefore I will to Scarborough go,
That I a fisherman brave may be.'

JOHN LEYLAND.

# ART CHRONICLE

JANUARY 1.—THE new English Art Club has found a *raison d'être*—the distribution of tea, *gratis*, to its patrons! Not, perhaps, a very high ambition. Truth to tell, however, the art on its walls is more refreshing than its pekoe. Most of the ladies and gentlemen who here parade impatience with what used to be, fail, no doubt, to justify their search for new forms of outlet; but the few who don't fail are interesting. Notions which had a right to expression are expressed more sharply, and with less dead weight, than they could have been in days pre-impressionistic, if that be the right word. *Despair*, by Mr. M'Clure Hamilton, is a translation of its title-passion into line. The translation has been well done on the whole, although it is difficult to understand why he has given a background of sea to a figure which is clearly lying on the studio floor. In *Sunset on the Solent*, Mr. Moffat P. Lindner has contrived to suggest expanse as well as colour. Mr. Charles W. Furse has produced a *Design in Blue* in which there really is design and in which the tints complete a chord. *Répétition* is a Degas, painted perhaps twenty years ago. The rehearsal of a ballet goes forward on a stage, and the picture blooms with every quality that leads to consummate art but one. Mr. Walter Sickert's portrait of Mr. George Moore is grotesque only to those who stand upon ancient ways; to others its penetration and artistic reserve will be as obvious as they are untranslatable into words. Mr. Moore's beauty it does not display. It bears, indeed, about the same relation to its original as the drawing of a pretty girl by Charles Keene does to the pretty girl. Mr. Sickert's art has much in common with Keene's. Mr. S. Starr's *Sir Morell Mackenzie* is good, but its position on the canvas is the result of mere 'cussedness.' It is long since Mr. Mark Fisher has painted so well as in *A Dairy Farm*; while Mr. John S. Sargent comes nearer to Velazquez than his master in a *Life Study*—an Arab girl, nude, *a tergo*, which reminds us of the *Venus* lent to the 'Old Masters' by Mr. Morett two years ago. The length of the throat is perhaps an oversight. *Miss Laura Johnson* is a capital little sketch by Mr. Mouat Loudan.

THE Victorian Exhibition will scarcely support comparison with its predecessors. The period with which it deals, though momentous enough, does not lend itself to illustration of this kind. Between 1837 and 1887 history has been too large, it has been written on too broad a scale, for the Duke of Fife and his colleagues. The personal interest which overshadowed all others in the cases of the Tudors and the Stuarts is now absent, except where it is too immediately present; and practical illustrations of 'progress'—a steamship of 1837 and one of 1887, and so on—are a bad substitute. In the pictorial department, however, the promoters might have done better than they have. They offer us an inordinate collection of court pictures, and comparatively few of leading events which have taken place during the half-century in question. The fifty years might have yielded a far finer collection of English portraits than have, in fact, been brought together. On the other hand, the collection of courtly pictures leaves nothing to desire in the matter of completeness. Beginning with Wilkie's *The Queen's First Council*, the best of all the official pictures, it traces Her Majesty's career down to the marriage of her granddaughter, but the other day, to the Duke of Fife. If Wilkie's work is the best, that of Sir George Hayter is the worst in the series; but some of the productions of Winterhalter, to name only men deceased, run it close. In some ways the most satisfactory canvas in the whole Exhibition is the *Cardinal Newman* of Sir John Millais, a portrait which has never received the praise it deserves. Many visitors will look with eagerness for the modest works which bear the signature of the Queen herself. The most interesting is a water-colour sketch of a child, inscribed 'Given to me by the Princess Victoria, Aug. 12, 1829.—G. R.' (George IV.)

THE winter show of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-colours, still humorously entitled an 'Exhibition of Sketches and Studies,' was opened on the last day of November. Except that some of its most steady supporters—notably Messrs. Alfred Hunt, Henry Moore, Carl Haag, and Francis Powell, the last-named having reserved himself apparently for his own more particular show in Glasgow—make default, the exhibition is much what it has been any time these ten years. Mr. Albert Goodwin, as usual, is frequent on the walls. Miss Montalba, Mrs. Allingham, and no less exclusive an exhibitor than Mr. Burne-Jones, are generous to the Society. Mr. Jones sends his studies for some of the heads in his *Star of Bethlehem*, those of Joseph and the three Kings, to wit. Mr. Herbert Marshall is another free exhibitor. His subjects, as usual, are taken mostly from the most picturesque of cities, our grimy Augusta: *Winter in London* is perhaps the best. Among the more junior members, Mr. David Murray, Mr. Arthur Melville, and, above all, Mr. Robert W. Allan, do most, perhaps, for the show's success. A word must be said, too, for Mr. Charles E. Fripp's pictures from Japan, especially for his *Rainy Day—Ishigama*.

A NUMBER of drawings of Kentish scenery are on view in the Fine Art Society's Gallery. They are by Mr. A. W. Weedon, the well-known member of the Institute. Mr. Weedon's art is what some people would call old-fashioned, but the old fashion it follows is one of the best; it is the fashion of Cox, leavened with that of De Wint. His drawings are always well composed, and full of space and air. Now and then the silver tones get a little too near to steel, but at his best he is warm enough. The drawing we like best is *Canterbury from St. Stephen's—i.e.*, from the north-west. In the same gallery the originals of Mrs. Heathcote's illustrations to Shelley may be seen. They are graceful enough, and prove Mrs. Heathcote to be a not unintelligent student of Turner.

THE travelled Englishman knows his Nuremburg, but his footsteps have not often re-echoed from the steep house-ends of Rothenburg on the Tauber. And yet Rothenburg is what her more famous sister—or shall we say aunt?—is so often falsely said to be—an imperial city as it was in the days of Maximilian, with little more change than the mere passage of time involves. Compared to the city of Dürer, Rothenburg is a small affair. The population is only about seven thousand. But every one who wishes to get back into the German sixteenth century should pay it a visit. A little exercise of the fancy will readily clothe the few people in its quiet streets in the overloaded picturesqueness of the days of Holbein and Dürer, of Maximilian and Charles V. For the town as it is, Mr. Wilfrid Ball has done something in the collection of drawings to be seen at the 'Rembrandt Head,' in Vigo Street. Mr. Ball, too, has included in his ken that Nuremburg of which one does not easily get tired, in spite of the great modern town, in spite of the breaches in the wall, in spite of the worse change still, the intrusion of modern bricks and mortar and of the plague of posters.

A COLLECTION of bronzes by French, English, and Russian sculptors has been brought together at the Goupil Galleries in New Bond Street. None of the little shows now open are of more value or more encouraging than this. We say encouraging because it proves that, in spite of their compraative rawness at the work, English sculptors can hold their own with their French rivals in the production of those small decorative works in an alloy of copper and tin which we know as 'bronzes.' To Mr. A. L. Collie, of Old Bond Street, much of the credit due to the effort now being made to find a new outlet for our sculptors belongs. The collection in the Goupil galleries includes a number of statuettes published by him: Mr. Thornycroft's *Gordon*, *John Bright*, *The Mower*, and *Icarus*; Sir Frederick Leighton's *Sluggard*, and Mr. Onslow Ford's *Peace*, among them.

THE distribution of prizes at the Royal Academy took place as usual on the 10th December. Being a gold-medal year, the interest was mainly confined to the result of the three chief competitions—those for the gold medals and travelling studentships. These were won—in painting, by Mr. Ralph Peacock; in sculpture, by Mr. Paul Raphael

Montford; and in architecture, by Mr. Alfred Henry Hart. Mr. Peacock's rendering of the subject given—*Victory*—was not very happy in conception, but its execution, which, of course, is the chief thing in a student's work, was singularly mature. Mr. Peacock was run so close by Mr. G. E. Moira, whose work we ourselves prefer, that the latter received the unusual distinction of an honourable mention. The groups of *Jacob wrestling with the Angel*, the subject set for the sculptors, were very unequal, and the judges can have had little difficulty in giving the prize to Mr. Montford. The most striking things in his group were the design and modelling of the angel's wings and of the patriarch's head. As for Mr. Hart's *Design for a Town House*, it must have won by the cleverness and originality of its plan. Its architecture was certainly excelled by that of the competitor whose drawings bore the motto, 'Royal, Rich, and Wide.' The Turner gold medal and scholarship of 50*l.* fell to Mr. Francis Joseph Mackenzie; the Creswick prize of 30*l.* to Miss Emily Louisa Long; the silver medals—for painting from the life, to Mr. George Spencer Watson; for painting a head, to Henry Lawrence Dell; for painting a draped figure (female students), to Helena Maria Swaffield. The silver medal and prize of 25*l.*, for the cartoon of a draped figure, went to Herbert Arthur Horwitz; the Armitage prize, for the sketch of a picture (the subject, *Saul hurling the Javelin*), fell to Mr. Montford, as also did that for a mural decoration (40*l.*). The other prizes were adjudged as follows:—For a set of six drawings from the life, male students only, to G. S. Watson, 1; F. J. Mackenzie, 2; L. E. Koe, 3; G. E. Moira, 4. For a head from the life, Lewis C. E. Baumer, 1; Katharine M. Willis, 2. For the drawing of a statue or group, K. M. Willis, 1; Evelyn C. E. Pyke-Nott, 2. For a set of three models from the life, Andrea Lucchesi, 1; P. R. Montford, 2. For a design in the round, A. Lucchesi, 1; P. R. Montford, 2. For the model of a bust from the life (female students only), J. A. Ram, 1; Edith Bateson, 2. For the model of a statue or group, Edith Bateson. The subordinate awards in architecture were carried off by F. E. Ward, A. E. Edwards, and H. E. Kirby. The Landseer scholarships for the best work done in the examination for passing into the second term of studentship were awarded—in painting, to G. E. Moira; in sculpture, to P. R. Montford.

Early in December a very curious collection came to the hammer at Christie's. It consisted of old drawings of funeral processions, and is said to have been the only one of the sort ever formed. The drawings were on long slips of cartridge paper. Some were coloured and had their coats of arms properly emblazoned. There were seven sets of drawings in all. The most interesting was one of the funeral procession of Queen Elizabeth. This consisted of twenty-five coloured drawings which, put end to end, measured about sixty feet in length. It fetched 252 guineas. Three drawings of the funeral of Anne of Cleves brought 22*l.*; four of Henry Ratcliff's (Earl of Sussex), 23*l.*; four of Mary Stuart's, to Peterborough, 50*l.*; seven (elaborately coloured) of Lady Lumley's (1578), 100*l.*; ten of Sir Christopher Hatton's, 29*l.*; and ten of the funerals of an unidentified K.G. and of an unknown duchess, 20*l.*

We hear that the winter exhibition at the Royal Academy, which will open its doors soon after these notes are in the hands of our readers, will contain, among other things, a fine selection from the treasures of Hertford House, Lady Wallace having consented to lend, *dit on*, ten pictures. Lord Iveagh, too, has agreed to allow some of his superb examples of the Dutch and other foreign schools to take a walk down Piccadilly. The water-colour room and its little satellite—where the R.A.'s hide away the black-and-whites in summer—will be again attractive. In the former a second representative series of drawings by our English masters will be hung. The latter it is intended, if possible, to fill with designs for the *Liber Studiorum*, and with good impressions of the particular plates which resulted from those designs. This should be of great value to Turner students. The Director of the National collection might take a hint from it. A good set of the *Liber* would hang very comfortably beside the original drawings now hanging, in what it pleases certain people with more fancy than observation to call the 'cellars' of the National Gallery.

The latest edition of the 'National Gallery Catalogue,' in its abridged form, contains everything exhibited, down even to pictures only placed on the walls a few weeks ago. Meanwhile the detailed edition has been for some time out of print, to the inconvenience of students. The collection has been increased by some sixty pictures or more since it appeared. Moreover, we are impatient to hear what Sir Frederick Burton has to say about the Holbein.

From Paris the election of M. Jules Lefevre to the 'Institute' is announced. From Italy we hear that the Government has commenced an inquiry into the manner in which the portrait of Caesar Borgia was smuggled out of the country. Rumours, too, are rife that from those who purchased the said portrait, offers of a price to which our 70,000*l.* for the Blenheim Raphael is child's play have been made to Prince Borgia for his Titian, the *Sacred and Profane Love*.

The Carrand collection has now been arranged in four rooms of the Bargello, in Florence. Formed partly by the M. Carrand who was archivist to the city of Lyons in the earlier years of the century, partly by his son Louis, it has been lost to France through the excesses of the Commune in 1870. M. Carrand *fils* made up his mind, when he saw the smoke of the Tuileries, of the Hôtel de Ville, of the Palais d'Orsay, and of so many more of the ornaments of Paris, that a French city was no abiding place for art treasures. This resolution was carried into action at his death, a year or two ago, when his collection was found to have been bequeathed to the city of Florence. It consists of *objets d'art* from mediaeval or Renaissance times, of the same sort, generally speaking, as those which fill the cases of the north court of the South Kensington Museum, of the Galerie d'Apollon in the Louvre, and of the fine hotel near the 'Arc de l'Etoile' which bears the name of M. Spitzer. The mediaeval ivories are numerous and good. The most famous is a *flabellum*, from the ninth century, which belonged for centuries to the great abbey of Tournus. Early in the present century it was bought by M. Carrand, out of whom the Cluny authorities long tried to extract it. The mass of goldsmith's work is considerable; the bronze medals and plaquettes are good; so are the Limoges enamels. A few examples of English work are included in the gathering. One is a fragmentary ivory with an Anglo-Saxon inscription, another a vessel in the form of a mounted knight, bearing the English royal arms.

It is announced that a special selection of etchings by Vandyck will be included in the next annual exhibition of the Society of Painter-Etchers, which will be opened in March.

The new President of the Royal Scottish Academy is now *Sir* George Reid.

The only name of any note in the artistic obituary for the month is that of M. Alphand, the city surveyor of Paris, who died on the 1st inst. Most of what is good in the conception of modern Paris was the work of Alphand, to whom also by far the largest share of the credit won by the 1889 Exhibition is due. He had quite a genius for laying out public walks and gardens. He succeeded Haussmann only a few months ago at the Académie des Beaux-Arts. Alphand, like so many distinguished Frenchmen, was a southerner. He was born at Grenoble in 1817.

** The art publications for the month include Mr. Frith's 'Life and Works of John Leech' (Bentley), a readable-enough screed on the work done by Leech and his collaborators, with little to say on the non-public side of the artist's career; Mr. A. H. Palmer's 'Life and Letters of Samuel Palmer' (Seeley); Mr. Hamerton's 'Present State of the Fine Arts in France' (Seeley); Mr. Austin Dobson's 'William Hogarth' (Sampson Low); Mr. M. H. Spielmann's 'Henriette Ronner' (Cassell & Co.); and Mons. G. Dargenty's 'Watteau' (Librairie de l'Art).

# VIOLANTE

ETCHED FROM THE PICTURE BY PALMA VECCHIO IN THE IMPERIAL GALLERY OF VIENNA, BY MR. GEO. RHEAD

THE picture etched by Mr. Rhead is one of several delicious female portraits by Palma in the Viennese collection. It is supposed to represent the famous Violante, the daughter of Palma, and perhaps the more than friend of Titian. The pansy or violet, relieved against the whiteness of the bosom, points to the sitter's identity, and is not the least important testimony we have to Violante's existence. The picture has not much of a history. In 1659, a century and a quarter after the painter's death, it was in the collection of the Archduke Leopold William, where it was thus described: 'Portrait einer Venezianischen Dame, "la bella gata" genannt, mit gelben, fliegenden Haaren, blossen Brüsten, und gelb und blauem kleid.' In the Vienna catalogue the description is more detailed:—

'A beautiful young woman with flowing, wavy, fair hair, in a low-necked blue dress with yellow sleeves; at her breast a violet. The face three-quarters to the right. The dark eyes looking out at the spectator. The left hand showing. The violet seems to be an allusion to her name. Violante, a girl of great beauty and attraction, was much fêted in her day, and was Titian's model for several pictures. On panel, 65 cent. high, 51 cent. broad; life-size.'

It was taken to Paris in 1809, but returned after Waterloo. Like most of the Palmas at Vienna, it has been stripped of its final glazes, and so, in colour, it is more positive and less profoundly harmonious than its author would have liked to see it. But yet its charm is overpowering. It fascinates by an intense femininity, a femininity which in Titian, and even in Giorgione, is leavened too often with a touch of masculine severity. Palma is content with woman as she is, and here, as well as in many another portrait from his brush, it was by those intimate beauties which fit her for her work in life that his labour was invited.

The career of Jacopo, or Giacomo, Palma, called Il Vecchio to distinguish him from the unimportant craftsman who goes by the name of Palma Giovine, is wrapped in a peculiar obscurity. Of no other great Italian artist of his time do we know so little. Almost all that can be securely said of his actual history we gather from his will. This was discovered in the Venetian archives some five-and-twenty years ago. It is dated the 28th of July, 1528, and as we find his executors busy over lists of his effects on the 8th of August in the same year, he must have died within a few days of signing it. By it he bequeaths a legacy to a niece, conditional on her marriage or taking the veil, and the residue of his fortune to

her three brothers, his nephews. It has been argued, from this disposition of his property, that Palma was not married and left no legitimate children. As a fact, it only proves, if it even does that, that if married, his wife was dead or estranged, and that if he had children by her, they, too, were either dead or on bad terms with their father. Vasari tells us, apparently on good authority, that Palma died at forty-eight, so that he must have been born about 1480. This would make him three years younger than Giorgione and also than Titian, if we accept the latter's account of his own age. Palma's actual birthplace was probably Serinalta, near Bergamo, but he went early to Venice, to study, possibly, in the studio of Giovanni Bellini. It is believed that during the years in which he was *in statu pupillari*, Cima da Conegliano was the director of Bellini's workshop. Sir Henry Layard has what is believed to be Palma's first independent production, and its resemblance to Cima's work is strong. To the present Exhibition of 'Old Masters' Mr. W. B. Beaumont has lent a picture which seems to me an early work of Palma. It combines the characteristics of Bellini, Cima, and Giorgione, exactly as we should expect to find them in a picture painted soon after the young artist had left Bellini's studio. The subject is an *Adoration of the Shepherds*. The two kneeling shepherds are obviously painted under the immediate influence of Barbarelli, but are certainly not from his hand, while the landscape and the figures of the Virgin and of St. Joseph breathe from every line the teaching of Cima and Bellini. Whether Palma learnt the elements under Bellini or not, there can be no doubt that he came under the influence of Giorgione at a very early age. In Giorgione he found a kindred, though a stronger spirit, under whose encouragement his art became curiously personal, sensuous, and modern.

As to Palma's importance in the history of Italian painting there are conflicting opinions. Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle contend that he was the leader, or, at least, that he marched shoulder to shoulder with Giorgione, in the sudden expansion of quattrocentist into cinquecentist art in Venice. This theory did not commend itself to the late Signor Giovanni Morelli, who devotes several pages of his 'Italian Masters in German Galleries' to its refutation. Crowe and Cavalcaselle seem to found their belief mainly on the following inscription, which appears on a *Holy Conversation* once in M. Reiset's collection, but now at Chantilly :—

JACH
OBUS
PALM
AM
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But a firmer base for it is afforded by a broad consideration of Palma's dates, and of the *oeuvre* he left behind him. According to the best evidence we have, evidence exactly similar to that on which the accepted date for Giorgione's birth rests, Palma was born in 1480. Before 1512, when he was only thirty-two, some of his best pictures, including the *Adam and Eve* now at Brunswick, were already painted and hanging up in the gallery of a Venetian amateur, the Francesco Zio alluded to by the writer known as 'the "Anonimo" of Morelli.' The payments made in 1520–1 for the altar-piece in the Querini Chapel of Sant' Antonio, Venice, are still on record. The picture at Dresden, known as *The Three Sisters*, was finished in 1525. Three years later the painter died, leaving forty-four pictures, finished and unfinished, in his studio.

The arguments, both of 'the learned historians of Italian Painting,' as Signor Morelli calls them, and of Morelli himself, are a little hard to follow, because they all betray some mental confusion as to the chronology of the men in question. Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle talk of Palma 'not having been much senior to Titian,' as he was born in 1480;* while

* See 'History of Painting in North Italy,' Vol. II., p. 456 *et seq.*

Morelli declares* that 'they (Messrs. C. and C.) assume that this great painter (Palma) must have been born before 1480, that he was consequently several years older than Titian, Pordenone, and Sebastian del Piombo, and of about the same generation as Pellegrino and Giorgione.' Now, Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle do *not* say that Palma was born before 1480. They say exactly the same thing about his birth as Morelli does himself. Secondly, if he were born before 1480 it would not make him several years older than Titian and of about the same generation as Giorgione, for those two men were born in the same year.

If I might venture to put forward my own notions on the question of Palma's influence, I should do it thus:—

Giorgione died in 1511, before the completion of his thirty-fourth year, leaving behind him only a few oil pictures, but a considerable number of frescoes. The latter were mostly in very exposed places, and must soon have begun to deteriorate, while even when fresh they could hardly have done much to bring about that desire to force colour to its utmost glow which came to a head in the early years of the sixteenth century.

Titian was born certainly not earlier than 1477, for in his letter to Philip II., written in 1571, he only claims to be ninety-five, a claim which a man of his years would assuredly have bettered if he could. He began to paint in a style based immediately on that of Giovanni Bellini, but, while still young, he shot up into modernity under the sun of Giorgione. All the evidence, however, tends to show that he was no rapid beginner. After his technical powers were well developed, he still clung for a time to the stiffer ideals of the fifteenth century, as the small *Madonna* at Vienna (No. 489) is enough to prove.

Palma, at most, was three years younger than Titian, and in his work we find all the signs of precocity. Almost from the beginning he was distinguished by the breadth, the freedom, the delight in natural humanity which marked him to the end. Taking into account the fewness of his days, and the illness which seems to have clouded his later years,† he was a rich producer. The full catalogue of his works would run to a total at least ten times that of Giorgione. They have, too, an originality, an individuality of accent, unequalled by Titian at this time, and unexcelled by Barbarelli. A curious touchstone of Palma's influence is supplied by his friend Lotto. Of all the greater Venetian painters, Lorenzo Lotto seems to have been the most versatile, the most impressible, the freest from any narrow conviction of his own as to how a picture should look. At one time he founds himself on Giorgione, at another on Titian, and again, and with fuller confidence still, on Palma. A fine example of the last mood is the so-called *Lucretia* at Dorchester House. And the charm which worked on Lotto cannot have been powerless over the rest of Venice. It was the charm of one on whom the gyves of ecclesiasticism had never had a purchase, of one who saw that the art he had learnt—in Bellini's studio, if you like—was superbly adapted for dealing with the civilisation into which he was born, for expressing the charm of Venetian women, the dignity of Venetian men, the general full-bloodedness of Venetian life. This art Palma's longer career enabled him to lavish on his fellow-craftsmen with an ampler hand than Giorgione, while it was not until his message was almost complete that his rival, Titian, threw off the last trammels of the fifteenth century, and created those things which have set him at the head of Italian painting.

It seems, then, that although the final cause of the stride taken by Venetian art at the beginning of the sixteenth century was the exceptional personality of Giorgio Barbarelli, the credit due for the wideness, the rapidity, and the completeness of the change belongs in the main to Palma. His development into an individual was much more rapid than Titian's, his step on the true path for a Venetian was, at the first, much more unflinching. That, before

* 'Italian Masters in German Galleries,' English Edition, p. 13 *et seq.*

† In his will he speaks of himself as 'Sanus Dei gratiâ mente et intellectu, licet corpore pergravatus.'

him, Giorgione was a finer spirit, and that, during his last years, Titian grew into a more commanding personality, does not affect the question. It is a question not so much of rank as of chronology; and, seeing what Palma had done before the sixteenth century had completed its first quarter, I do not see how he can be stripped of such honour as belongs to the successful *vulgarisateur*, at least, of a new idea.

Palma is not well represented in Great Britain. No doubt a certain number of excellent pictures by him are to be found in private galleries, but in those open to the public they are rare. The *Madonna* given to him in Mr. Law's catalogue of the Hampton Court collection (No. 115) is not important. In the Corporation Gallery at Glasgow he is present in two pastoral Madonnas, as they may fairly be called, while in the National Gallery the fine portrait which posed so long as an '*Ariosto*, by Titian,' has been justly restored to him. In spite of a few signs of repainting, this represents Palma's portraiture to great advantage. It has preserved most of its surface, and, with its surface, its original tone. So much cannot be said of the *Flora*, lent to the present Winter Exhibition at Burlington House by Mr. Ludwig Mond. Here the cleaner and the restorer have been active, but, in spite of their proceedings, the picture still shows what a great and original artist was lost to Italy when Palma died.

WALTER ARMSTRONG.

# THE INNS OF COURT

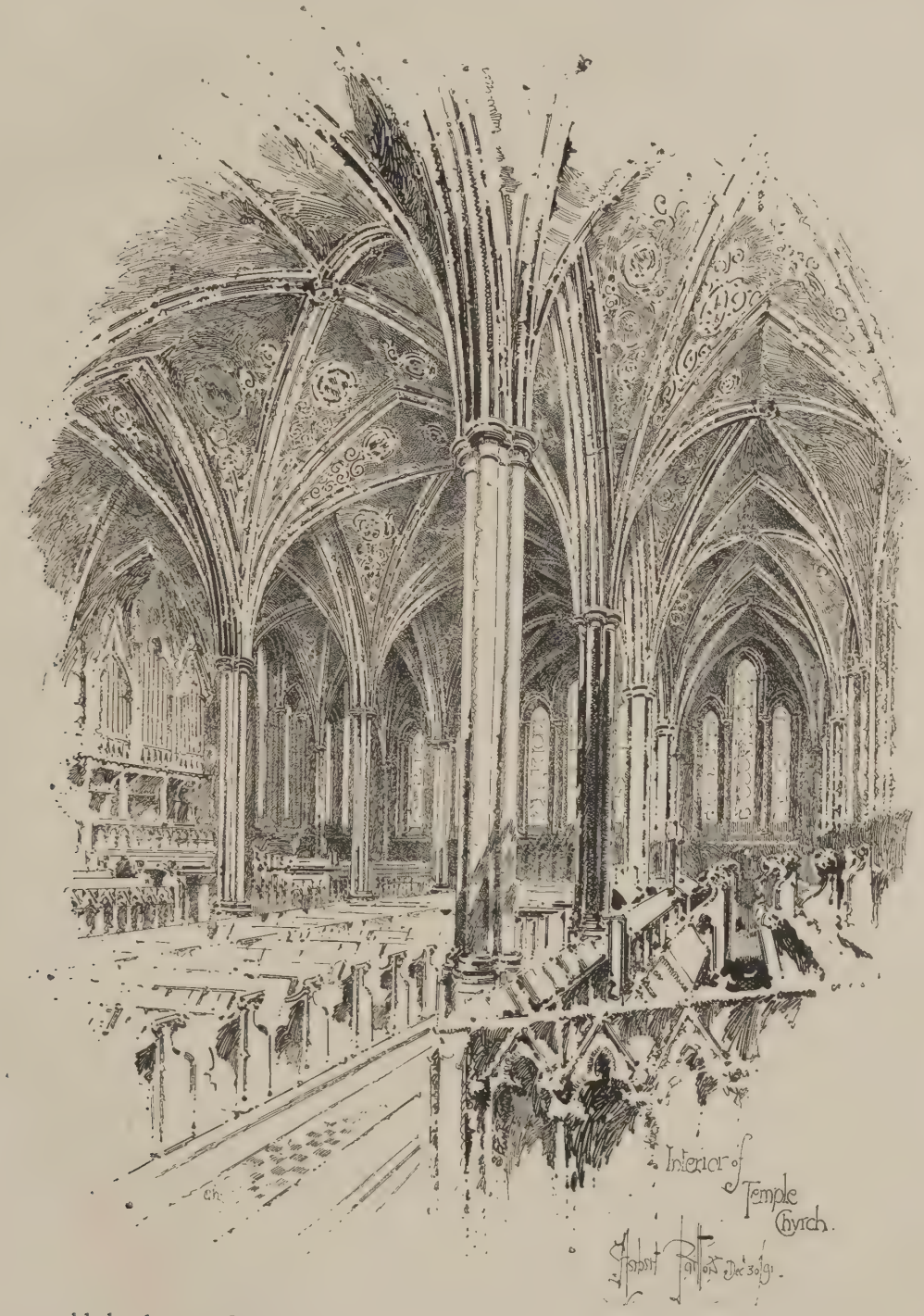
## II.—*The Chapels*

The Chapels—The Templars—Their Round Churches—Restorations—The Temple Church as it is now—Dimensions—Vaulted Chambers—The Monuments—Hooker as Master—The Effigies in the Round Church—Were the Templars Assassins?—The Chamber of Secret Mystery—Geoffrey Mandeville—William, Earl Marshal—Lord Ros—The Bodies Destroyed—Monuments in the Triforium—Horace Parodied—The Master's Office—Weale's Opinion of the Restorations—The Chapel of Lincoln's Inn—The Chapel of Gray's Inn—The Chapel of the Rolls—The Bishop of Gallipoli.

THE Inns of Court have chapels—that is to say, there are three for four inns. The Inner and Middle Temples equitably divide the church of St. Mary between them, and the visitor will see the prayer-books on one side marked with the Pegasus, and on the other with the Paschal Lamb. At Lincoln's Inn the chapel was found too small, and a bay was added to it some years ago. At Gray's Inn the chapel is of great antiquity, but has no features of the slightest interest, unless we except some of the darkest and ugliest stained glass in London. The Rolls Chapel is only interesting for the monuments it contains and for its curious history. There are no chapels attached to the Inns of Chancery.

One of the numerous bands of Crusaders who, in the eleventh century, set forth to wrest Jerusalem from the infidel, was founded by Hugh de Payens and Godfrey de St. Omer. They bound themselves and those who joined them to a vow of poverty so severe that it was said they could afford but one horse for two knights, and they enrolled themselves under the name of 'The Soldiers of Christ' (*Milites Christi*), or 'The Poor Fellow-soldiers of Christ and of the Temple of Solomon' (*Pauperes Commilitiones Christi et Templi Solomonis*). In order to keep up a supply of recruits, they opened agencies in all the countries of Europe, everywhere rivalling in zeal the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, called the Hospitallers, whose Order was founded about the same time. Their first house in London was in Holborn, for reasons set forth in the last chapter, and they speedily became wealthy enough to acquire a better site by the river's side. In fact, the vow of poverty

resolved itself into one of community of goods, but there were many ranks and degrees among them. It is to be hoped their other vows—of chastity, obedience, and succour to pilgrims—were better kept; but to guard their rapidly increasing treasure there seems little doubt that they made their building, or some part of it, so strong that even the king's




treasure could be kept safely in it. Of this building nought remains, but the round part of the church comes nearest to it in date.

They had assumed the definite name of Knights of the Temple, or Templars, in 1118 when King Baldwin gave them a house close to the traditional site of the Temple in Jerusalem. This site had been long, and is still, covered by a circular building, no doubt of Byzantine origin. We know it as the Mosque of Omar. The knights in

England built a round church wherever their colony amounted to the size of a preceptory, sometimes called a commandery. Four of these round churches remain in England, but have not all been attributed to the Templars. There is one at Little Maplestead, in Essex, and another at Northampton; but the best known, next to the Temple in London, is the church of St. Sepulchre's in Cambridge, the oldest of all. There are, however, no records to connect either it or Maplestead with the Templars, but it was built, like St. Sepulchre's in London, during the enthusiasm of the Crusade, and was attached from the first to the Benedictine priory of St. Andrew at Barnwell.

The London church was completed in its first form in 1185, and dedicated by Heraclius, patriarch of Jerusalem, who happened to be in London on a begging tour, to St. Mary. On a stone engraved in the time of Queen Elizabeth, and said, on the testimony of Stow, to be an accurate copy of an older stone, this event is mentioned, and an indulgence of sixty days promised to annual visitors—the earliest example of the kind known, says Pegge. The architecture has been so much altered, patched and restored, and so little that is really old has been left, that we cannot date the round church with any degree of certainty. Some of the ornate semicircular arches may have belonged to a building erected towards the end of the twelfth century. If so it must have been nearly rebuilt a few years later; and the rectangular addition made before 1240. The beautiful arcade, with the grotesque heads in the spandrels, only dates from the restoration of 1827. Three years earlier some ancient chambers on the south side, possibly some remnant of the domestic buildings of the knights, were removed.

What the Temple Church has undergone in 'restorations' may be guessed from the following notes. In 1666 it hardly escaped the Great Fire, which approached it as near as the Master's house. In 1685 it was repaired and ornamented, and a handsome Corinthian screen or reredos was set up at the east end. In 1695 a fire destroyed some part of the south-western side, and the stone with the inscription of Heraclius was lost either then or at the subsequent 'restoration.' In 1736 the north side and east end were repaired. It had comparative rest until 1811, when there was a 'general reparation.' In 1824 a further attack was made upon the unfortunate edifice, and the round part was almost rebuilt, the old carvings being all destroyed. Finally, the greatest Vandalism of all took place in ten years from 1830 to 1840. This disastrous performance, one of the first efforts of the so-called great Gothic revival, consisted in raising and vaulting in painted plaster the central part of the circular church; in sweeping out all the old marble columns and replacing them throughout by new ones, for which purpose the old Purbeck quarries were reopened; removing all the old wainscot and the beautiful reredos, and replacing them with tiers of pews, rising at the sides so as to hide the piscina, and the old effigy in the south aisle, and with a Gothic reredos of the poorest design; painting the roof with shields and mottoes in a supposed thirteenth-century style; darkening the windows, which already from their narrow shape let in too little light, with stained glass, of which we can only say it is a little better than what would probably be put in at the present day, our glass-stainers having gone steadily backwards since the time of Willement; and, finally, gutting out all the beautiful and precious monuments, with their quaint figures and gorgeous heraldry. This Vandalism, every step of which is calculated to take one's breath away, was carried out at enormous expense, its projectors and perpetrators being very much in earnest. It is said that, first and last, the 'restoration' cost above 50,000*l.*, and any one who remembers that forty years ago few stone-carvers existed, mouldings were unstudied, the principles of the old Gothic were imperfectly understood, and all the so-called 'mediaeval arts,' in wood, stone, marble, glass, and brass, were wholly unknown to a builder's workmen, will not be surprised at the sum.

The church, as we now see it, was built, as I have said, about half a century ago, and

follows in many particulars the outlines of an ancient church which stood on the same spot. We enter under what looks like a Norman porch, with carving almost all evidently modern, of a late and transitional style; so Romanesque, indeed, that it resembles the more florid ornamentation of an Italian building of the eighteenth century. Whether the old carving had this character, or whether it was imparted to the new by the ignorance of the modern carver, I cannot undertake to say. A wide, low arch admits us to the Round Church, where the Norman look of the exterior is exchanged for a first pointed or Early English effect, very light and pleasant to the eye, though staringly new. The Norman features recede into the upper part of the round building, where they consist of an interlacing arcade of round arches and of the windows. The lower windows are also round-headed, but are very small, and stand in pointed arches, and the transitional character of the building leads up well to the but slightly later design of the eastern part of the church. We can understand that the round part of the original building was finished for the celebration of Divine service, and the eastern proceeded with when the pointed style had prevailed finally over the Norman. It is possible, also, that the vaulting of the round church, so far as any of it is ancient, was not made until the eastern chapel was finished. A theory like this will account for everything that might be puzzling in the design. That the two were designed for each other and belonged to each other cannot reasonably be doubted, and, much as I dislike 'restoration,' I think the removal of the screen which separated the two parts of the church an unquestionable improvement.

The design of the eastern building is peculiar, but exceedingly fine. It consists of three aisles of the same length and the same height, but the centre about a third wider than the side aisles. The exact dimensions are as follows:—The round, 60 feet 6 inches in diameter; the oblong, 85 feet 11 inches long, and 59 feet 5 inches wide. The round is 59 feet high; the oblong, 37 feet; the aisles a few inches less. The total length from the door is 148 feet, and the porch is 21 feet wide. That there can have been no projecting east end, or chancel, is proved by the fact that an aumbry or reliquary was found in the east wall when the Corinthian reredos made way for the present unmeaning altar-piece. The side aisles are lighted with lancet triplets to the number of five. Similar triplets are at the east end of the aisles, while the central nave has also a triplet, but considerably wider. The roof, of very light materials, is vaulted, and is supported on

Purbeck columns of great elegance and delicacy, consisting of four shafts round a centre, with the usual moulded Early English capital. There is no carved foliage in these capitals, which are evidently imitated from a series of the earliest type. The seats on either side are of dark oak, arranged in tiers rising from the floor. Although not open, they can hardly be described as pews. Two modern doorways are on the north side, as well as the organ. The north-western side pier of the oblong part contains a winding staircase, which ascends in a turret to the triforium of the round part. About half-way up this stair is a small vaulted chamber. The corresponding pier on the south side had also a door in it, which led to two vaulted chambers, probably of later date. They were destroyed in 1823.

Among the principal Vandalisms of the 'restorers' was the removal of one of the most interesting series of monuments in England. Beginning in the thirteenth century, it came down without a break to the nineteenth. The restorer ruled a line at the fourteenth century. Those monuments which were later were removed to the triforium already mentioned, or were broken up as valueless. A few were placed under the bellows of the organ, but were removed a few years ago, and, I presume, may be identified with some fragments now lying, not set up, in the same garret-like receptacle. The older monuments were then disposed in a tasteful pattern in four groups in the round part of the church, with the exception of the figure of a bishop, which is in a niche in the wall to the south of the altar, but is invisible from the church on account of the theatrical arrangement of the seats. One other exception was made. In the south aisle, at the west end, is a bust of Hooker, 'the Judicious Hooker,' who was Master of the Temple from 1585 to 1595, when he was made Rector of Bishopsbourne, near Canterbury.

The incumbency of Hooker is one of the most interesting episodes in the history of the Temple Church. Opinions at that time were much divided as to ecclesiastical affairs. The old English Church, so far, at least, as it was connected with Rome, had been abolished; the new English Church was still in its infancy. There was a strong Puritan majority in London, who would have purged the Establishment as it was purged soon afterwards in Scotland, and who would have sent Prelacy after Popery. The opposite party had all the learning, but were the weakest in numbers. Between the two was Hooker, not by any means as a trimmer, but as one who held passionately to moderate views. The Master preached his moderate views in the morning. The Reader answered them, or thought he did, in the evening; and it chanced that the Master and his assistant were not only connected by ties of office, but by matrimonial ties as well. They did not quarrel. There were no personalities. Travers did his best to answer Hooker; but, in spite of the evident favour of full half the benchers and bar, he failed; and his efforts are chiefly remembered now because they led Hooker to publish his noble essays on 'Ecclesiastical Polity,' a book worthy of the age which produced also Shakespeare and Bacon. Nearly a century later, there lived, over the way from the Middle Temple Gate, at the corner of Chancery Lane, a man who kept a shop for the sale of hosiery and such-like goods. The house must have stood, so greatly has the thoroughfare been widened, nearly in what is now the middle of the street. When he had made a competence he retired. He had married a wife who came of a family of bishops, like the Sumners and Wilberforces in England, and the Elliots and Potters in America, in our own day; and whether because he liked clergymen—though he liked better fishing with an angle—Izaak Walton amused his leisure by writing about the sweet George Herbert, the good Bishop Sanderson, the judicious Mr. Richard Hooker, and other eminent divines; and not until a later and greater biographer wrote about a later and greater Templar—not until Boswell wrote 'Johnson'—were his delightful biographies surpassed or superseded in interest.

This is a digression, the less excusable because the little bust of Hooker is as nothing in comparison with the long series of supposed Knights Templars, laid out for inspection

Interior of Temple Church.

in the Round Church, and the monuments of the great Cokes and Littletons, who are supposed to have created the British Constitution, in the triforium.

The recumbent effigies were the subjects of much futile guessing at the time of the great 'restoration,' fifty years ago. The mystery which has always enshrouded, and probably will now for ever enshroud, the Templars, covered these figures too, and they became, with the whole church, the prey of the guessers and theorists who, in our day, have turned their chief attention to one of the Egyptian pyramids. There is a most diverting treatise by a Mr. Clarkson, 'whose well-known familiarity with the subject of Egyptian masonry, and all the associations with which it is connected, does not call for any comment on my part.' So says Billings in the preface to his book on the Temple Church. Clarkson's treatise is intended to answer the question, 'Were the Templars gnostic idolaters, as alleged?' The answer he expects to find in the 'symbolic evidences of the Temple Church.' I have not heard elsewhere of the 'symbolic evidences' of the Temple or any other church. The Templars, it seems, had been identified by Von Hammer with the Assassins, and Clarkson thinks his arguments inconclusive. That they may have been accused of such a connexion is not unlikely. Having, as he says, cleared the way, he proceeds gravely to show a close association between the Temple Church, the Temple at Jerusalem, the Temple of Solomon, the Mosaic Ark, and, of course, the Pyramids. This astonishing feat is performed by that universal solvent in such problems, Freemasonry. The 'close affinity of masonic forms and ideal associations'—I confess I do not understand the sentence — has been fully proved, he tells us, by the Irish Round Towers, by Stonehenge, and by the Mexican city of Palenque. It would be wearisome to go much further. The reader will exclaim that a man who can see 'the ideal association' of the Ark of Moses and Mexico can see anything. It is fifty years ago: but not five years ago I came on a new book, written, printed, and published to show that the hieroglyphics on Cleopatra's Needle relate to King David, and contain texts from the Psalms; so we are not, in the aggregate, so very much wiser than they of two generations ago. Mr. Clarkson finds that there are seven inter-columniations in the Round Church. When one of these people reaches anything containing this magical number, we know but too well what he can do with it. There is much about the staircase on the north side and the 'little chamber of secret mystery,' and other thrilling subjects, and the whole result is, that the reader, who may hitherto have looked upon Billings as a cautious and accurate architectural antiquary, finds him sadly wanting in judgment for admitting such stuff. Who can blame the people of the fourteenth century if they believed the seventy-three Templars in France who confessed, under shocking tortures, that they worshipped the idol Bahumeth? Mr. Clarkson, the Egyptologist, identifies Bahumeth with Behemoth, and both with Apis! After this, we may go on to the monuments. It would not have been right to pass wholly by Clarkson and his mystery, because it partly helps to account for a certain curious, almost superstitious, interest which any one who remembers London fifty years ago will recognise as having existed about the Temple Church. A similar fascination cannot be said to be wholly extinct as to the Great Pyramid. Both have their value in that colossal work, the 'history of human error,' which Mr. Caxton has not yet published. So we may, I think, contemplate these strange effigies without any misgivings or fears that the men they represent were Assassins, or Bahumethians, or even Freemasons. It is only inferred that any of them were Templars.

They are ten in number, not counting the Bishop's coffin at the east end. A very careful account of them all was written and published in 1845 by Edward Richardson, a sculptor. The Bishop's coffin was opened in 1810, and again in 1841. The remains are supposed to be those of Sylvester Everden, bishop of Carlisle, who was killed by a fall from his horse in 1254. A coffin was found under the effigy, and within it a human

skeleton wrapped in sheet lead. The skull was perfect, but the bones were scattered and disordered, and it is supposed that the tomb had been violated by the rioters of 1381. Strange to say, part of the skeleton of a baby was in the same coffin.

Of the effigies in the Round Church, some bear shields with arms on them, and so can be identified. People acquainted with London history may remember that one of the prominent causes of the failure of the Empress Matilda to seat herself firmly on the throne afterwards occupied by her son, the great Henry II., was her conduct in respect of Geoffrey Mandeville, whom King Stephen had made Earl of Essex. She alienated London from her cause by appointing Geoffrey Constable of the Tower, and putting the city, and with it both Essex and Middlesex, the old heptarchian kingdom of the East Saxons, under his jurisdiction as justice and sheriff. Even the Conqueror had respected the liberties of the city. Matilda threw away her last chance by putting it, in the language of the day, 'in ferme.' Although Stephen was actually a prisoner at the time, her cause was lost. No person, says the chronicle, could hold pleas either in city or county without permission from the Earl of Essex. This state of things could not last long, and, as soon as Matilda's back was turned, Essex had to surrender the Tower, his dominion was superseded, and he retired to the north on a military expedition, in which he received an arrow-wound, from which he died. The Templars received his body in their house in Holborn, but, it being represented to them that he died excommunicated, they hesitated to bury it. According to one account, they suspended the coffin to a tree in their garden. When they moved to the Strand they took it with them, and when at last absolution was obtained, it was laid in the Round Church, there to rest until Smirke dug it up. Contemporary writers are very unanimous about Essex. True, the author of the 'Gesta Stephani' speaks leniently of him on one page, but on the next says he was 'savage and turbulent.' William of Newburgh says he was 'most ferocious.' The effigy, which must be one of the oldest in the church, is of Sussex marble. It formerly lay between 'the first and second columns immediately on the left of a person entering the Round through the western doorway.' Richardson says, 'The features are hard, the nose long, the eyes deeply sunk, and the mouth fretful.' But we cannot easily believe that this effigy is a portrait any more than its companions. Identification is secured by means of the shield, on which what heralds call an 'escarbuncle' is carved. The arms of Mandeville, or 'de Magnavilla' family were 'quarterly, or and gules, an escarbuncle, sable,' and here it is in bold relief, with 'flowery rays extending in all directions to the outside rounded edge of the shield.'

Beside this effigy is a rudely carved figure in low relief, reputed, from its appearance, to be the oldest in the church. The legs of Essex are crossed, so that their posture cannot be taken to denote a Crusader, as some have supposed. In this figure they are straight. Another straight-legged effigy rests its feet on two grotesque human heads, presumably those of Saracens. In a monument at Lingfield, Lord Cobham rests his feet on a whole turbaned and bearded Saracen. The next effigy, also unidentified, has his legs crossed. Among the figures lies a coffin-lid, without any mark but a slight coping and some carving, which has been taken to represent the heads of a lion and a lamb. On this ground, the stone is supposed to cover the body of a Master of the Temple. On the south side are three figures of the Marshal family. They had for several generations been great fighting folk, and took their name from the hereditary office they held. Their arms were, 'Per pale or and vert, a lion rampant gules,' and lions are on their shields. They were specially distinguished for exploits against the savage Irish, among whom a predecessor of these three earls is still remembered under the name of 'Strongbow,' and his broken effigy is shown in the cathedral of Christ Church, in Dublin. Much more authentic are these figures in the Temple Church, and Camden, writing in the reign of James I., speaks of the inscription on one of them as then still partly visible. This William was Earl of Pembroke, Earl Marshal, Earl of

Striguil, Lord of Longueville, of Leinster and of Orbec. He assumed the cross, as deputy for 'King Henry the Younger,' the son of Henry II., who was crowned but never reigned. He served with Richard I. in the Holy Land, and, though constantly loyal to the despicable John, he was so highly respected that the Barons accepted his surety for the King's performance of his promise. John was actually living in the house of the Templars at the time, and the Master of the Temple, Amaric, was with the Earl Marshal at Runnymead when the King finally yielded. It is always said that this same earl, when he was guardian to the youthful Henry III., extended the Great Charter to Ireland. He died in May, 1219, and was buried on Ascension Day in the Temple Church. Few characters of that age come out so well. Shakespeare makes him plead for Prince Arthur in a well-known passage. He was a great benefactor to the 'Brethren of the chivalry of the Temple.' His eldest son, William, succeeded him, and also lies buried here, as does Gilbert, a younger son, who was also Earl Marshal. The second Earl William died in 1231, and Henry III., whose sister he had married, attended his burial in the Round Church. Earl Gilbert was killed in a tournament at Ware, in June, 1242. Both brothers had given lands to the Templars. Two more brothers remained, succeeded to the earldom, and died without children, when their family became extinct, in accordance, says Matthew Paris, with a curse pronounced upon the first Earl William by a Bishop of Ferns, in Ireland, whom he had deprived of certain lands. Next to Earl Gilbert lies the effigy of an unknown knight, with his legs crossed. Near him is the figure of Lord Ros, or Roos, of Hamlake, one of the Magna Charta barons. He sat in the Parliament of 1264, and his barony, after passing through the Manners, Villiers, and Boyle families, is still extant. He also gave lands to 'the brethren of the chivalry of the Temple of Solomon,' and some accounts make him to have joined the Order. This, however, is probably an error. His benefactions would secure his burial here.

Among the Vandalisms of the restorers was the destruction of the bodies of all these old heroes. In the process of rebuilding the Round Church they were all dug up and put in a shed, where, in the delicate words of Mr. Addison, 'exposure to light and air unfortunately soon produced an unfavourable effect upon them.' They were visited by thousands of people, but before the disgusting exhibition was closed had crumbled into dust, which was heterogeneously thrown into a vaulted grave dug in the centre of the reconstructed Round Church. Not one of the effigies now marks the resting-place of the knight for whom it was made. Having been thoroughly 'restored' by Richardson, they were neatly disposed in four groups, and we may be thankful they were preserved at all, for all the thirteenth and fourteenth-century monuments were cast out and perished at the same time. They are all, evidently, of about the same date, and possibly, with one exception, by the same sculptor or school of sculptors. One is very inferior to the rest, and has therefore been sometimes accounted the oldest. It would be quite as just to argue that it is the latest. In any case, all wear the same chain mail, with surcoats, in all but two, very long. All have long shields of what is known as the heater shape. It would not be extravagant to assume that ten years do not separate the earliest from the latest. They all belong to the first half of the thirteenth century. A connecting link between them and the fourteenth century is the effigy of the bishop at the east end, and among the memorials destroyed was one of 1382. Richard Tulsington, who died in that year, was a clerk in Chancery. An earlier, but undated, clerk in Chancery was William Burgh, and the semi-Norman form of the epitaph induces us to put with his tablet one to Edmond Berford 'd'Irland.'

Of the fifteenth century were tablets to chaplains dated 1420 and 1442. Of the sixteenth, at least two examples are to be seen in the triforium. One of them is represented in 'Churches of London' as standing on the north side of the altar, where it must have had an admirable effect in mitigating the stiff coldness of the Early English building.

Camden describes it as a 'fair raised monument adjoyning to the wall, whereon is the statue of a lawyer in his robe.' It commemorates Edmund Plowden, an eminent jurist, who died in 1584, at the age of sixty-seven. In Camden's time there were many brasses, which he enumerates. There is not one now. A great many other monuments and tablets have also disappeared. Richard Martin, who was Recorder of London in 1618, may still be seen on 'a fair tomb of Alablastar,' with a Latin epitaph; and there is a tablet to John Selden. I looked in vain, at my last visit, for the verses on Anne Littleton, in which occurs the well-known couplet:—

'For while this jewel here is set,
The grave is but a cabinet.'

But they may be on the Littleton monument. The not very sentimental Pepys, in 1666, just after the Great Fire, records a visit to the Temple Church, and speaks of 'looking with pleasure on the monuments and epitaphs.' The tablets that remain are chiefly remarkable for their heraldry, and probably no church in London was so rich in the coats of quarterings in which they of the seventeenth century did so greatly delight. Among those preserved, the tablets of Edward and Arthur Turner (1623 and 1651), of Vaughan, Busk, and Dodd, and some others, are well worth the climb to the triforium. The epitaphs are disappointing. There is not one now visible worthy of the talent of the presumably clever men who are commemorated. Camden has preserved this one of 1644:—

'Here lieth a John, a burning, shining light;
His name, life, actions, were all White.'

And on Plowden's monument, after a quotation from the Burial Service, there is a single line:—

'Vixi in freto. Morior in portu.'

At Corsham Church, in Wiltshire, before its restoration, there was a brass, dated, if I remember rightly, in 1703, and consequently one of the latest examples. It commemorated a Templar, and is worth quoting for its curious parody of Horace:—

'Integer vitae, scelerisque purus,
Hic jacet corpus Georgii Downes,
De Interiore Templo armigeri,' &c.

There is nothing in the Temple Church now so funny as this.

The office of the Master has been a subject of much inquiry. There is a house not far from the church which bears the impress of Wren's hand, and was probably built immediately after the Great Fire, and here, from time immemorial, the Master has resided. Although he bears this title, he can lay claim to no authority except in the church, which, not being strictly speaking parochial, is not in the Bishop's jurisdiction, and the Master, on appointment by the Crown, is admitted without any institution or induction, simply on the receipt of the royal letters patent. Before the Dissolution the Hospitallers appointed what they called the Custos of the church. By the Act of 1540 the Crown reserved the presentation, and the Custos then in office, William Ermsted, is styled 'Master of the Temple.' But Henry neglected to provide for his stipend and living as the Lord Prior of St. John had done, and the Master was thrown upon the mercy of the two Societies. 'There are certain buildings,' says Camden, 'on the east part of the churchyard, in part whereof he hath his lodgings, and the rest he letteth out to students. His dyet he hath in either house at the upper end of the Benchers' Table, except in the time of reading, it then being the reader's place. Besides the Master, there is a reader, who readeth Divine service each morning and evening, for which

he hath his salary from the Master.' Before the Dissolution the costs and charges of the clergy and the church were defrayed out of the rents accruing to the Hospitallers from Fickett's Field and Cotterell Garden. In the reign of James I., the Master, Dr. Micklethwaite, laid claim to such honour and jurisdiction as were held by both Temples to be incompatible with his position. The Master and the Benchers quarrelled accordingly, and the matter being referred by the Council to the Attorney-General, Noy, he decided against Dr. Micklethwaite.

The more eminent Masters since the time of Hooker have been—Brownrigg, afterwards Bishop of Exeter; Gauden, who is believed to have written the 'Eikon Basilike,' also Bishop of Exeter, and afterwards of Worcester; Willam Sherlock, dean of St. Paul's; and Thomas Sherlock, his son, who became Bishop of London in 1748.

That I have not been unduly severe against the senseless destruction wrought in the Temple Church before 1850 will appear from the following note, which I extract from Weale's 'Survey of London,' published in 1853:—

'Restorers have no right to destroy the world's records (or their evidence) and oblige us to take their word only. We may have evidence that the church in Temple Lane is like that of the Templars; but what is the next generation to do? For them the church of the Templars exists no more. They have only an authorised copy.'

The chapel of Lincoln's Inn is, or was, by Inigo Jones. It has suffered even more than the Temple Church. Instead of building a new chapel, it was determined to alter and add to the old one, with the result of entirely destroying the original proportions. The chapel, before the recent changes, was remarkable for its 'boldness, stateliness, and harmony.' The competent critic already quoted says of it:—

'We know of no mediaeval work even in which apertures of so low and broad a proportion produce, as here, no ungraceful or mean effect; and though most of the works of this scenic architect differ from his masques only in being composed of more durable materials, there is an uncommon verisimilitude arising from every deception being carried out as if it were a reality. Thus, the buttresses here are as prominent and massive as if they sustained a real vaulting. To this, and the concavity of their outline, seems due much of the stately effect of this building.'

It is raised on arches, which form a kind of cloister, a picturesque effect in itself. It was built in 1623, and Dr. Donne preached the first sermon on Ascension Day. The old coloured windows are very good, and were probably designed by Bernard van Linge, a Fleming, but the actual glass was made by Hall, a glass-painter of Fetter Lane. They are of Jones's period, and were set up by subscribers, such as Noy, the Attorney-General, and Southampton and Pembroke, the friends of Shakespeare. Bishop Heber was preacher of Lincoln's Inn, and since his time Lonsdale, afterwards Bishop of Lichfield, and Thomson, afterwards Archbishop of York. It is said that the daughter of the great Lord Brougham was the only female ever buried here. She died in 1839, and her epitaph, in Latin, is by Lord Wellesley. The grave of Prynne is unmarked. These vaults are mentioned by Butler in 'Hudibras,' and by Pepys. There was an older chapel, but not on the same site, which was pulled down when this one was built. It was dedicated to St. Richard of Chichester, and must have been originally erected by one of the Bishops of that See. The Chaplain of Lincoln's Inn fills a place very much like that of the Master of the Temple, and attends in hall during term-time; a seat at the first bar table being assigned to him. The office was in existence as far back as the reign of Henry VI., but the Preachership only dates from 1581.

The chapel of Gray's Inn vies in antiquity with either of the others; but however ancient the fabric may be, it is absolutely devoid of features of interest, and contains no monuments worth mention.

The chapel or church of the Rolls has, as a fabric, quite as little to recommend it. That part which retains a trace of antiquity is of poor and late style. The monuments are of great interest and beauty. The principal is that of John Young, who was Bishop of Gallipoli *in partibus*, and acted as coadjutor to the Bishop of London. He is first mentioned as assisting at a consecration of Bishops in 1517. His name frequently occurs in the annals of Henry VIII. He had been made Master of the Rolls when Dean of York, in the reign of Henry VII., and retained the office in the next reign for some ten years, when he died. The tomb has been attributed by all good judges to Torregiano, and is of terra-cotta. The Bishop is represented lying on an altar-tomb, with his hands crossed and an expression of devotion on his face. Behind the figure is a relief showing the face of the Redeemer between two angels' heads. The extreme beauty and value of this monument must be seen to be appreciated. There are two other fine monuments in this chapel: one to Sir Richard Allington (died 1561), and one to Lord Bruce of Kinloss, Master of the Rolls in the time of James I., who died in 1610. Some very eminent men have been 'Preachers at the Rolls,' among them having been the late Dr. Brewer, so well known for historical research. In his time it was that Sir George Jessel, a Jew, was Master, which, when we remember that the house was originally founded by Henry III. for the reception of converted Jews, seems a curious coincidence. It is said that on one occasion, at least, the Master went to hear Dr. Brewer preach. Bishop Burnet held the office in this chapel in the time of Charles II., and, having preached on a 'Guy Fawkes' day, in 1684, on the text, 'Save me from the lion's mouth, for thou hast heard me from the horns of the unicorns' (Psalm xxii. 21), was, it is said, dismissed for a sermon levelled at the royal arms. Butler's 'Sermons at the Rolls' are still read. It is said that the chapel has been condemned, like so many of Wren's churches in the city, and that it will shortly be pulled down. Any one who has seen them will be anxious as to the fate of the monuments. They must not be removed to the Temple, where old monuments are so little regarded, nor yet to Lincoln's Inn, where even the ancient gateway is threatened. Perhaps St. Dunstan's Church may claim them.

*TOMB OF BISHOP YOUNG.*

Stow's few lines about the Rolls are worth quoting whole:—

'It standeth not farre from the old temple, but in the midway betweene the old Temple and the new, in the which house all such Jewes and infidels as were converted to the Christian faith were ordayned and appointed (under an honest rule of life) sufficient maintneaunce, whereby it came to passe, that in short time there weere gathered a great number of converts, which were baptized, instructed in

the doctrine of Christ, and there lived, under a learned Christian appointed to governe them: since the which time, to wit, in the year 1290, all the Jewes in England were banished out of the realme, whereby the number of converts in this place was almost decayed; and therefore, in the year 1377, this house was annexed by Pattent to William Burstall, Clearke Custos Rotulorum, or Keeper of the Rolles of the Chauncerie, by Edward III., in the one and fiftieth yeare of his raigne: and this first Maistre of the Rolles was sworne in Westminster hall, at the table of marble stone: since the which time, that house has been commonly called the Rolles in Chauncerie Lane.'

W. J. Loftie.

# LANDSCAPE IN HOMER

IT has been supposed, and even repeated as an axiom, that delight in natural scenery is of purely modern manifestation: the Ancients have been assumed to stand convicted of insensibility to this great source of refined and elevated enjoyment; landscape is not upon record as furnishing either their poets or painters with an especial inspiration. A lover of antiquity and admirer of its civilisation sits rather uneasily under such an imputation. It seems to him unnatural that periods abounding in genius of such varied types should have been absolutely sterile in any important form of poetical and artistic development. It is with no little satisfaction then that he finds, after a general review, that as regards poetry, at least, he can fall back with considerable confidence upon Homer; the charge of insensibility to landscape beauty and grandeur can, as it seems, only attach to Homer in the same sense and degree in which Shakespeare—his only real poetical compeer—is equally chargeable. In this respect, as in many others, the bards—he of the Thames and Avon, and he of the Meles and Cayster—are yoke-fellows. The truth appears to be that in both cases the interest in what is often called nature—general, external nature—was subordinated to concern with human nature directly, with the motives and passions and fortunes of mankind.

It may be observed that this was precisely—indeed, far more absolutely—the case with artists so supreme as Michael Angelo and Raphael. The first can scarcely be said to have painted a square foot of what can be called landscape. Raphael is in a different position, but there is not much to be said against the view, that even he treated landscape purely as background for the advantage of his groups: to bring heads and figures into relief, and to give comprehensive outline to his compositions. There is much skill in his employment of it for these purposes. So in the *Miraculous Draught of Fishes*, the curve of the clouds, and that of the horizon of hills and lake as relieved against the sky, have an important if covert relation to the uniform curves of the boats. In the *Delivery of the Keys* the isolated position of the risen Saviour receives further emphasis from the higher line of the background behind but not immediately above him. Where Raphael does make an achievement, which is among the greatest of the landscape-painter, is in the transparency of his skies—as seen, for instance, in the Ansidei picture.

Titian appears to have been the first to realise that truly noble treatment of landscape which is sufficient to entitle it to independence, though he himself still retained it as accessory; the landscapes of the *Bacchus and Ariadne*, *Sacred and Profane Love*, and *Peter Martyr* are still backgrounds, though of beauty which would have been conspicuous had they stood alone. Claude and Nicolas Poussin may, of course, be cited as entirely subordinating the interest of their groups to the landscape; and it is needless to refer to later masters and schools.

There are the same differences among poets: Thomson, Cowper, and very largely Wordsworth and Keats, subordinate definite human interest to the interestingness of landscape and scenery, and to the objects and incidents which are independent of human presence and interference. The descriptive passages of Homer and Shakespeare are never introduced for their own sake exclusively or chiefly, but as the indispensable setting for human actions and human

passions. Still, it will be interesting to examine how far—to observe, indeed, how very far—Homer's descriptions of natural scenes appeal to our sense of the picturesque, when presented independently.

In Homer, then, we do not meet with descriptions of natural scenery or characteristics of scenery introduced for their own sake. What we do find are either descriptions brought in purely as backgrounds—to localise and characterise the scenes in which actions of interest take place, or to add vivacity to the description of such actions by the analogy of incidents and effects in inanimate nature. His simplest form of reference to nature is in descriptive epithets—sometimes used only generally, as if by ordinary habitual association; at other times with a special and, if covert, not ineffective significance.

The priest Chryses, dismissed by Agamemnon with threats, retires with his heart full of grief for the loss of his daughter, and intent on appealing to his god for revenge and redress:—

> 'Silent he went by the beach of the shrilly-sounding sea-waves (*πολυφλοίσβοιο θαλάσσης*);
> Afterwards, going remote, made the aged one great supplication
> To Apollo, lord, whom Leto of lovely tresses brought forth.'

The noise of the waves contrasts with the enforced silence of the indignant father, as his outward calm with the agitation of his mind. When Agamemnon immediately afterwards dispatches his two heralds to the tent of Achilles, to take away from him his captive, Briseis, the epithet is varied for one which seems prompted by the haunting consciousness of the ultimate fruitlessness of an unwelcome errand:—

> 'And as by the shore of the sea-flood unfertile they went in reluctance (*παρὰ θῖν' ἁλὸς ἀτρυγέτοιο*),
> They then in agitation and awe of the king, reverential,
> Stood still, nor did they commence to address him, nor demand made.'

Again, when Achilles himself goes to the shore to appeal for redress to his mother, the Nereid goddess, a different epithet is given to the sea, an epithet which is no doubt applied to it elsewhere over and over again, but which here has especial expressive power, when a prayer is addressed to a goddess whose haunt is deep below its waters:—

> '. . . . But Achilles
> Wept, and forthwith retired apart from his companions
> By the beach of the hoary waves, looking out to the darkling seaward' (*ἐπὶ οἴνοπα πόντον*).

The same epithet, which is given to the sea on the occasion of the errand of the heralds, is as appropriately assigned to it in the description of Ulysses sitting weeping, as he gazes over it in despair of ever being able to quit the island of Calypso:—

> 'But in the daytime sitting among the rocks on the sea-beach,
> Tearing his spirit, with tears and with groans and incessant affliction,
> He over the desolate sea gazed ever, tears down falling' (*πόντον ἐπ' ἀτρύγετον*).—v. 156.

The elements of landscape are—the sky by day and night, with clouds and all atmospheric effects of transparency and haze, of weather generally—wind, rain, hail, snow, and fogs; then earth, with its varieties of plain and hill, mountain and precipice, and its clothing of vegetation in field and forest: rivers, streams, floods, torrents, lakes, and springs, are in closest relation to the land, as shore, and shelves, and rocks are to the sea—the sea which in its subjection to aerial influences is ever in immediate relation to effects of sky.

The landscapes of Homer, like those of the painters, are open to classification according to that general element which in each case is made predominant. It may be a bright night or a gloomy day, the sea in calm or storm, a torrent or a lake, a rolling plain or a wood-clothed mountain.

Whatever other element may be predominant in a landscape, a certain concurrent pervading influence of the element of air—of atmosphere—is inevitable in every case. Probably this is the most difficult of all to reproduce quite satisfactorily, not to say in perfection. Homer, of all poets, appears peculiarly sensitive to 'skiey influences.' His narrative, whether flowing on equably or in hurried excitement, is constantly reminiscent of the accidents of weather, even as one of the most frequently recurring epithets of Zeus is *νεφεληγερέτης* — cloud-compeller. We have this example early in the poem :—

'Thus he said, and Atrides passed on, in his heart rejoicing;
And as he went through the throng of men he reached the Ajaces;
The pair were armed, and a crowd of foot-fighters followed with them;
And as when a man tending goats has sight of a cloud, from a high peak,
As over the sea it is coming, urged on by impact of Zephyr,
And to him, as stationed at distance he is, it than pitch even blacker
Appears in its course over sea, and it brings on a hurricane mighty,
And shuddering at the sight he drives his flock to a cavern,—
Such with the two Ajaces,' &c.—'Iliad,' iv. 272.

The scene of a snow-storm is thus described in the twelfth book :—

'Thus shouting in front the pair were arousing the fight of Achaians;
But of them—as thick and fast the flakes of snow are falling,
On a day in winter, when deep-counselled Zeus a commencement is making
Of snowing, and to mankind his weapons is displaying;
Having lulled the winds, he pours it incessantly till he covers
The summits and the projecting peaks of the lofty mountains,
And the lotus-covered plains and men's productive labours,
And over the hoary sea-deep is it shed, over havens and beaches,
But the wave washing on it determines its limit; all things other
Underneath it are covered up when the tempest of Zeus is bursting—
Of these thus on either side,' &c.—'Iliad,' xii. 277.

With this steady snow-storm in calm air is contrasted a driving snow-storm in the same book :—

'. . . . And as snow-flakes to earth are falling
Which a stormy wind, when dusky clouds it has set in commotion,
Is pouring down very thick upon the earth prolific;
Thus from the hands of both showered missiles,' &c.—xii. 156.

Shorter references, or single epithets, are so introduced that we are seldom without intimations of meteorological phenomena; now it is darkness which Zeus sheds over the battle till he disperses it at the prayer of Ajax, now thunder and lightning, and now driving dust, now Iris descends like a rainbow, or Athene shoots through the air like a meteor discharging sparkles as it flies.

*(To be continued.)*

W. Watkiss Lloyd.

# THE YORKSHIRE COAST

## II.—*Descriptive*

SOUTH-EASTWARD of Tees Mouth the Yorkshire coast, for many a long mile, is low and diluvial, and one may gallop, without drawing rein, along its broad, level sands. It presents as yet nothing picturesque from the sea, but beyond it rise the bold form of Eston Nab and the wooded heights of Upleatham, from which the ironstone is largely won that has given a varied measure of prosperity to the whole country-side.

* The quotations in this article are from a complete translation of the 'Epics' scrupulously literal, line for line, observant of the punctuation of the original, and as nearly imitative of the rhythm of the original as perhaps the genius of our language allows. The tardy iambic rhythm of the English heroic line can no more keep up with the sweeping rapidity of Homer's trochaic than can quaint pedestrian prose.

In the summer-time, when these yellow sands are flecked with the shadows of clouds, and when the sea-gulls ride upon the billows, and the air has a salty savour, the Yorkshire coast is here delightful enough; but it does not assume its true character of sweetness and grandeur until we reach Saltburn, some two miles further on. There issues the first of those deep woodland gorges through the hills for which it is famous. You cannot know their beauty unless you traverse them. Walking upon the breezy hills, indeed, you would scarcely suspect their presence, but, with almost startling suddenness, their sylvan depths are disclosed, and you hear the mellow voice of the rushing stream below. Saltburn, with its fine hotel, its terraces of houses and its beautiful situation, has grown into a popular watering-place, and well deserves its popularity. The lower portion of its glen has been laid out in pleasant gardens, but one may trace the winding way of the Skelton Beck beyond them, through scenes of surpassing woodland loveliness, and amid wild flowers and ferns, to Skelton Castle, with its memories of the Bruces, the Fauconbergs, the Nevilles, and the Conyers. There, too, it is interesting to remember, lived Stevenson, the 'Eugenius' of Sterne, who 'would never leave his bed while the wind blew from the east, even though good company longed for his presence.'

Eastward, again, beyond Saltburn—beyond the second of its beautiful gorges—the long dark scarps of Huntcliff, rising to a height of 350 feet, lift their weather-beaten faces, seamed and worn by unnumbered storms, and at every tide the waves deposit in the hollows and crannies of the Flat Scar, which lies at their feet, a hundred varieties of the flora and fauna of the sea. From the hill above the crest one may survey a wonderful panorama. A vast expanse of blue sea is extended before one, green where the cloud-shadows rest upon it, and dotted with the white sails of many vessels; away to the north-west, with the conical height of Cat Nab in the foreground, the long coast-line stretches to where, in the trembling haze, the shores of Durham are distinguished beyond the mouth of Tees; and, inland, there is a glorious prospect of the Cleveland hills, with the conical crest of Roseberry Topping (1057 feet) rising above the ridge. There is a way along the cliff by the railway, which there takes a horse-shoe curve towards it, or at low tide one may make one's way, with discretion, at its foot, to Skinningrove, a tiny village at the foot of a gorge—nay, not of one only, but of several, for, when you have traced the Kilton Beck for a mile or so, several sylvan glens open out, which lead you, if you can follow them, through delightful scenes to the heathery heights of Commondale and Danby Moors.

Between Skinningrove and Staithes rises one of the mightiest ranges of cliff upon the English coasts, where Boulby lifts its gigantic form to the height of 679 feet. The grandeur of this range, exhibiting beneath its sandstone cap the strata both of the upper and the lower lias, can nowhere be so well appreciated as from the sea; but it is a magnificent walk along the edge, and even the face of the cliffs, by the old alum-works, may be explored by the venturous. Eastward, in a deep cleft, between the sheer, pointed precipice of Colburn Nab and the rounder cliff of Piercey Nab, lies hidden the quaint old fishing village of Staithes, at the foot of woodland glens which it is delightful to trace upward to the moors. You may see the village now much as James Cook saw it—a red-tiled place, grouped about a steep, narrow street which leads down to the staith or landing-place, where the brown, laborious fisher-folk stand, smoking, talking, and gazing out to sea, just as for generations their ancestors have done, and as if fishing were the idlest craft that any man can follow. There is an existing wooden pier, and there is a new lifeboat station in the little bay, that James Cook never saw, and the railway brings strangers to a place where in his time strangers were few indeed, except such as came by sea. It was these same strange seafarers that poured into the eager ears of the 'prentice-boy wild tales of whaling in arctic regions, of strange adventures in southern climes, episodes of battle, piracy, and shipwreck, wherewith they entranced him, even as Othello entranced Desdemona. But Cook was a boy, and soon thereafter, with the fabled shilling, he forsook Staithes for evermore and betook himself to Whitby.

It is a glorious walk, whether we follow the road through the old village of Hinderwell or scramble with difficulty, that is well repaid, by the cliffs; but perhaps the character of the coast, with its lofty scarps and deep inlets and bays, may best be seen from a boat. It is the region of 'wicks,' which remind us by their names of those northern Vikings who, from similar 'wicks' or 'viks,' came pillaging hither. Hereabout, too, ingeniously enough, but without sufficient evidence to justify the surmise, Mr. Haigh has endeavoured to locate the Beowulf Saga, recognising the name of Hron in Runswick, and identifying Bowlby with 'Beowulf's beorh,' and Hartlepool, in Durham, with Heorot, the hall of Hrothgar. South-eastward of Staithes the cliffs, which consist of the upper lias shale capped with sandstone, range between 300 and 400 feet, but they sink as they reach Runswick Bay, where a number of wooded streamlets make their way from the upland breezy pastures to the sea.

Runswick, with its little village, the home of fishermen and jet-workers, perched upon the western slope, is full of legendary lore concerning its benevolent Hob, whose pleasure was to cure the whooping, or 'kink' cough, as well as of the fairies who washed their linen in Claymore well. It is one of the most beautiful bays on the Yorkshire coast, disclosing a delightful broken country of field, stream, and wood, backed by the fine contours of lofty hills, between its western cliff, and the bold and curiously peaked headland of Kettleness, which projects far out into the sea on the east. The cliffs continue thence to Sandsend and overlook Eastrow, erewhile called 'Thordisa,' a name that speaks plainly of its origin. There two streams descend from the glorious woodlands of Mulgrave, where one might linger long in description of sylvan beauties and mossy dells, of the Wizard's Glen, the Devil's Bridge, and the Eagle's Nest, and might dwell upon the glories of Mulgrave Castle and its long history—might describe the magnificence of the existing house, and the glorious prospect from its 'quarter-deck' terrace, where Charles Dickens is said to have 'danced upon the green' in ecstasy.

But we must hasten along the sands of Dunsley Bay, supposed to be the Dunum Sinus of Ptolemy, to Whitby, where, indeed, we cannot choose but pause in our wayfaring, or, if we should come by sea, cannot but put in our craft. But who shall fitly describe the unique character of Whitby? A recent writer has well said that the 'ancestral hush' of the coast rests here. We think at once of sainted Hilda, of Caedmon the Saxon singer, of the 'cloistered pile' and its learned brethren, and of the great synod held therein. Much that has been written concerning the wasting of the Northmen, and the mediaeval history of that venerable abbey which yet, in piteous ruin, crowns the steep height of the cliff, flashes upon our minds. The salt smell of St. Ann's Staith and the fish-pier is enough to call up, too, visions of many hardships at sea, of broad-beamed whalers, and of the Baltic and coasting trade. And Whitby is a place to which old-world associations cling even as moss clings to the stone. There is little that is modern in its aspect, though a new Whitby has arisen on the West Cliff. The buildings on either side of the Esk itself have changed little within the century, and still the fisher-folk lean upon the quay, and the fish are sold upon the staith, even just as when James Cook walked in. The oldest part of the town is on the right bank of the Esk, with the cliff and the abbey above it, and narrow alleys lead up from the waterside into the quaint little street, where are many houses of curiosity vendors, and thereby we reach the foot of the abbey steps and look over the red roofs to the shipping below in the harbour. Near by, too, is the market-place, with the old town-hall, built in 1788, resting upon pillars, in the middle of it. Of the noble remains of the abbey above, it is beyond the scope of this article to speak. Much else, too, must be omitted concerning Whitby, but, before we forsake it, let us ascend the Esk a little way, past the shipwrights' yards, to Larpool, where the best view of the old town may be gained, as it lies on both sides of the river.

It is a glorious walk along the cliff-top from Whitby to Robin Hood's Bay, whether for the pleasure-seeker who loves the invigorating scramble, with the blue sea on the one hand and the splendid inland country on the other, or for the geologist who would investi-

gate the fossiliferous strata of the liassic shales and Dogger beds, or the wasting effect of the elements upon the face of the lofty scarps. A descent may be made at Saltwick, a delightful spot in the summer-time; the lighthouse is then passed—a well-known object to seamen on this dangerous coast—and so, by a rough way rising and falling over the uplifted ends of the strata, the wayfarer reaches Bay Town. Long before that, however, the lovely bay, named, no one knows why, after the great outlaw, has been spread out before him, the blue water rolling upon its yellow sands, which are guarded by mighty cliffs at either end, and opening in the midst a landscape of singular beauty, and in which there are charming sylvan solitudes to explore. The Bay Town itself is one of the quaintest places imaginable, hanging in picturesque confusion upon the very margin of the sea, and fighting for dear life, as it were, with the waves, which have often sucked down its seaward dwelling-places into their depths.

In calm weather, and in a boat, the cliffs southward of the bay may be surveyed excellently, but the hardy climber can walk upon the crest, and explore something of the

*ROBIN HOOD'S BAY.*

face of them; and it is well worth while to examine the evidences of the great dislocation of the strata at the Peak. A very stiff ascent from Bay Town brings the pedestrian to Stoup Brow, and to the Peak, where the Romans had a fortified camp, at the southern end of the bay, and from which there are truly magnificent views both of sea and land. The coast railway breasts the difficulty of the ascent, and approaches the cliff at the Peak, being there about seven hundred feet above the sea. At the salient angle, and in an unrivalled position, stands Raven Hall, with its terraces below upon the shelving scarp. The cliffs hence to Hayburn Wyke are known as those of Stainton Dale, which is the delightful course of a wooded streamlet behind them. There is no well-defined pathway along the crest, but the climber who does not fear a giddy height, and is not averse to climbing walls here and there, and is willing to walk round a cultivated field at times, and to ask permission of the cheery and ever-courteous farmers, may journey delightfully along. All about him is the magnificence of nature; far below, surging against the rugged scarps and broken undercliff, is the limitless sea, dotted with craft; his path is amid long grasses, heather, and wild flowers; and the air is filled with the song of the lark, the cawing of crows, and the humming of many bees. As he passes the deep cove of Blue (or Blea) Wyke, where, far beneath, the sea dashes upon a rocky spur, he must be cautious and sure-footed. At every step some new configuration is disclosed, and presently the huge Bees

Cliff thrusts out its rugged form. Beyond it, reflecting with ruddy hues the sunshine, is the southern cheek of Hayburn Wyke, a scarp of grand characteristics; further still stands out the headland at Scarborough, with the castle upon the steep, and, when the day is clear, the far-stretching form of Flamborough is discerned upon the dim horizon.

Hayburn Wyke may be approached either from the station of that name or from Stainton Dale station, the latter a most delightful way, leading at the foot of heathery uplands, crossing to the left bank of the stream, and bringing down the wayfarer through a deep glen and the sweetest of woodlands, amid wild roses, honeysuckle, hawthorn, and ferns, to where, in a brawling cataract, the brook pours down upon the pebbly shore of a deep sequestered cove. Between Hayburn Wyke and Scarborough the cliffs descend and become diluvial. They are broken into inlets and points, and, especially at Cloughton Wyke and Scalby Ness, present much that is picturesque.

It is much to say for the Yorkshire coast that, with rocky scarps of such grandeur,

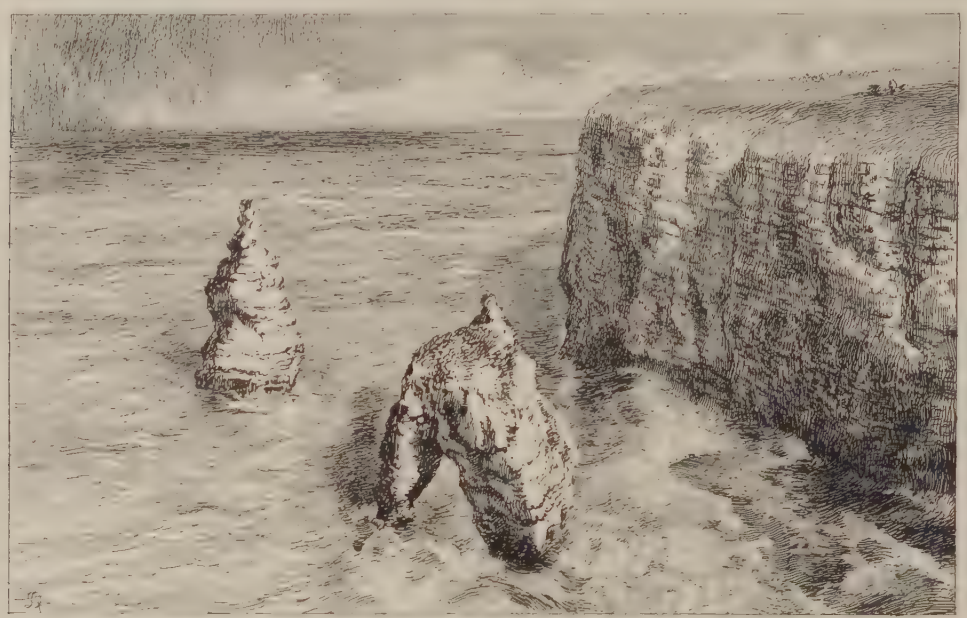
THE COAST AT FILEY.

and a neighbouring country so rich in landscape beauties, it should possess watering-places so rare in their attractions, and yet so distinct in their characters, as Whitby and Scarborough—quaint and picturesque Whitby, hidden in the deep cleft of the Esk; gay and fashionable Scarborough, upon a hill, and spread out along the bays on either side of its headland, which is thrust out boldly into the sea, with its castle upon the top. It is not our purpose to speak here of the modern attractions of the fascinating watering-place. The centre of its life and gaiety is the Spa, concerning which, too, much that is interesting and amusing might be written. Hither, late—too late—in the summer-time, from the hotels and terraces above the beautiful gardens on the cliff, and from all the district indeed, come those who are attracted to Scarborough by the beauties of its bays, the bold configurations of its cliffs, the charms of its woods and gardens, and the facilities which it gives in its neighbourhood for boating, fishing, and shooting—and, indeed, for all the pleasures of moor, stream, and sea.

To the south-east of Scarborough are three bays, to be explored with care and discretion by the sands, or with safety by the cliffs—Cornelian Bay, between the oolitic point of White Nab and Osgodby Nab, where cornelians, jaspers, and agates may be found; Cayton Bay, more deeply indented; and the bay or wyke at Gristhorpe. In all these bays the rocks are boldly featured and, in their geological characters, full of interest. They are terminated by the long reef of Filey Brig (marking the emergence of the oolitic rocks)

which runs far out to sea and forms a natural breakwater at the northern end of Filey Bay. The rocks hereabout, receiving the full force of both wind and sea, are deeply worn in all their laminations, and at every tide the sea deposits its beautiful fauna in the crannies and deeps of the rugged Brig. Standing upon the firm, level sands of the splendid bay of Filey—where surely yet a harbour of refuge will be formed—clouds of spray are seen rising from the reef as the waves break upon it, and in stormy weather the spectacle is very splendid.

We must not linger at the staid and pleasant watering-place of Filey, interesting as it is, with its old church and its fisheries, but must hasten along to the water-worn cliffs of Flamborough, which stretch far out to sea at the southern end of the beautiful and expansive bay. The chalk, which forms the Wolds, here reaches the coast and gives to the cliffs an altogether different character from anything else upon the Yorkshire coast. The features of limestone worn by aqueous and aerial influences are well known in many inland places, but at Flamborough, the chalk caves and detached pinnacles of rock, exposed to the constant



*THE KING AND QUEEN ROCKS, FLAMBOROUGH HEAD.*

influence of the waves, assume more strongly marked characters. The whole headland is honeycombed with caves in its more exposed portions, and presents many grand and remarkable features. With a solemn grandeur in their character, the cliffs are yet alive with sea-fowl—gulls, grebes, auks, and cormorants—and there is a vast marine view, and a long prospect of coast, both north and south, visible from the crest.

Beyond Flamborough Head, southward, the bold features of the Yorkshire coast cease, and the cliffs become low and diluvial. Bridlington, a popular and healthful watering-place, is dignified by the splendid remains of the neighbouring Augustinian priory, which has a history full of interest, and architectural features and details of singular beauty. We need not continue our description further. As was explained in the last article, the record of the coast of Holderness is one of gradual but inevitable wasting away. It has such attractions as belong to blue sea and yellow sands; and the inland country, though visited by few, has many features of interest in beautiful churches and fine houses. But the glory of the Yorkshire coast is the lofty scarps, the delightful bays and wykes, the wooded ravines, and the ancient villages and towns between Saltburn and Bridlington, as well as in the grand country behind them, of which the character—all too briefly—has been indicated here.

JOHN LEYLAND.

FEBRUARY 1.—The twenty-third exhibition of pictures by the Old Masters and by deceased Masters of the British School is very far indeed from being the worst of the series. It contains, certainly, a good many things which have been here before; but on the other hand, collections have been drawn upon which have been hitherto sealed to the public, such as those of Lord Iveagh and Mr. Charles Morrison, while the finest private collection out of Rome, the gallery of Hertford House, has yielded some fine things which have never left its walls since they went home from Bethnal Green. Lord Dudley's pictures have been here before, but a picture so important in the history of Italian art as the large *Crucifixion* by Raphael, painted when he had scarcely emerged from boyhood; pictures so attractive for power as Crivelli's *Holy Conversation;* for naïve sweetness as Lorenzo di Credi's *Madonna;* for Gothic elaboration as the *High Mass* ascribed, with some audacity, to Jan van Eyck, can scarcely be seen too often. There are, too, important contributions from Buckingham Palace, from Sir Charles Tennant, from Mr. Henry Willett, from Mr. Banks of Kingston-Lacy, from Mr. Bromley Davenport, and from the executors of Mr. E. H. Lawrence. A special feature of the show is a collection of one hundred and eight drawings by eleven English masters of water-colour, Thirtle, Turner, Cotman, Cox, Bonington, Crome, Fielding, James Holland, William Hunt, Prout, and Peter de Wint.

IN a chronicle such as this it will be most convenient to proceed in an order the reverse of that affected by the Academy. In Burlington House we are accustomed to begin with the latest things, and to work back, in a somewhat irregular progression, to the earliest. The reader, perhaps, will find it more agreeable to proceed on more logical lines. The early Italian pictures are arranged in Room IV. The earliest are a series of three panels ascribed to Giotto and his school. One of the three, a *Presentation in the Temple*, lent by Mr. Willett, is a capital instance of Giottesque realism, but is only the work of a pupil. Lord Dudley's *Last Supper* and Mr. Bromley Davenport's *Entombment of the Virgin* have both stronger claims to be considered the work of Giotto himself. The action of the figures is full of nature and simplicity, while the arrangement has the sculpturesque repose so characteristic of Giotto. A 'Mantegna,' lent by Mr. Willett, does not inspire confidence in its asserted origin; neither does the *Fra Angelico* from Dudley House. But there are many things to make up for disappointments like these. Mr. Alfred Seymour's *Virgin and Child with Angels* is an excellent example of one of the most interesting masters of the early Renaissance, I mean Piero della Francesca, whose original genius is to be admired in another *Madonna*, the well-known picture from the Guise collection in Christ Church, Oxford. Unfortunately the latter is not in good preservation. Piero dei Franceschi—to give him what appears to be his correct name—painted in a method as elaborate as the Venetians, with the result that a large number of his pictures have been cleaned into coldness and discord. This is the case to some extent with the Christ Church picture, which may be compared in the matter of condition with the *Baptism of Christ* in the National Gallery. Mr. Seymour's *Madonna*, on the other hand, has preserved its glazes, and consequently gives us a better idea of the primitive appearance of Piero's work than we can get elsewhere in this country. The two pictures ascribed to Botticelli are, of course, of his school, but are quite beneath the 'form' of the master himself. Still worse is the panel which poses as a Filippo Lippi, and—to finish at once with the 'bogies'—the pictures given to Francia, to the 'Umbrian School' (156), and the 'Perugian School,' are all unworthy of the company in which they find themselves. Very different is the small panel, a *predella* apparently, from the National Gallery of Ireland. Even Mr. Doyle has not often made a happier purchase than this. Signorelli is a rare man, and this is a rare Signorelli; so full is it of dignity, and of a breadth in design which belongs to the sixteenth rather than the fifteenth century. The Lorenzo di Credi which hangs beside the Luca is one of the best, perhaps the very best, of that master's Madonnas. Unusual in colour, it charms by the perfect sense of unity with which it is carried out. Leonardo's disciple—for so, at least, was Luini—is present in a picture painted just at the moment when the influence of Leonardo and that of the old Milanese tradition had about an equal hold on him. The heads are completely Leonardesque; the draperies and the scheme of colour are Lombard, and remind us here and there of Gaudenzio Ferrari. The Madonna ascribed to Leonardo himself is a capital school picture, by one of those pupils whom connoisseurship has not yet succeeded in identifying. Harking back for a generation, we find Perugino present in five predella panels, painted at least under his inspiration, and Raphael of Urbino himself in the *Christ on the Cross*—it is misleading to call it a 'Crucifixion'—from Dudley House. Painted while Raphael was still a minor, it charms by the dignity and taste which were to become so marked in him in later years, and not at all by that sensuous depth and unity with which this master contrives to suggest devotion. The panel has been cleaned, perhaps more than once; but though not in so fine a state as the *Ansidei Madonna*, it is very far from being such a wreck as the Colonna altarpiece at South Kensington. Executed for the chapel of the Gavari family in San Domenico, at Città di Castello, it was still in place in 1693. The poverty of the Gavaris, or of the Dominicans, led afterwards to its sale. It passed through several hands, including those of Cardinal Fesch, before it arrived in England. Echoes from the work of all the masters on whom Raphael founded himself—from Signorelli, from Niccolò da Foligno, from Timoteo, from Pinturicchio, from Perugino, of course—are to be traced in it. Vasari declares that but for the signature the picture would have been accepted as a Perugino. Perhaps we flatter ourselves, but there we think Vasari showed himself less of a connoisseur than he should have been. The small *Madonna* from Dudley House is perhaps rightly given to Andrea d'Assisi, the enigmatic 'Ingegno.'

TURNING to the Venetian school, our attention is at once caught by Lord Dudley's two Crivellis, a *Pietà* in which the passion of grief is insisted on with extraordinary frankness, and the large *Santa Conversazione* engraved in all the books. Both belong to the early period of the master, before he was *miles*, and while he had not yet become adventurous in the use of colour. A fine Cassone panel, lent by the National Gallery, shows Liberale da Verona in a pleasant light. It is one of the Habich collection of thirteen pictures lately imported from Cassel. Liberale is not a new comer to the National collection. A Madonna by him was purchased in 1883. In most pictorial qualities, and especially in colour, it is inferior to the new acquisition. Passing into the large gallery, we find beside the door an *Adoration of the Shepherds*, purporting to be by Giorgione. A glance is enough to make us doubt the attribution. Not only is the handling unlike that of the great Barbarelli, the conception shows a mixture of influences not to be reconciled with his authorship. To begin with, the painter is clearly a young man. A comparison of the two shepherds with the figure of the Virgin is enough to prove this. All three are most carefully painted, but the two men are inspired by notions quite different from those which govern the figure of Mary. The latter is *quattrocentist*, and her creator was clearly following the example of Giambellino and his pupil, Cima. The shepherds, on the other hand, are inspired by Giorgione's naturalism. In design, in choice of tint, in management of light and shadow, they are faithful to Giorgione, they are probably taken bodily from him. But in painting they are too thin, too laboured, too juvenile altogether, to be his at the time when he was creating these types. In the National Gallery there is a picture which bears signs of being by the same man as this *Adoration of the Shepherds*, namely, the *Adoration of the Magi* (1160), once at Leigh Court. In Sir Frederick Burton's catalogue it is given to the 'school of Barbarelli.' Both pictures are probably the work of Palma, painted soon after leaving the studio of Bellini, when the influence of that master was in process of obscuration by the more commanding example of Giorgione. Palma in his later years is represented by one of those gallant female portraits in which he excelled. Unhappily this specimen—it is the

property of Mr. Ludwig Mond—has lost much of its charm through cleanings and repairs. The power of the master is now to be traced chiefly in the painting of the right breast, and in the treatment of the green and white drapery. The *Omnia Vanitas* from Kingston-Lacy, poor as it is, is probably a genuine Titian; so is the much-injured *Triumph of Love*, lent by Major Jekyll. Two portraits of Senators touch the high-water mark—and that a spring tide!—of Tintoretto in this branch of his art, but the large *Apollo and Marsyas* is rather by Andrea Schiavone. Sir Charles Turner's *Jacopo Bassano* shows that master quite at his best as an executant. The painting of the shepherd in the foreground, of the woman milking the cow, and of the angel in the sky, is worthy of Velazquez, to whom, rather than to his brother Venetians, it approaches in manner. Lastly, the *Holy Family, with St. John and Angels*, is perhaps the best example in England of Andrea del Sarto. It comes from Hertford House.

Among the early Italians in Gallery IV., a few examples of the Flemish, Dutch, and German schools of the fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries have been hung. The large altarpiece from Buckingham Palace—the central picture, most likely, of one with at least five panels—is an important and undoubted example of Lucas Jacobsz, commonly known as Lucas van Leyden. *Moses and the Burning Bush*, lent by Mr. Willett is a most perfect and charming panel by Dierick Bouts, worthy to hang beside the masterpieces in the galleries of Munich and Berlin, into which so much of the best work of Bouts has gravitated. Lord Dudley's *Celebration of High Mass*, exquisite as it is, has nothing to do with Jan van Eyck, to whom it is ascribed. Perhaps its true author is Gerard van der Meire, of Ghent, for whom, however, we have no certain standard. A drawing by Durer, also lent by Mr. Willett, seems to be quite genuine, so far as it can be appreciated under the varnish with which it is covered. A black background has also been painted on to it in such a fashion as to give the old man's hair the appearance of Medusa's snakes. The pictures purporting to be examples of the later school of Flanders, which hang at the end of the large gallery, are not a happy collection. The decorative canvas in the centre, a festoon of flowers and fruit with cupids, has been superb, but is now a wreck. Even as it, however, its colour is in parts magnificent, too good, perhaps, for Snyders, to whom it is mainly given. On either side of this festoon hangs a portrait assigned to Rubens, and supposed to have been painted during his sojourn in Genoa. Both are quite unworthy not only of the master himself, but of his better pupils. Not a touch is visible upon them which in any way recalls the manner of Rubens. The heads and the hands are ill drawn and ill modelled; the colour is monotonous and dull; the designs alone remind us of the great Fleming. Upon one of the two appears an inscription declaring that 'Peter Paul Rubens painted it in 1606 with singular devotion.' During the whole of the year 1606, Rubens was in Rome, but, as the signature is clearly inauthentic, this point need not be insisted on. If we had to theorise about these two portraits, we should say they were realisations by some feeble pupil, a Spaniard for choice, of designs by Rubens, made perhaps for some festive occasion. The full-length of *Lord Portland*, given to Van Dyck, is only a school piece, and is far inferior to the *Henrietta of Lorraine*, lent by Lord Iveagh, which serves as its pendent. Mr. Alfred Morrison's *Portrait of a Man* is a genuine and careful but not a pleasing Rembrandt, dating from about 1640–42; while the Queen's Frank Hals is one of the soberest and most delicate of his creations.

The Netherlandish pictures in the third room have their general effect spoilt to some extent by the presence of large but second-rate examples in the best places. The huge Berchem beside the door into the great room is of very slight interest. The ill-composed and gaudy Van Dyck in the centre of the west wall is not the kind of picture with which he climbed to fame. We could have spared both of these. Still more easily could we have done without the large *Scheveningen* ascribed to Solomon Ruysdael, the view in *Dordrecht Cathedral* given to Cuyp, and the *Interior*, numbered 64 and given to Teniers. But in spite of all this the collection is of remarkable interest. Lord Iveagh's Vermeer is welcome as a characteristic work by one of the rarest of masters. It belongs to the same stage of his development as the *Dentellière* in the Louvre—a stage of dexterity rather than of passion, and one that led to nothing half so delightful as the *Soldier and the Laughing Girl* which was here last year, the *Dairywoman* of the Six collection, or the *Delft* at the Hague. Lord Iveagh's, too, are the delicious early Ruysdael which hangs beneath the Vermeer, a fine example of Weenix the elder, and the best Cuyp here, one of his usual *réunions* of cows. The contributions from Lady Wallace include a superb Van der Heyden, in which Adrian van der Velde has outdone himself as an *étoffeur*, a good Cuyp, a famous but not absolutely first-rate Hobbema, and three Metsus. Of the Metsus, by far the best is No. 95, known as the tired *Sportsman*. The two contributions from Buckingham Palace are both acceptable, well as we know them, and so are the pair of Teniers and the Paul Potter from Basildon Park. Mr. Humphry Ward's Jansen is a delightful little piece, and Mr. Broadwood's Le Ducq, *Regret for the Violoncello-player*, is of peculiar interest through the rarity of such a strain of dramatic sentiment in a Dutch panel. Whether No. 3, in the first room, should be noticed among the foreigners or not depends to some extent on what we think as to the person it represents. The workmanship is like that of Lely, but if it be his, it cannot represent the severed head of Monmouth, for the duke died five years after Sir Peter. It is probably by one of his scholars.

As for the English collection, it is notable among other things for the presence of superb examples on a small scale of each of our great trio of portrait-painters. Sir Joshua never surpassed his *Mrs. Braddyl*, nor Romney his *Mrs. Davenport*, nor Gainsborough his *Duchess of Grafton*. Raeburn, too, is present in a pair of fine portraitures, and Allan Ramsay, the Scot who was ruined as an artist by winning the favour of the Court, by a most dashing presentment of a lady who may have been his wife. The landscape-painters are in force—Turner's *Walton Bridges*, his *'Victory' bringing home the body of Lord Nelson from Trafalgar*, his *Petworth*, and his *Seapiece*, from Petworth, are all among his finest things. Constable's *Opening of Waterloo Bridge* is marvellous in its combination of repose with iridescence, of nature's infinity with the unity of art. How easy it is to fail in the attempt to combine these qualities you may see by Muller's *Eel-bucks at Goring* in the first gallery. One of the most delightful things here is the Bonington lent by Lord Iveagh; for opalescent brilliance of colour and truth of atmospheric effect it need fear comparison with no landscape ever painted. Wilson's *Cader Idris*, Gainsborough's *Landscape* (4) and *Repose—Landscape with Cattle* (142), Morland's *Straw Yard*, Crome's *Yarmouth Harbour*, and Cotman's *Landscape* (33) should also be named among the gems of this section of the show.

The water-colours collected into the two south-western rooms are likely to have an excellent effect. The selection has not been made in obedience to fashion. It includes only one Copley Fielding (which we should have liked away), while it lavishes hospitality on men of genius like Turner, Cotman, and De Wint, and on an artist with one gift both rare and pure, like William Hunt. There can be no doubt that a series of drawings put together in this way is far more satisfactory than a miscellaneous collection, even when the individual examples which make up the latter are well chosen. A drawing does not hold its own like an oil picture. It requires an *entourage* in harmony with it, as a quiet girl looks better among her sisters than alone. Especially is this true when we have to deal with colourists. Their productions are destroyed by discordant neighbours. At the present moment, William Hunt is being trampled on by a certain class of critics, chiefly those who are most in sympathy with French ideals in art. To these observers his helpless design, his insensibility to form in its wider sense, seem a confession of artistic nullity. Perhaps they will revise their opinions when they see him more fairly displayed. His colour, the marvellous skill he shows in rendering and enhancing quality by the use of optical contrasts, and in weaving tints, as it were, into a melody—if a mixed metaphor may be overlooked for once—can be seen and appreciated when a whole wall is given up to its setting forth.

# VENUS ASTARTE, OTHERWISE ASTARTE SYRIACA

BY DANTE G. ROSSETTI

IT was in 1875 that, as the date upon it attests and his brother has diligently recorded, Rossetti began the first of the works bearing the suggestive titles by which the example before us and its analogues and namesakes are distinguished. That exquisite nerve in his 'finer sense,' upon which he had not for the first time touched in the much better known *Blessed Damozel* of 1873, had, ten years before the latter was painted, its earliest life in the day-dream of *Beata Beatrix*, and, in the interval, it had continued so to vibrate that to its magic were due *The Bride*, that glowing paraphrase of the Song of Solomon, *Sybilla Palmifera*, and *Lilith*. All these and several less important instances of the same nature, among which Rossetti himself sometimes valued *Astarte Syriaca* above everything he had done, came into existence in one epoch of the artist's life. THE PORTFOLIO, in last year's volume, gave a transcript from the earliest member of the category, and now its readers are in possession of a not less successful version of the last outcome of his mystic-loving mood.

It was the sympathising and intense study of Dante which, as I hinted last year in regard to *Beata Beatrix*, set him searching the hearts of the Italian poets' mysteries. *The Bride* echoes the Song of Solomon; *Astarte Syriaca* responds, so to say, to a strain of much greater antiquity, and a still more esoteric charm than either of these. No wonder, therefore, that Rossetti, much in love with mysteries of the ardent sort, and having so noble a model as Mrs. Morris, whom Nature herself fitted to give the intensity of life's expression to the poet's ideal, thought so highly of the last-named work. He did nothing finer of the kind. The line to which it belongs was the most original of all the developments of his genius, and in respect to the secret-loving side of that stupendous force, *Beatrice*, *The Bride*, and *Astarte*, are, no doubt, incomparably the most beautiful of his works. Of this splendid trio, I personally prefer *The Bride*, and do so not only because of the incomparable beauty of the chief damsel of that lovely company, or on account of the more complex nature of the picture's motives—as they are manifest in four fine forms and faces, compared with that of one which suffices in *Beatrix* and *Astarte* severally—but because, to my mind, no other work of art of any time or country more exactly and subtly illustrates the union of earth and heaven—between the very margins of which, as I have pointed out before, Beatrix sits swooning—in treating which the great painters of the Renaissance in Italy sought to interpret their own age of marvels. It was thus these masters gave what I may call reflections of the esoteric piety which prevailed in the most brilliant and inspiring minds of their time.*

In the guise of Venus, and other apparently obvious but really abstruse types of antiquity, painters like Botticelli expressed recondite ideas of the kind to which the Hebrew

* Some writers have not hesitated to say they recognise in this sort of piety nothing less than sheer paganism. Neo-Platonism is the usual term for it. How it was expressed by the painters the authorities have not troubled themselves to inquire.

poet gave an enraptured utterance in the 'Song of Songs.'* *The Bride* belongs to the same mystical group, and in *Astarte* Rossetti was but reverting to the more ancient Oriental poetry, and that heart-searching pathos which, when it was profaned and vulgarised, touched on gross, not to say bestial forms, alarmed the Church, set nations against nations, and, in storms of inhuman hate, evoked the war-cries, 'Orthodoxy' and 'Heterodoxy.'

Far from all these are the brooding, inscrutable brown eyes, in both lips something of yearning, the pure outlines of the face, of the awe-inspiring, amorous goddess of the Syrians, whose passion is intense and calm in her steadfast regard, and enriched by the tenderness of an ineffable dream, while the whole is set in shadows and enshrined in solid waves of the blackest hair.

The drawing in ink here reproduced is at South Kensington, and formerly belonged to Mr. Clarence Fry; it was primarily executed as a sort of study for the superb work Rossetti painted for the same gentleman. The latter is a fully life-size picture in oil of the Venus of the Syrians standing as before us, but with two additional ministering spirits looking up, chanting in rapturous praise of their mistress, winged, and holding torches, one at each shoulder of the goddess; above the group shines the planet Venus between the sun and moon. The effect is that of twilight, and the design at large was conceived with reference to this circumstance adding to the charm of the poetry. To these elements Rossetti alluded in that perfect sonnet he composed to illustrate the picture, and which must be quoted with the drawing in view. It is as follows:—

ASTARTE SYRIACA.

(*For a Picture.*)

Mystery: lo! betwixt the Sun and Moon
  Astarte of the Syrians: Venus Queen
  Ere Aphrodite was. In silver sheen
Her two-fold girdle clasps the infinite boon
Of bliss whereof the heaven and earth commune:
  And from her neck's inclining flower-stem lean
  Love-freighted lips and absolute eyes that wean
The pulse of hearts to the spheres' dominant tune.

Torch-bearing, her sweet ministers compel
  All thrones of light beyond the sky and sea
  The witnesses of Beauty's face to be:
That face, of Love's all-penetrative spell
Amulet, talisman, and oracle,—
  Betwixt the Sun and Moon a mystery.

F. G. STEPHENS.

# THE INNS OF COURT

## III.—*The Inner Temple*

The oldest Hall—The Arms—Origin of the Pegasus—Plan of the old Temple—The Lord Prior of St. John—A Manciple—The Serjeants—The Second Hall—Population of the Inner Temple—The Buildings—The New Hall—The Library—Eminent Inhabitants—Charles Lamb, a Native of the Temple—Thackeray—Cowper—Shirley—Boswell—Johnson.

WE have seen in a previous chapter why this part of the Temple is called 'Inner.' But a different question, and one not so easily answered, relates to the separation of the Inner and Middle Temples as corporate bodies, or Societies. It is further compli-

* To Botticelli's picture, called *Venus reclining with Cupids*, No. 916, in the National Gallery, an (as yet) not half-fathomed instance of the esoteric religious purpose of that wonderful master, I may, without attempting to expound it but simply as an example in point, here refer.

cated by the fact that the Hall of the Middle Temple is ancient—that is to say, it was built before the Gothic tradition was quite extinct—while that of the Inner Temple is new—a 'Vandalic' building of very poor character. But as is so often the case in matters of this kind, appearances are wholly deceptive. It would seem that when the lawyers first came to the Temple, the hall of the Templars was standing, and was used by them as it was. But the Society grew larger and larger, until it overflowed the Templar's hall, and a new one had to be built, for what at first were the junior members of the Society. So, by degrees, they drifted apart; and the new hall was built on the land—previously, it is probable, only a garden or orchard—of which I have already spoken as the Middle Temple, within the City boundary, but to westward of the Templars' original house. We thus arrive approximately at the cause, but not at the date, of the separation. When we come to treat of the Middle Temple, we may be able to show its origin more distinctly; but so far, in treating of the Inner Temple only, we may assert as a general conclusion, a working hypothesis, that it represents the original colony of 'students of the law,' who first settled themselves in the old buildings of the Knights of the Chivalry of the Temple of Solomon. Another and very similar question is that of the coat-of-arms. Here heraldry would deceive us as architecture might have done. The arms of the Middle Temple, like its hall, are ancient. The arms of the Inner Temple, besides being bad heraldry, are modern. But, here again, we must not trust the evidence of our senses. It is the Middle Temple coat that is new, that is, comparatively newly assumed, and the Inner Temple coat that is old, that is, it was assumed before the Middle Templars had assumed theirs. The difference in age is not very great, but there is a difference. When the Order was first founded, as we know, heraldry can hardly be said to have existed. The Templars' vow of poverty was observed. The saying that they could only afford a single horse for two knights was probably true; and their badge, the badge of poverty, was a horse bearing two riders. It hardly amounted to a coat-of-arms. Stow (first edition, page 326) says correctly: 'Matthew Paris crieth out on them for their pride, who, being at the first so poore as they had but one horse to serve two of them, in token whereof they gave in their seale, two men riding upon one horse, yet suddainely they waxed so insolent, that they disdained other orders, and sorted themselves with noble men.' It is evident that Stow did not account this a coat-of-arms; yet it partook, as far as a badge can, of the heraldic character. If we look in such a book as Burke's 'General Armoury,' we see how the question is further complicated by carelessness, ignorance, or stupidity, or a mixture of all three. There we find 'Temple Hospital' and this coat-of-arms, 'Gules, a cross argent.' 'Temple Hospital' seems a 'contradiction in terms.' The Templars and the Hospitallers had both crosses in their arms, but if anything is certain about such early heraldry, it is that 'Gules, a cross argent,' is the arms of the Knights of St. John, or the Hospitallers. Whether in the Inner Temple they continued to use the horse and two men I cannot say. In any case, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, just about the time when Stow was writing his 'Survey,' 'Master Gerard Leigh, a member of the College of Heralds,' persuaded the authorities to abandon their old device, and to assume that of a Pegasus—about the most inappropriate symbol they could possibly have found. It may, however, have grown out of 'azure, a horse bearing two men, argent.' The two men became the wings of the Pegasus. The Society of the Middle Temple continued to bear the arms assigned to the Templars, a red cross on a white ground, with a Paschal Lamb in the centre. Thus, as I have said, the arms, like the halls, are deceptive, and the Inner Temple, with its new hall on the old foundation, has, it may be, the old badge furbished up as Pegasus.

Taking the Inner Temple Hall as representing that of the Knights, we can reconstruct, to a certain but limited extent, the old military monastery. The Chaplain, or Master, still lives to eastward of the church, only that his house has been moved back

to the end of his garden instead of forming part of the irregular quadrangle. At right angles to it would probably be the strong place of which we read. This treasury was at least twice robbed by a needy king. In 1232 Henry III. took from it the money and jewels of Hubert de Burgh, whom, in gratitude for his guardianship of the realm and long devotion during the King's minority, he had imprisoned in the Tower. Edward I. in 1283, visited the Treasury of the Temple, and, by way of seeing to the security, as he said, of his mother's jewellery, he broke open the coffers of such as had laid their money up there, and took away a thousand pounds. I should be disposed to put this Treasury where the Library is now, and the house of the Treasurer next to it, as it is still. From this point, parallel with the church, was the cloister, which turned the corner, and led up to the church porch. Between the cloister and the garden was the great hall, parallel, as is the present one, with the church. North of the church porch, extending towards Fleet Street, were the lodgings of the Bishop of Ely, including a chapel of St. Thomas of Canterbury. This would form one side, probably the east, of Inner Temple Lane, and east of it again, north of the church, was the cemetery. Much of this we can gather from a survey made by the Mayor or London at the King's command soon after the dissolution of the Templars. We further learn that there were at least two gates, and that between the cemetery and Fleet Street there were thirteen houses, and that the precincts were bounded on the east, presumably near where King's Bench Walk is now, by a wall, which ran northward up to the street. In the year 1337 there was a further inquiry, and from it we learn that by that time a second hall and four chambers had been built, together with a kitchen, and a stable, and a house outside the great gate. These buildings I take to be the beginnings of a Middle Temple; but it will be best to treat of them separately in their proper order. The old gate was evidently the gate to Inner Temple Lane, and opened nearest to the church.

In 1340 Edward III. gave any of the royal property or rights that remained in his hands to the Lord Philip Thane, then prior of St. John, for 100*l.*, which the Lord Prior promised to pay towards his expedition into France. This Lord Prior granted to Hugh Lichfield, a priest, who was custos of the Temple Church, the rents of Cotterell's Garden or Fickett's Field, as already mentioned, and there is further mention of a place whose very identity was long forgotten. Thane allowed Lichfield a thousand faggots a year, to be cut in his wood at Lilleston. Where was Lilleston? The name survives in the shortened form of Lisson, and forms the northern district of St. Marylebone; while the wood is commemorated in St. John's Wood.

That the inhabitants of the Temple at this time kept commons, or dined together in

Master's House
from Inner Temple

hall, is proved incidentally by a passage in Chaucer, quoted by Addison. The manciple, or purveyor, in the 'Canterbury Tales,' purveyed for the Temple:—

> 'A gentil manciple was there of Temple,
> Of whom achatours mighten take ensample,
> For to ben wise in buying of vitaille.'

The number, even, of those for whom he bought 'vitaille' is given:—

> 'Of maisters had he mo than thrice ten,
> That were of law expert and curious.'

In the time of Henry VIII., the wages of the purveyor, or manciple, of the Temple were xxxvj$^{s}$ a year. But in the time of Chaucer there were, besides the lawyers, a number of survivors of the retainers and servants of the old Templars. Some of them had pensions allowed them, and others seem to have retained a residence, but to have worked for their living. Robert Styfford had been a chaplain. On condition he continued to take services, he had certain allowances. Others are named, and to some was assigned 'a gown of the class of free serving brethren of the order of the Temple each year; one old garment out of the stock of old garments belonging to the brethren; one mark a year for their shoes,' and so on; and their sons, if any, were to be offered employment at the daily work of the house.

In the same reign of Edward III., in the year 1333, judges were first knighted, and about the same time an order was formed by the professors of the common law, who had the exclusive privilege of practising in the Court of Common Pleas. These practitioners imitated the second degree of the old Templars. The word *serjeant* means briefly servant, and is supposed to translate exactly the Latin *serviens*. The new order were 'the King's servants-at-law,' *servientes domini Regis ad legem*. Under the old Knights Templars their *fratres servientes* were *armigeri* or esquires. The serjeants-at-law took this honourable name, and marked their rank by red caps, under which, as in the East at the present day, a linen *coif* was worn. No Arab or Egyptian puts on a fez without a linen cap under it. Some have conjectured that the lawyer's coif was intended for the concealment of the tonsure of such practitioners as had taken orders. Until the recent abolition of the serjeants, every judge assumed the coif on appointment, and addressed and was addressed by other serjeants as 'brother.'

Whether the second hall grew out of an overcrowding of the first, or represents the

retainers and other persons of second rank, is a question for future discussion. What is certain is not much; but, in 1337, one of the two halls was kept for the representatives of the serving brethren. When the lawyers came in, we only know at first of their using one hall, that now denominated of the Inner Temple. The numbers grew so rapidly that, in the reign of Henry VI., they were organized into two bodies, who at least profess an absolute equality. At first all dined together in one hall; then the division came—but still, in memory of their former union, the benchers of one Temple dined with the benchers of the other every year. The charter by which James I. granted the site to the lawyers is addressed to both societies, and they have, therefore, an equal interest in the document.

The population of the Inner Temple is considerably larger than that of the other society. According to the day census made of the City in 1891, there were 982 employers in the Inner Temple, as against 857 in the Middle Temple, and these 982 gave employment to 444 men, 92 women, and 42 children.

The Inner Temple, as we find it now, is divided by a very arbitrary line from the Middle, and it would be quite impossible for a stranger to be sure of any building belonging to one or the other unless it is marked. Roughly speaking, the church may be taken as a common centre, but Lamb Building, which is considerably to the eastward of any imaginary line drawn north and south through the church, belongs to the Middle Temple. The Master's house is common property, and the gate at the foot of Middle Temple Lane is divided between the two societies. Geographically speaking, it would seem almost certain another division of Temple territory took place when Serjeants' Inn was built, because it lies within the line of the straight eastern wall, which stretched right up to Fleet Street, and separated the Temple from the Whitefriars.

The buildings are extensive, but the hall and library are hardly worthy of a society so great and wealthy. The hall was built on the ancient site in 1869, and was formally opened by one of the princesses. It has a singularly mean appearance, which I cannot easily account for, but it must be owing to the want of proportion. It is not very easy for an architect to make a building look larger than it is; but a good many modern architects, and especially those who profess what they think to be 'Gothic,' have contrived to make their buildings look smaller than they really are. This is the case with Mr. Sydney Smirke's Inner Temple Hall. The interior, with a fine open-timber roof, is much better. It is ninety-four feet long, forty-one feet wide, and forty feet high to the springing of the hammer-beams. There is a good bay-window at the dais end, with heraldic glass. Pegasus figures everywhere.

The screen, over which is the minstrels' gallery, is very handsomely carved. In fact, so successfully has the architect disguised his exterior, that one rubs one's eyes and wonders where all the size and magnificance of the interior are packed away. There is an interesting crypt under the north, or rather, north-western end, but 'thoroughly restored.' The old hall had been restored, and partly rebuilt, and otherwise altered and improved by successive generations of treasurers, until there was nothing left but a stucco painted edifice in the pointed style as understood about 1816, the date of the last operations. There was nothing for it but a completely new building, and we can only be sorry the result is so disappointing.

The library is similarly disguised. It looks as if it consisted of an ordinary set of chambers, but the interior is spacious, extensive, and convenient, though wanting in any one good central hall, like the library of the Middle Temple or that of the Guildhall. Selden's wonderful library was housed, after his death, in the Temple, and the society might doubtless have secured it by a little liberality and vigilance. But the opportunity was let slip, and the collection was allowed to go to the Bodleian, at Oxford.

The best architectural effects in the Inner Temple are to be found in a remarkable series of doorways, chiefly in King's Bench Walk. They look as if they must have been designed by Wren. All this part of the Temple was burnt in the Great Fire. I do not know for certain that Wren was employed here or on the Master's house: the work is very like his. As, owing to some rule or regulation, I have not been accorded leave to examine the manuscripts in the library, I must leave the question unsettled. No doubt, if Wren was employed, there must be a record of the fact. What may be done by pure proportion, without any ornament, is well exemplified by the house, which is simplicity itself, yet produces a pleasant and restful impression, especially on an eye fatigued by the fussy and meaningless irregularities of the hall. The Inner Temple Gate, built about 1609, has on it the badge of Henry, Prince of Wales, eldest son of James I; and on the front of a very much 'restored' building above it is a ridiculous inscription about Henry VIII. and Cardinal Wolsey. It is called the Little Gate in some early documents. The best view, perhaps, in the Inner Temple is obtained by standing at the foot of King's Bench Walk, and looking towards the north-west.

W. J. Loftie.

# LANDSCAPE IN HOMER

## II

EPITHETS for the most part suffice to bring Ida picturesquely and grandly before us, with its lofty summits, forest-covered sides, haunts of wild animals, wooded ranges and dells, and abounding springs and streams, and occasional conflagrations.

What a series of pictures are called up in these few lines:—

'So loudly the wave of the sea does not boom against the mainland,
When from open deep by the furious blast of Boreas driven;
Nor is indeed so great the roar of a conflagration
When it in mountain glens has arisen to burn a forest;
Nor does so loud among oaks of lofty foliage the storm-wind
Howl, that most mightily roars when aroused to the height of its fury,
As of the Trojans was, and of the Achaians, the outcry,
When, as upon each other they rushed, they fearfully shouted.'—'Iliad,' xiv. 394.

Again, a feeling for landscape and mountain scenery pervades the description of the

work of the men detached to gather materials from Ida for the enormous pyre of Patroclus :—

'And they went on their way having axes in hand for felling timber,
And well-twisted ropes, and on in front their mules were moving;
And by many an uphill and downhill and sidehill and slanting road went they,
But when they the glades of Ida abounding with rivulets came to,
Immediately, with the keen-edged brass, the oaks high-crested
Were busily cutting down and these with mighty crashes
Were falling; and them forthwith the Achaians, splitting and cleaving,
Bound on the mules, and the mules with their feet the ground divided,
Through the thickets closely grown, with desire to arrive at the open.
And all the wood-cutters carried faggots, for so commanded
Meriones,—he of Idomeneus manly of mind the attendant.'—xxiii. 114.

The feeling of the poet for landscape will be appreciated by those who, with no opportunities of witnessing certain effects which he describes, are aware that they owe to familiarity with picture galleries their power of recognising with liveliness his truth to nature.

'. . . . Through the plain was he rushing like river that is swelling
By wintry storms, which rapidly flowing has burst the bridges,
And this can neither the barriers of the bridges hold in,
Neither can curb it the moles of the level luxuriant orchards,
As it very suddenly comes when the rain-storm of Zeus falls heavy;
And before it many fair labours of able youths are prostrate;
Before Tydides thus,' &c.—'Iliad,' v. 87.

Again, 'Iliad,' xiii. 136 :—

'. . . . And Hector led them,
Impetuous in onset, even as off from a rock a boulder,
Which a wintry storm-swelled stream adown a declivity forces,
When the hold of the reckless stone it has burst by copious rainfall;
Bounding it flies through the air on high, and resounds beneath it
The forest, and onward it runs unchecked, till it arrives at
The level below, and then rolls it no longer, how eager soever;
So Hector indeed for a time,' &c.

The beautiful descriptions of the rural scenes on the shield of Achilles are too familiar to be quoted here; the same may be said, and perhaps more emphatically, of the description of the starry night at the end of the Eighth Book. But resolution claims irresistibly to be treated with this indulgence :—

'But they in courage elated with hope by the causeway of warfare,
Settled themselves for the night and their watch-fires in numbers were blazing:
And as when stars in the heavens around the moon bright shining,
Shine very splendidly forth, what time is the aether all tranquil,
And all the peaks show out distinct and the prominent headlands,
And the glades, and bursts up from the heavens the ethereal infinite open,
And the stars are beheld, every one, and rejoiced at his heart is the shepherd;
Numerous no less 'twixt the ships midway and the eddies of Xanthus,
The fires that the Trojans were burning were visible bright before Ilion;
Fires full a thousand were there burning bright in the plain and by each one
Rested a band of fifty in gleam of the watch-fire blazes;
And the horses the white barley and provender champing,
In station the chariots beside awaited the fair-throned morning.'

As a parallel to the style of composition in which painters have sometimes subordinated picturesque representations of nature to the veriest vagaries of imagination, we may refer to the sufferings inflicted on the river Xanthus. The description sets forth how this ally of the Trojans sought to assist them against Achilles by endeavouring to drown him, but was checked by Here, who sent her fire-god son, Hephaestus, to the rescue.

'Thus she said and Hephaestus prepared a fire prodigious;
First was kindled fire in the plain and the dead it burnt up,
The many, that slain by Achilles were scattered about in numbers;
And all the plain was dried up and checked was the beautiful water;
And as when Autumnal Boreas a newly watered corn-plot
Instantly dries, and whoso thereof is the tender rejoices,—
So was the whole of the plain dried up, and the dead bodies
Were burnt; and against the river he turned his flames all resplendent,
And burning were the elms and the tamarisks and the willows,
And burning was lotus there, and rush and sedge and marsh-plant,
Which by the side of the river's fair currents had grown up abundant;
And harassed the fishes were and the eels, which about the whirlpools—
Which the beautiful currents about, were plunging hither and thither
In harassment by the breath of much-contriving Hephaestus.'

I am not aware that it has been hitherto pointed out, that among other contrasts which the poet deliberately established between the 'Iliad' and the poem which completes his subject, the 'Odyssey,' is that of the season of the year at which the action of each takes place. While all indications imply that the action of the 'Iliad,' appropriately for the conduct of active warfare, takes place in the mild division of the year, the indications are abundant, pointed, and decisive that the main action of the 'Odyssey' is to be assigned to the inclement season, if not to actual winter.

The first night that the disguised Ulysses spends at the hut of the swineherd Eumaeus is cold and stormy, and he exercises his crafty invention upon a tale which procures for him a welcome extra coverlet. In the morning, when he is to go on to the city, he does not start early, but proposes to go—

'Immediately when I am cheered by the fire and the sun shall be warmer,
For these garments of mine are wretchedly poor, and too much for me
Might be the early rime, and you say the city is distant.'

When Penelope comes into the hall vacated by the suitors, to have an interview with the supposed vagabond, and make inquiries about Ulysses, her seat is placed near to the fire, and the female servants, moreover,—

'Cast to the ground the fire from the braziers; and on them other
Wood in plenty they piled to give light at once and for warming.'

The poet is even consistent in adhering to the chill autumnal season, when his scene is transported to a region which in many of its conditions is so out of the ordinary world as Phaeacia. But Queen Arete, like Penelope, has her throne set near the fire as she occupies herself in the feminine work of the spindle. And not only so: the goddess Calypso herself is not independent of like comfort; her fire of aromatic woods is one detail in a description which is among the most perfect of Homer's landscapes. Hermes, dispatched by Zeus with the unwelcome message that Ulysses is to be released,—

'Arrived at the grotto so vast, where the nymph had
Dwelling, the beautiful tressed; and there within he found her;
Upon the hearth a great fire was ablaze; and the scent to a distance
Of well-cleft cedar and citron wood over the isle shed a perfume,
As they were burning; but she within was with sweet voice singing,
As she applied to her loom and with shuttle of gold was weaving.
But around the grotto, a grove of flourishing trees were grown up,
Alder and poplar and cypress delicate scented;
There in tranquillity birds of wide-spreading pinions roosted;
Owls were there and hawks, and crows with bills long pointed,—
The maritime, those which find by the sea their haunt and employment.

And there, at the place itself, round the hollowed cave was trailing
A vine in vigour of growth and flourishing with clusters;
And fountains four were flowing with fair clear water in order,
Close to each other, and winding away in various directions,
And meadows smooth of parsley and violets round about were
Flourishing; there then at once as he came, an immortal might even
Admire as he beheld and be in his mind delighted;
And there stood still admiring, the herald Argeiphontes.'—'Odyss.' v. 57.

As a pendant to this picture might be quoted the description of the more formal gardens of Alcinous; but room must be reserved for specimens of sea-pieces—a storm in the open sea and a rocky coast scene.

Ulysses thus describes the destruction of his last ship and the catastrophe of all his remaining comrades:—

'The wind even then made an ending at last of tempestuous onrush;
And we went aboard at once and launched on the broad sea-deep,
When we had set up the mast and aloft the white sails hoisted.
But when we had thus left the island, and was not any other
Land come in sight at all, but only the sea and the heavens,
Then was it that Cronion stationed a cloud cyanean
Above our hollow ship, and the sea grew dark beneath it.
And not very long did she further run onward, for speedily came there
The West wind shrilly sounding with great tempestuous onrush;
And the forcible storm of wind snapped the stays of the mast asunder,
Both of them; and the mast fell backwards and all the rigging
Thereof dropped about in the hold; but the mast at the stern of the vessel
Struck the steersman on the head, and it crashed the bones together
Of his head, the whole in a mass; and he at once like a diver,
Dropped from the deck and away from his bones went his spirit so gallant;
And Zeus at the same time thundered and hurled his bolt on the vessel;
And struck by the bolt of Zeus the whole of it reeled and quivered,
And was filled with sulphur; and out of the vessel dropped my comrades;
And they, resembling seagulls, all around the black vessel,
Were carried about on the waves and the god of returning deprived them.'
'Odyss.' xii. 400.

The description of the escape of Ulysses, when his raft is wrecked and he swims for his life, brings up to the imagination a wonderful series of pictures—especially to an imagination which has been rendered sensitive, not alone, if at all, by familiarity with the sea and its margin, but by associations, vague or positive, which are due to the scenes of storm and wave-washed shores on the canvases of both former and recent artists.

'Then indeed also the blast came at once to a pause, and a tranquil
Calmness ensued; and he then had a sight of the land very near him,
As keenly he looked out in front when aloft by a mighty wave lifted;

* * * * *

And he swam on hasting to mount with his feet upon the dry land;
But when only distant so far as a man calls aloud when shouting,
Then indeed heard he the noise of the sea upon the sharp rocks;
For the mighty surge was bursting upon the verge of the dry land,
And fearfully roared, and all was involved entirely in sea-foam,
For neither harbours there were, the shelter of ships, nor havens;
But projecting points of the coast were there, and reefs and rough rocks.
And then were relaxed the knees and dear heart of Ulysses,
And thereon, greatly disturbed, he spake to his soul high-hearted.
"Ah me! when of land unhoped for by me, to have sight allowed me
Has Zeus, and this surge indeed I have succeeded to cleave through,

A landing-place nowhere appears for quitting the foamy surges;
For jagged rocks at the margin there are, and the wave about them
Dashes with roaring sound, and the cliff all sheer runs upward;
And the sea close in is deep, and impossible is it with feet there
To evenly stand, and make clear my escape from an evil disaster,
In case as forth I am going, against a hard rock strike me
Should a vast wave hurrying on, and my purposed sally be woeful."'

'Odyss.' v. 490.

In many an incidental simile and description Homer evinces a sense of the same delight in rural occupations, the same enjoyment of open-air freedom, which Shakespeare conveys to us in the 'Winter's Tale' and 'As you like it.' Nausicaa at ball-play with her maidens after work and picnic by the river-side, may pair with Perdita ordering the amusements at the sheep-shearing; and the forest of Arden is not brought before our imaginations more picturesquely, as Orlando and old Adam are at last reaching it as a refuge, than is the wayside scene which is a background for Eumaeus and his disguised master, when the longed-for home of the exile is just coming into sight:—

'And unto him in reply spake the manifold-counselled Ulysses:—
"I know, I can understand, to one well aware you tell this.
Then let us on; but be you at once and entirely the leader;
But give me a staff if you anywhere have one cut already,
For me to lean upon, since you speak of a slippery pathway."
He said, and threw the unsightly scrip about his shoulders,
Ragged and rough; a twisted cord it had to suspend it;
And then Eumaeus gave him a staff, to his heart's satisfaction.
The twain went off; the dogs and the herdsmen were at the steading
Remaining behind to protect it; but he took the king to the city,
In semblance of a beggar, a miserable and an aged,
Propped on a staff, and the garments were squalid that covered his body;
But when as onward they fared along the uneven pathway,
They were near the city, and had arrived as far as the fountain,
Well wrought, fair flowing, whence were the citizens wont to draw water,
Which Ithacus had constructed, and Neritus and Polyctor,—
About it there was a grove of water-nurtured poplars
In circle all around, and the chilly water flowed down
From a rock up above, and on a height was an altar erected,
Of the Nymphs, where all wayfarers were used to offer service—
There did Melantheus, the son of Dolius, come upon them,
Bringing the goats which in all the herds of the goats were primest.'

'Odyss.' xvii. 192.

Very celebrated are the verses in which Sophocles alludes to the nightingale-haunted groves of his own Colonus, and the comedian Aristophanes, in expressing a yearning for the garden with its flowers and moss-bordered well, confirms the testimony of Thucydides as to the habits of the citizens of Athens, which were so painfully interrupted when they were cooped up within the city, and from the walls could see the devastation of their scenes of rural delight.

The charms of nature then were not unappreciated by the Greek, or uncelebrated in the poetry which he took most delight in; but in our enthusiasm for the ancients we must not do less than justice to the moderns. Ancient records are silent—are dumb—as regards the existence of any distinctive landscape-painter, or school of landscape-painting in the noble sense. It is clear that antiquity was no more enriched by such an accumulation of treasures of this art as we rejoice in, than—whatever our conception of the genius of its musicians—by any works which could be compared with an oratorio of Handel or an opera of Mozart.

W. Watkiss Lloyd.

# THE CLEVELAND HILLS AND DALES

THOSE who have accompanied us in our recent descriptive journeying amid the beautiful and impressive scenery of the Yorkshire coast, and have learned something of the circumstances that give interest to that sea-border, may not, perhaps, be averse to a similar wayfaring upon the inland hills of Cleveland, and through some of the characteristic dales of that romantic region. It can scarcely happen that a coast distinguished by features of varied grandeur, such as that we have described, could be the fringe of an inland country less magnificent, for the physical configuration that gives character to one has moulded also the beauty of the other. The lofty hills of Cleveland, through whose moorland dells many a peaty streamlet winds its course, and, by rocky gorges and sylvan shades, flows down to the valley and the shore, form a fitting background, with a character near akin, to the mighty scarps and rugged steeps that are their buttress against the sea. These elevated and lonely moorlands, where the dwelling-places of men are few, have a subtle distinction of their own; there is something of the vast, the wild, and the weird upon them; and — though all but a tithe of their beauty will escape the speeding wayfarer — they will not fail to impress him with a sense of stern magnificence, while, in the wooded ravines and rocky passes by which they are cleft, he cannot choose but linger, and cannot wish but to return.

*THE ESK IN GLAISDALE.*

The chief waterway of Cleveland — the 'Cliff Land' — is the river Esk, which, for some distance, follows the general line of that great dislocation whereby the strata to the north of the river are depressed, and in the neighbourhood of Grosmont it passes the well-known basaltic dyke, which crosses Cleveland in a south-easterly direction, and is one of the most remarkable geological features in Yorkshire. The district thus traversed is essentially a moorland area, the moors to the south rising with the strata to a greater elevation than those to the north. There are few dales more charming than that of the Esk, for the constant diversity of its scenery, the bold configuration of the hills by which it is shaped, or its winding way amid pastures and cornfields, or where sometimes it is shut in by precipitous barriers of rock. Of old time, before the drainage of the dale began, the river spread out in marshy tracts, whereof the traces still remain in the soil, and its way was margined by dense tracts of forest to such an extent that an old resident of Danby told Dr. J. C. Atkinson — as is recorded in that charming book, giving so intimate a view of many

historical and other circumstances touching an important part of the Cleveland district, his 'Forty Years in a Moorland Parish'—how that an old uncle had told the informant that 'he kenned t' tahm when a cat-swirrel could gan a' t' way [all the way] down fra Commondale End to Beggar's Bridge [Glaisdale End] wivoot yance tooching t' grund.' Nor are we without visible evidences of the ancient forests of Eskdale in these days, for the rich woods of Arncliff still remain, and eastward, towards picturesque, salt-smelling Whitby, as up-stream towards the moorland sources of the river, though more scantily as we ascend, beech and oak and rowan overhang its devious way, and clothe the steep slopes of the hills.

Everywhere about, on the hill-tops, spreads the rolling moorland, covered knee-deep in heather, or 'ling,' and in the harvest-time the purple moor-banks above crest the upland cultivated steeps, in rare contrast of colour to the yellow hue of the ripened corn. The northern hills—the 'Low Moors' of Egton and Danby, to which we shall presently return—present to the Esk a more regular breastwork than those to the south, though many becks and gills tumble down them to the dale. The great moorland height, however, that separates the water-shed of the Esk from that of the Rye, thrusts out upon the river several moorland ridges at right angles to its course, and between these lie the 'dales' which are a chief glory of Cleveland. It is the varied contour and bold features of these long projections of the moor, with the opening of the lovely dales between—Westerdale, Danbydale, the dales of Little and Great Fryup, Glaisdale, and others—that lend such charm to the delightful valley of the Esk, for almost at every step some new and charming prospect is revealed. We might pause, too, to think of the historical associations of places in the valley: of Grosmont, where was an alien priory of Grandimont in Normandy; of Egton, which, with Ugthorpe upon the hill, and all the country hereabout, will ever be associated with the memory of Nicholas Postgate, that seminary priest who, after labouring fifty years among his people, was taken, and hanged, drawn, and quartered at York, being then of the age of eighty-two, in 1679; of the legendary story of the Beggar's Bridge at Glaisdale End; of Danby Castle, the house of the Nevilles, Lords Latimer—still a very notable remain; of Castleton, where stood an exceeding strong fortress, once the *caput baroniae* of the great house of Brus; and of much more beside. We might linger, too, in many sweet and romantic places in the valley and its tributary glens—generally amid the rich woodland and pastoral scenery of the dale, by Crunkley Gill or in Arncliff Woods, or in the lovely ravine of the Wheeldale Beck, where Malyan's Spout and Nelly Ayre Foss fall over rocky precipices fringed with the tenderest greens; or again by the deep, still, shadowy 'Dead Man's Pool' in Glaisdale.

It will be enough, however, for the purpose of this article, to describe the characters merely of one or two of the glens or dales by which the breezy moorlands may be reached. Those who have travelled by that most beautiful of railway lines, the one from Whitby to Pickering, have learned something of the features of the smaller glens of Cleveland, though their finest beauties have of necessity escaped them. After leaving Grosmont, the line follows the course of a winding tributary of the Esk as far as Beck Hole, and far below in its devious glen the streamlet is seen in its rocky course, overhung by rugged scars clothed with ivy, bracken, and wild flowers. Its two constituent brooklets, the Eller Beck and the Wheeldale Beck, have their juncture at Beck Holes; and if we trace the former to the left, by its stony way, shadowed by the trees, we reach Thomasine Foss, where, in a delightful scene, the waters dash in a silvery torrent through a rocky cleft, and over a precipice, into a deep pool, about which the *Osmunda regalis* grows profusely, and where the scars are shadowed by foliage and clothed with trailing greenery. Water Ark and Walk Mill Foss are other falls in the same glen; and Friar's House and Abbot House remain to remind the wayfarer of the ancient cell where once Osmund and his brethren prayed for the health of the soul of Queen Matilda. This brook has its source as a rill among the swelling

heather of the moor; and to a similar beginning we might trace the Wheeldale Beck, through a somewhat richer woodland, and by the falls that mark its course, including that known as Malyan's Spout, already alluded to, by which a tributary rill descends nearly a hundred feet into the sylvan ravine.

It is different if we ascend from Eskdale to the moorlands by way of one of the dales—by Great Fryup, in Danby parish, for instance. Here the beck has a wider course; the slopes of the boldly contoured hills, diversified with wood, are cultivated, and there are pleasant tree-sheltered farmsteads upon them. As we go towards the dale 'head,' the elevated moorland is before us, and presently we climb the hill with growing difficulty, and in a strangely wild and picturesque scene. All around, at the 'head,' the rocks are scattered in chaotic confusion, hurled down from the tall scars above, and covered with a rough growth of bracken, heather, and whin. The moorland wayfarer may perhaps be somewhat reminded

THOMASINE FOSS, GOATHLAND.

here of the north-western angle of the Kinder Scout range in Derbyshire, where, at Mill Hill, the lower ground is roughly strewn with the wasted fragments of the cliffs; but at Great Fryup a plenteous growth of fir, oak, birch, and mountain ash softens the savageness of the scene. The height of these southern or high moors of Danby being gained, after breasting the steep slope of heather and bracken, the true character of the Cleveland hills is seen. Southward down the purple slope we are looking towards the water-shed of the Rye, where, in their moorland gathering-ground, the streams of Bilsdale, Bransdale, Farndale, Rosedale, and Newtondale have their source. But the beginning of these streams, though it gives character and variety to the moorland landscape, does not distinguish it so much as the vast prospect across the intervening hills to where, far off in the great plain of York, the venerable Minster stands, in the clear atmosphere, conspicuous in the view. It should be noted that the southern slope of these Cleveland hills is met by the long series of sharp 'nab'-like bluffs which the 'tabular' oolitic hills, that rise gradually from beneath the recent deposits of the Vale of Pickering, present to the northward. Nowhere can this scenery be better appreciated than looking northward from the little churchyard of the village of Gillamoor, about two miles north of Kirby Moorside, where, at an elevation of some five hundred feet, we gain one of the most splendid prospects in all Yorkshire. Looking up Farndale, with its cornfields and pastures, and the woods hiding the course of its stream, the

heather-clad hills are seen to rise on either hand, and shut in the prospect to the north, while on the right hand one of these heathery nabs of the tabular hills (locally known as 'Squire' Nab) boldly confronts the dale.

Terminating thus southward, in broken slopes and spurs, the Cleveland hills (interpreting that term in the light of natural configuration) present bolder escarpments to the west, where, shutting in the heads of Eskdale and of the lonely dales through which its early tributaries flow, in bold wooded escarpments, they look over a fair prospect of the gathering-ground of the Leven to distant Durham and the Tees. Scarcely rivalled in their kind, moreover, are the wide views from these western steeps of the Cleveland hills, over a broken and picturesque foreground of country in which it is delightful to ramble, across the great and richly cultivated plain of York, to where, in the blue distance, rise the far-off western hills. So the margin of the heights sweeps round to the east, and, something less

*ON THE CLEVELAND MOORS.*

boldly, but with rare beauties of wood and steep, and with scarcely less impressive effect for distant views, overlooking Guisborough with the splendid relic of its Augustinian priory, and the plain of Cleveland beyond, even to the seashore, it reaches the coast at the commanding elevation of Huntcliff, just eastward of Saltburn. The detached conical peak of Rosebery Topping (1057 feet)—a conspicuous object from nearly every height in Cleveland —and the bold form of Eston Nab (800 feet), a little to the northward of it, afford also views of singular vastness, including moorlands varying in hue, according to the season, from green to purple and brown, as well as the seacoast both of north Yorkshire and Durham, and, in the case of Rosebery Topping, the yellow cornfields of the fruitful plain of York, beyond which rise the distant hills in the neighbourhood of Richmond.

In approaching the Cleveland moorlands from the valley of the Esk, we reached them, as it were, from within, but they may be approached as pleasantly from several directions on their outer border. As, from their peaty uplands, many brooks descend through glens and dales to the Esk, so down their flanks, in ravines as tempting in their sylvan shades, pour a number of streamlets to the lower country and the sea. This, indeed, is especially true of the seaward side, for the Birk Head Beck, which has its course through the glorious woods of Mulgrave, the twin becks of Rousby and Easington, which discharge their waters at Staithes, and the several streamlets that unite their flow in the deep vale that reaches the

sea at Skinningrove, all have their springs amid the heather or near the margin of the moors. It is an experience specially delightful, having left behind the great escarpments that confront the sea, to pass through the fruitful lower country, ascend by the umbrageous way of some tinkling rill, and, having traversed a space of breezy moorland, to descend into the peaceful valley of the Esk.

The remembrance of such a journey—one of very many he has made upon the Yorkshire hills—will always remain with the writer of this. It was a perfect day in September, when only a light wind stirred the leaves of the trees, and drove across the sky the passing clouds that cast their moving shadows upon the hills. The starting-point was the quaint fishing village of Staithes, with its old port between the jaws of its twin headlands, and the way selected was that known as the 'ridge road,' because it follows the crest of a long, narrow ridge that separates the courses of the Easington and Rousby becks, which, for two miles or more, sometimes within two hundred yards of one another, pursue an almost parallel course. The road leads between green hedgerows, is bordered with wild flowers, and is overhung with many trees, and it has on either hand a deep sylvan dell, through which the streamlets run. Its charm, however, is of the things that are but half revealed, for, though the waters are heard purling far below, they are rarely seen through the trees, and the wayfarer will not regret, if he have the opportunity, though the paths are few, the labour of descending into the woods. Having passed on the right, across the stream, Grinkle Park (the residence of Sir Charles Palmer, M.P.), embosomed in woods, the foliage becomes more scanty as the hamlet of Scaling is approached, and the purple edge of the rounded moorland becomes visible in front. The wayfarer along such country roads in Cleveland will meet, perhaps, a teamster with a load of corn, or a farmer trotting homeward, or it may be a labourer bearing upon his shoulders a huge bundle of the roots of burnt heather, or, as he will call it, 'ling,' which he has gathered upon the moor, and which will make excellent 'kindling' for his housewife's fire; but he may be assured of a pleasant greeting or a cheery word, and, if he ask information, the Yorkshireman will certainly give it to him, or sometimes will even go 'agate'ards' with him along the road, or otherwise help him on his way. The frank and ready courtesy of the Yorkshire peasantry is indeed a pleasant experience to the stranger, and it has happened to the writer of this to be made welcome, and to receive unsolicited hospitality and good cheer, at a farmhouse where the brown harvestmen, at their midday meal, were doing ample justice to a huge Yorkshire pie.

In taking the route from the coast here described, the moor is entered at Waupley New Inn, beyond which all is heather, with patches of bracken and bilberry. In front rises the huge rounded form of Danby Beacon (988 feet), a commanding elevation, and one of the lonely places of nature. It is a moor replete with the evidences of pre-historic life in the houes or grave-hills which may be seen here and there upon the crests, and of which Dr. Atkinson has opened many; and he has besides finally settled in the negative the question of the reputed 'British village' on the hill. 'What a panorama it is that greets your eyes!' he says, with worthy enthusiasm, of the prospect from the Beacon. 'Bold mountain ridge and coy shrinking dale from left to right as you face the south, and spreading round so as to overlap on the right side; and then, turning seaward, the sea from Redcar sands to almost Whitby, and right away out to the north the coast of Durham, beyond Sunderland and northward still, with an outline that seems to lose itself in the dim distance beyond. And a moment since you saw but a barren ling-covered moor-bank!' What Dr. Atkinson here says of the surprise of scenery is equally true, as he has elsewhere recognised, of the surprise of aerial effect upon the moors. The writer of this has seen these hills all glowing in their purple vesture, every ridge and undulation bright and clear in the vivid sunlight, their heights alive with the sharp cries of the grouse and the rapid beating of their wings, busy with flocks of moor-pipits and blackbirds, and with the horned moor-sheep browsing

upon the banks. Again, when the hazy air has been flooded still with sunlight, it has suffused the whole landscape with yellow, and he has found the heights filled with a silence broken only by the murmuring of the breeze in the long growth of heather. At other times he has seen the moorland when its vesture all was brown, and when the patches of bracken were turned to red and gold. There are moods, indeed, of the moors that are coy, and must be wooed, not by the speeding wayfarer, but by him who can linger and return. In traversing them, the roads, which cross the moors in white lines from village to village, may always be kept to, but in journeying upon the moorland itself it may be necessary upon occasion to take account with the gamekeepers. There are seasons when the ling is long, and difficult to make one's way through, and there are places on the moors that are boggy and dangerous. Let the wayfarer, indeed, be warned against certain spots which assume a hue of most delicious green, and seem to lengthen out in tempting pathways downward from the hills, for these are but the mossy vesture of wet swamps, in which it is easy to sink, but from which it is more difficult to escape.

Our journey from Staithes across the moor towards Eskdale has led us into general descriptions of moorland wayfaring, such as it is found in Cleveland. Let us imagine now that we have reached the southern border of Danby Low Moors, and are about to descend into the dale. If we should chance to be at the edge of the declivity in the early morning, it might well be that the valley would be filled with a light mist, and that the opposite ridge would stand out brilliantly in the sunlight, with a strange and charming aspect not unfamiliar in this region. Then, as we descended to the cultivated slopes, and the mist cleared off in wreaths, the objects of the lower landscape, farmstead, stack, and tree, would steal into sight, and so, one by one, the beauties of Eskdale would be disclosed, and we should soon reach that river with which we began our description of the Cleveland hills and dales.

The purpose of this article has not been to give a topographical account of the region in detail, but rather to indicate its general configuration, and to sketch some of its varied characters. Much more might have been said of the history of the district, for Cleveland is full of history, and has many noble and interesting associations that give abounding interest to localities of singular beauty in themselves. The hills and dales are, indeed, a chief glory of a country that possesses within its wide bounds so much of widely diversified landscape loveliness that it is, perhaps, well entitled to be ranked as the most beautiful of English shires.

JOHN LEYLAND.

# BRITON RIVIERE, R.A., D.C.L.

OF this master of animal-painting, who delineates our four-footed fellow-creatures with rare sympathy and the sincerest humour, it may be said that, like certain renowned Dutch artists of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries (the Cuyps and Teniers to wit), he was born in the purple of design. For nearly a hundred years the Royal Academy Catalogues and those of other societies' exhibitions have almost annually contained the names of one or more members of his family.* This fact is, I think, unique: it is noteworthy that, as he has told us, his grandfather (David), his uncle

* In 1799 Mr. 'D. Riviere'—*i.e.* David, the R.A.'s grandfather—sent to Somerset House a drawing of *Roman Instruction*, which, by the way, hung in the Council Room of that building, and close to half a dozen capital works of Turner. Not fewer than nine Rivieres had been exhibitors of pictures at various times and galleries.

(H. P. Riviere), his father (William), and his son likewise, have been Students in the Royal Academy. Of four generations of painters, he only, being the pupil of his father, owes nothing directly to the famous school where both his grandfather and his son gained medals. The uncle, Henry P. Riviere, a capital water-colour artist, became a member of the Old Water-Colour Society, distinguished himself as a painter of classic ruins, and died three years ago. Of the grandfather the world of our time knows little or nothing, except that besides painting pictures, he was, like many good men of his day and later, such as Sandby, Varley, Linnell, Mulready, S. Palmer, David Cox, and Turner himself, a capable teacher of drawing to private pupils and schools. The long wars and great distresses of the nation

*STUDY FROM NATURE FOR 'RUS IN URBE.'*

left to few young artists, who had not ample means of their own to live upon, any choice in this respect. We find Mr. David Riviere frequently exhibiting domestic subjects at the Academy between 1823 and 1840. This was the R.A.'s grandfather, whose son William was destined to win a reputation of his own, apart from that of his more distinguished descendant. William Riviere was, as Redgrave tells us, born in London, October 22nd, 1806; he was, as I have said, educated in art at the Academy, and in 1826 began to contribute to its exhibitions, which were then held in the historic rooms of Sir W. Chambers at Somerset House. On this occasion his works were *Portrait of a young Gentleman*, and a subject-picture of the smith who is alluded to in Shakespeare's 'King John' as 'Swallowing a tailor's News.' Until 1860 he was a frequent contributor of portraits and illustrations of domestic, literary, and historic themes to the Academy, British Institution, and Suffolk Street galleries. The painter's choice of the latter two categories from Spenser, Cowper, and Shakespeare attests wider reading and better taste than ordinary.

W. Riviere was one of those who, in 1842, when the once hopeful schemes for

decorating the new Houses of Parliament with specimens of high art were proclaimed, responded as to the sound of a trumpet, and boldly set to work to prove how heartily he trusted the future of fine design in this country might be helped by British hands. The commissioners appointed for the purpose called for cartoons without colours to show how the artists competing to decorate the new palace proposed to illustrate certain subjects, and they offered prizes of one, two, and three hundred pounds severally—eleven in all—to those whose works should be selected from amongst the whole when they were collected in Westminster Hall, which, in 1843, was completely filled with huge examples of all sorts of qualities and degrees of merit. Despite the ridicule evoked by not a few of these things, the strength, fineness, and high technical qualities of the better minority astonished the world, and from day to day the hall was crowded with spectators, not one in a thousand of whom had ever seen a cartoon before. W. Riviere's graceful illustration of *The Spirit descending*, from 'Paradise Regained' (i. 30), lacked strength, but not accomplishments, and, as the work of one whose draughtsmanship had not often achieved such ambitious results, attracted many praises.* A better example was *A Council of Ancient Britons*, many figures seated under the branches of an oak, and listening to a Druid, of which a contemporary critic wrote: 'This picture [drawing] pleases because it has simplicity, not affecting anything out of the subject. . . . The execution is not sufficiently careful, but the feeling is excellent, and contrasts advantageously with the overstrained affectation of so many rival productions.' This cartoon was likewise lithographed by the artist and F. Fairland and published. Each work measured 11 ft. by 9 ft. 6 in., and all the figures were life-size. To the still more ambitious exhibition of oil and fresco pictures proper, and sculptures, which, in 1844, was held in the same place, W. Riviere contributed a fresco of *An Act of Mercy*—'*Naked, and ye clothed Me*,' measuring 5 ft. 3 in. by 9 ft. 11 in., and an oil painting of a *Council of Ancient Britons*,

*STUDIES OF DOGS.*

* The design of this cartoon was repeated in lithography by the artist, an excellent worker in that method, and published. Among the successful competitors in 1843 were Messrs. E. Armitage, G. F. Watts, and J. C. Horsley, who still survive, and C. W. Cope, G. Z. Bell, H. J. Townsend, W. E. Frost, and J. Severn, who have joined the majority. At a later period ten additional prizes of 100*l.* each were given to as many competitors, the survivors of whom are Messrs. F. R. Pickersgill and W. Cave Thomas. Among the departed of this group were Sir William Ross, and Messrs. H. and F. Howard, E. Corbould, Marshal E. Claxton, and F. Stephanoff. Among the competitors who gained no prizes were Messrs. R. Dadd, S. A. Hart, J. M. Wright, P. F. Poole, B. R. Haydon, T. Landseer, A. Geddes, Archer of Edinburgh, J. C. Hook, H. N. O'Neil, A. E. Chalon, M. Noble, J. Brett, C. A. Stothard, Hablôt K. Browne, R. N. Wornum, J. Spence, E. M. Ward, H. C. Selous, W. B. Scott, C. Lucy, J. Foggo, T. F. Heaphy, David Scott, and J. S. Gwilt.

11 ft. 1 in. by 8 ft. 10 in.* To the exhibition which, in 1845, was held in the same hall, W. Riviere contributed a large coloured sketch, and portion of the same in fresco, representing *Prince Henry before Judge Gascoigne*. *Acts of Mercy*, an oil painting, was at the same hall in 1847. In neither of these contests was the artist a prize-winner, but his skill and courage obtained respect and increase of reputation.

It is possible that disappointment in this series of competitions, on which he had so bravely entered, had something to do with inducing the artist, in 1848, to accept the appointment of Drawing-Master at Cheltenham College, a distinguished place of its order. There, during ten years, his energy found marked success in raising the character of the instruction given to the students. The Directors of the College, indifferent to success of the kind, made the place uncomfortable for Riviere, and in 1858 he resigned the mastership in order to move to Oxford, where he was not without hope of ameliorating the darkness, in respect to art, of the dons who ruled, and the lads who attended, the University. A good deal had been done in this respect by Mr. Ruskin, who, as 'An Oxford Graduate,' tried to rouse the slumbering students from an apathy so profound that, although General Guise had long before bequeathed his fine collections to the place, hardly anybody knew, because no one had taken the trouble to inquire, what the testator's portfolios and cases contained.

W. Riviere set up a drawing-school in Oxford, and here his skill and energy obtained better recognition than Cheltenham granted. He had many pupils, and secured no end of friends, because he was not only a man of wide reading, good training, and sympathetic address, but full of character, having an end to follow which was not only above the level of his own interest, but attested the dignity of his own profession. While he taught the leading students who had any taste for art, he did not omit to plead for art's recognition in a category of colleges which—and, from his point of view, justly—could never become a real University while it ignored design of every sort, and considered painting to belong to those genteel arts which should be associated with 'the use of the globes,' and, perhaps, 'the musical glasses.' Nearly all the rest of the life of W. Riviere was passed at Oxford, and he died there in 1876.

An enthusiast, such as his father, whose training and taste needed only greater strength and concentration on fewer subjects than he, with noble, but incomplete pains attempted, to ensure higher professional success than he won—a man of reading withal, who held a high place in the esteem of more renowned contemporaries in design—was, perhaps, the very best of mentors for a youth who, even in his earliest childhood, had abundance of that artistic instinct which is commonly called 'a turn for drawing,' and manifests itself in draughtsmanship of all sorts, as well as in devoted studies in character, form, and expression. Marrying, in 1830, Miss Anne Jarvis, of Atherstone, Leicestershire, who still lives, W. Riviere became the parent of my subject, who, on the 14th of August, 1840, was born, I believe, at No. 12 Bath Place, in what was then called the New Road, near Fitzroy Square, that focus for artists, and then a pleasant place, full of sunlight and fresh air, and in 'respectability' as far removed from its present condition as it well could be. Briton Riviere's early taste for drawing animals found its chief and wider field in the Zoological Gardens, and was a distinction of the very childhood of the R.A. to be, who was a deft draughtsman before he was seven years old. In this he resembled Edwin Landseer, his able and potent forerunner, who, like Riviere, worked in the 'Gardens,' and what, so far as his honours are concerned, is more to the point, worked with such fire and thoroughness after nature as an *animalier* ought, and in a

* Among his competitors on the second occasion were Messrs. D. Scott, F. Madox Brown, J. C. Horsley, J. Z. Bell, John Martin, E. A. Corbould, W. E. Frost, C. Lucy, S. A. Hart, Alfred Stevens, E. Armitage, H. C. Selous, R. Redgrave, W. Cave Thomas, C. W. Cope, M. Claxton, John Cross, W. Dyce, H. J. Townsend, D. Maclise, A. Egg, F. R. Pickersgill, J. Severn, W. Calder Marshall, James Wyatt, G. A. Foley, R. Westmacott, W. Behnes, P. MacDowell, J. E. Carew, and T. Woolner.

manner as different from that on which his latest reputation is based as it well could be. More searching or more learned draughtsmanship than Landseer's, or more thoroughly instinct with style or more faithful to nature (and therefore not man-like), than the animal-painting of his youth there could not be. To studies similar to Landseer's Riviere owes the consummate knowledge by which he gained that 'shorthand' of drawing and painting which is called 'mastery,' and epitomises nature with the forthright magic that enchants us all. Landseer young and poor, and Landseer rich and past middle age, were very different men, and unless his later work is remembered and honoured, it is ungrateful to censure, as some have done, the fallacies of a great painter in his decline.

Mr. Riviere's accomplished biographer* learned from his subject's own lips that the R.A.'s father 'laboured at Oxford, as he had at Cheltenham, to get some knowledge of the Fine Arts recognised as an essential part of a liberal education. He championed this theory with the dons, and put it into practice with his son.' There is no doubt he strove in this direction most earnestly, and with the better chance of success because the energy and eloquence of Mr. Ruskin — who, to be sure, was in himself, at least potentially, a 'don' — had to no small extent familiarised the 'dons' with the idea that art and the human intellect were not quite independent of each other. He reminded the learned in letters that in the Greece whose dry bones it was their function to explore artists were considered of some account. They had yet, no doubt, to learn that the Greece of antiquity survives in her art — of which they then knew nothing, and now know little — at least as much as in her letters. When William Riviere went to Oxford in 1858, taking with him his son, then a lad of eighteen, Mr. Ruskin had published not only 'Modern Painters' (the first part in 1843), but 'The Seven Lamps' (1849), 'The Stones of Venice' (1851–53), and 'Lectures on Architecture and Painting' (1854). All these works insisted to such a degree on the 'liberality' of art that its importance may be called the text of one and all of them.

Long before the painter and his son went to Oxford, the latter had put to proof the energy, aptitude, and fine taste with which nature had endowed him, exercised in painting pictures the technical skill his father's counsels and example had secured for him, and made available that practice in studying animals which the Zoological Gardens had favoured. Had the family remained in London, the young student would, doubtless, have followed his grandfather and father to the schools of the Royal Academy; but, as he left the metropolis in his ninth year, this was impossible. Under the circumstances, it is by no means certain that the Royal Academy of those days was the best school to which such a tyro could go. Knowing something of the British Art University in Trafalgar Square, as it then existed, I am, to say the least, full of doubts on this point; nay, I am almost convinced that the relatively high technical skill, the art-fervour and paternal influence of W. Riviere, as they were exercised in Cheltenham College, more than supplied whatever was wanting when Briton Riviere missed the chance of studying the rudiments of design according to the *curriculum* of the late Mr. George Jones, the then Keeper, an amiable gentleman, some of whose pupils did unquestionably attain the very highest eminence. But then they had been to other schools, or were lads of prodigious capacity and unconquerable energy. Taken to Cheltenham in 1848, those technical exercises and sympathetic researches, which are the basis of an artist's success, took 'turn and turn about,' as the phrase is, with that other sort of schooling which all sorts and conditions of men require. William Riviere sent his son to the college for the latter, and there and at home instructed him in the former. Of the teacher it was aptly said that he thought in art, so that, although his knowledge and enthusiasm were far beyond his technical success and his creative force, he was an admirable guide, whose ardour was catching. From 1848 till 1851, this sort of double education went on, and the teacher was of enormous

* Mr. Walter Armstrong, in 'Briton Riviere.' (J. S. Virtue & Co. 1891.)

service to his son; but the pupil's *mêtier* was not to be parallel to his father's, still less a continuation of it, and, on the whole, unless we take into account the impulse and enthusiasm which compelled both the painters to project themselves, heart and soul, in the direction of design, the son, with far greater concentration and self-command, most resembles the father in those imaginative sympathies, and that poetic insight which gives so great a charm to the R.A.'s fresh conceptions, direct or indirect as they may be, of such themes as *All that was left of the Homeward Bound; The Last of the Garrison; Persepolis; 'In Manus tuas, Domine!' The King's Gateway,* and *Adonis's Farewell.* In these noble melodramas, the painter found fortune

*STUDY, FOX AND HARES.*

'Other times, other manners,' is as true of men as of events, and we cannot err greatly in thinking the poetic sympathies William Riviere employed while selecting subjects from Spenser and Shakespeare, to say nothing of the atmosphere of poetry in which he lived, reappeared in prodigiously strengthened forms in the son. The men differ chiefly in two respects, beside which all technical matters count for less than either. All I know of the senior's doings proves his sympathy with the poetic aspects of things. With this same sympathy he illustrated the themes he selected from the works of others. The pictures at Westminster, to which I have referred as being, for the time, first-rate in a way, realised in a quite remarkable manner the ideas then current, and the Spenserian utterance of another occasion was of the like nature. Nothing was added to these ideas. The son has, so to say, 'reaped the age' in its fulness. William Riviere's generation was—Cruikshank and the satirists apart—not favourable to humourists, nor did any one expect humour from a painter. Quite otherwise is it with Briton Riviere, and in his times the intensest tragedy is often dashed with such humour as, according to its mood and motive, is grave or gay.

F. G. Stephens.

MARCH 1.—The collection of thirteen pictures bought from Herr Habich, of Cassel, forms an addition of some importance to the National Gallery. One of the thirteen, and that the most welcome, was noticed in our 'Chronicle' for February—we allude to the panel by Liberale da Verona which still hangs in the Winter Exhibition at Burlington House. There is but one other Italian picture in the collection, a Sodoma. It is of little value from any point of view. The rest of the thirteen belong to the Dutch school. Unfortunately there is not one among them in which any extravagant pleasure can be taken. Of two examples of Bernard Fabritius, one, the *Adoration of the Shepherds*, is fairly representative, while a Jan Wouwerman, a winter scene, has some value as a standard for discrimination between the members of a celebrated family. The Decker is good, for Decker; the De Wet not first-rate; the Solomon Ruysdael tame and commonplace; the Isaac Ostade and the Adrian Van de Velde quite beneath the average of the Gallery. An Avercamp and a Roghman are good-enough specimens of third-rate men. The large, unnamed musketeer picture has some interest, but an interest which ought rather to have carried it into the Rijks Museum than into the English National Gallery.

THE school of Barbizon has been rather over-sung of late, but still a show of work by its masters has a powerful attraction. A good one is now open at Mr. T. M'Lean's gallery. It includes *Le Batelier* of Corot, one of the most delightful of his smaller works. It includes, too, the *Madonna*, painted by Jean François Millet for Notre Dame de Lorette. If this were sent to the Salon signed with an unknown name it would be rejected without a second's hesitation. And yet it has qualities. Simplicity and sincerity shine through its halting technique, and a devotional repose through its unpleasant colour. More artistic, by a long way, is the small landscape with a woman beating clothes, also by Millet. Troyon's *Spring Pastures* is fine; Dupré's *Coming Squall* bad, even for a Dupré; Daubigny's *By the Side of the Stream*, and Diaz' *Gathering Firewood*, are also deplorably poor. On the other hand, a small Diaz with many figures—*The Pet* the name of it—is a gem of colour. George Michel, even yet insufficiently admired, is present in a capital picture; Monticelli, the colour musician, charms us with a pair of harmonies in rose; and the breadth of Daumier's fist is to be enjoyed in a curious *Choristers*.

THE Messrs. Tooth's Spring Exhibition consists of a miscellaneous gathering of water-colours. Here we find drawings by different schools hanging in a rather disturbing proximity. The middle of one wall is occupied by the late George Pinwell's large composition, *The Elixir of Love*, a work carried out on the encyclopaedic system of the school to which he belonged; while near it we are confronted by several of those masterly renderings of English landscape at its breeziest, in which the lamented 'Tom Collier' preaches a diametrically opposite gospel. This is disconcerting, and makes one feel rebuked for taking kindly to both. But if the exhibition does nothing but remind us of Tom Collier, it has a sufficient *raison d'être*. Surely no man ever painted a breezy upland with finer truth, ever controlled it with broader art, ever selected the essential and passed over the irrelevant with a keener insight than he.

ANOTHER, and perhaps more successfully put together, collection of drawings is that in the Old Bond Street galleries. Few exhibitions are looked forward to with more interest than the Messrs. Agnew's spring show of water-colours. There, at least, we have always been accustomed to find desirable examples of our greater painters in the medium. Cox, De Wint, Barret, Turner, all these are present as we write. Some of the Barrets are especially good. In the drawing called *A Golden Landscape*, and the smaller one called *Summer Moonlight*, the vibration of light in a vaporous atmosphere is rendered with unsurpassable truth. In such works as these Barret does what Claude did, only he beats the Franco-Italian master in the same ratio as water-colour excels oil in the treatment of light. The best of De Wint is a *Kenilworth*; of Turner, two of the Rhine sketches from the series formerly at Farnley Hall; of Cox, a very small landscape, with a low horizon and a spacious sky, called *Returning Home*. *Staffa* is a peculiarly fine Copley Fielding; and the judicious visitor will look with pleasure at Sir James Linton's *The Rose*, Sir Frederick Leighton's *Roman Lady*, Mr. Burne Jones' *Pyramus and Thisbe*, James Holland's *Sunset at Sea*, George Dodgson's *Olden Times*, Mr. Alma Tadema's rather artificial *Roman Artist*, Mr. Gow's *Storm Stayed*, which is quite as good as Meissonier's *Bravo*, and the *On Guard* of the late Mariano Fortuny.

TO the Scottish National Gallery Mr. James Orrock has lately presented a series of water-colour drawings by the chiefs of the English school. It includes, among other things, fine examples of George Barret, De Wint, and David Cox.

ONE of the most attractive of the spring exhibitions is that of drawings made in the neighbourhood of Berck, on the coast of Calvados, by Mr. Willie Wyllie. The collection also includes some drawings made in the neighbourhood of Naples. To our mind, Mr. Wyllie is never quite so good in small, delicately-handled work, as in the vigorous productions with which he gained his reputation. He fails to win the unity he never missed in things like the *Grimy Thames* in the Chantrey show. But, if delicacy, both of observation and of hand, be a sufficient pictorial *raison d'être*, then this harvest of a summer holiday is abundantly justified. Perhaps the best items are those which deal with the white light of midday on the sea-margin. But a drawing of Vesuvius from the sea, with a fishing-boat in front repeating the line made by smoke from the volcano, runs them close.

THE last elections to the Academy pleased everybody. They resulted in adding a painter, a sculptor, and an architect to the body, each of whom was the favourite of his own branch of the profession. Mr. Stanhope Forbes may fairly claim to be the choragus of the Newlyn school; Mr. Harry Bates is a sculptor of great and, in England, unusual gifts; while to Mr. Graham Jackson belongs the credit of having meddled with Oxford to its advantage. Of all modern architects he alone can say that he has materially changed the appearance of the queen of English cities without reducing her charm.

THE Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours has elected Mr. Beavis and Miss Clara Montalba to full membership, and Mr. Robert Little and Mr. Lionel Smythe to fill their places among the associates. The Royal Society of Painter-Etchers has elected the following associates:—C. E. Baskett, E. W. Charlton, J. Knight, E. K. Martyn, and E. Piper.

VISITORS to Burlington House in 1891 will remember a remarkable picture in which Mr. Eyre Crowe made a decisive bid for the wooden spoon of the Academy. The subject was *Jeremiah Horrocks observing the Transit of Venus*. The picture is now part of the permanent collection in the Walker Art Gallery. We should like to hear what the Roscoe Professor of Fine Art has to say about it.

DEATH has been active everywhere since we last published an obituary. The loss which will be most felt in this country is that caused by the death of Mr. Henry Doyle, C.B., R.H.A., which occurred at his lodgings in London on the 17th of February. Mr. Doyle had been in delicate health for years, but his death, which was due to disease of the heart, took his friends by surprise. Henry Doyle was the son of John Doyle, the famous 'H. B.' He was born in 1827. His first official connexion with art was a commissionership for the 1862 Exhibition. He was superintendent of the arts section of the Dublin Exhibition of 1865, and one of the advising committee for the special exhibitions of portraits in 1866, 1867, and 1868; but it was as Director of the Irish National Gallery that Mr. Doyle chiefly distinguished himself.

With the small annual income of 1000*l.*, and one or two special grants of insignificant amount, he contrived, in twenty-two years, to make that collection one of the most interesting of the minor galleries of Europe. Mr. Doyle was an artist himself, and for some time supplied the cartoons for 'Fun.' Mr. Doyle was married to a daughter of the Right Hon. Nicholas Ball, one of the judges of the Court of Common Pleas in Ireland, and his wife survives him.

Mr. Charles James Lewis, who died on the 28th of January, in his sixty-second year, was a popular painter of landscapes and *genre* in oil and water-colours, and a frequent exhibitor at the Royal Academy, the two 'Institutes,' and many minor galleries.—Mr. John Dawson Watson, a water-colour painter and member of the 'Old' Society and of the Royal Cambrian Academy, was well known as an accomplished draughtsman, a very excellent colourist, and a successful illustrator of books. Mr. Watson was born in 1832, and studied first at the Manchester School of Design, and afterwards at the Royal Academy. He died at Conway, January 3rd.

Mr. William Gorman Wills, the writer of many plays, began his career as a not unsuccessful portrait-painter, and did not abandon art for literature till he approached middle age. He was born at Kilkenny in 1828.

Mr. Philip Charles Hardwick, who died January 27th, was a distinguished architect by inheritance, succeeding, as he did, to a father and grandfather both eminent in the craft (or art?). Born in 1822, he received his technical training from Mr. Edward Blore, and in 1842 became his father's assistant and collaborator. The elder Hardwick was at this time engaged on the hall and library of Lincoln's Inn, and, owing to his failing health, eventually entrusted the work in a great measure to his son. Hardwick *tertius* soon became widely known on his own merits, and held at various times the appointment of architect to the Bank of England, to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, to the Goldsmiths' Company, the Merchant Taylors' Company, Greenwich Hospital, and the Charterhouse, as well as the surveyorship of the Portman Estate.

Prince Victor of Hohenlohe, who died at St. James' Palace on the last day of the year, was an amateur sculptor of industry, and of some accomplishment. Under his second title of Count Gleichen, he was a frequent exhibitor at the Royal Academy and elsewhere, and was the author of numerous portrait-busts and statuettes of members of the Royal Family. Among his more ambitious essays were a colossal statue of Alfred the Great at Wantage, and a statue of his father-in-law, Admiral Sir George Seymour. The Prince was born at Langenburg in 1833, and served for some years in the English Navy.

The *doyen* of French engravers, M. Louis Pierre Henriquel, or, as he called himself in the later part of his career, Henriquel Dupont, died on January 21st, at the age of 94. Born in Paris, June 13th, 1797, he entered the École des Beaux-Arts in 1812, and, after some years in Guérin's studio, became the pupil of Bervic, under whom he achieved such early mastery that at the age of twenty he set up a school of his own. In 1821 he sent his first contribution to the Salon, a female portrait after Van Dyck, for which a medal was awarded him. This was followed up by a long series of admirable plates, of which the more brilliant were perhaps the *Hemicycle du Palais des Beaux-Arts*, and numerous other plates after Paul Delaroche, as the *Cromwell*, *Strafford*, and *Marquis de Pastoret*, the portrait of Bertin, after Ingres, and the portraits of Madame Pasta, Desfontaines, Desenne, Alexandre Brongniart, Tardieu, Scheffer, and Carle Vernet, to name but a few. Henriquel was a Commander of the Legion of Honour, a member of the Institute, and, for nearly thirty years, a professor at the École des Beaux-Arts, where he had been at his post only a few days before his death.

In M. Ernest Christophe the French have lost a sculptor of talent, whose *oeuvre*, though not extensive, was of great interest and individuality. M. Christophe was born at Loches in 1827, and was a pupil of Rude, with whom he collaborated in the execution of Godefroy de Cavaignac's statue in the Cimetière Montmartre. The friend of Baudelaire and Fromentin, Christophe's artistic temperament was pre-eminently of the speculative and ideal order. Outside the circle of his compatriots he is perhaps best known by the remarkable figure in the Tuileries Gardens, which now goes by the name of *La Comédie Humaine*. It was at the Salon of 1876 as *Le Masque*. From one point of view it seems to wear a smiling face, which, from other points, is seen to be a mask, while the real head hangs back in agony from it. Two of M. Christophe's works are in the Luxembourg—*La Fatalité*, a bronze group, exhibited at the Salon in 1885, and a portrait of the poet, Leconte de Lisle. We may also mention his *La Douleur* in Père Lachaise, and *Eternelle Enigme*, his last contribution to the Salon, which appeared in 1889. He died in Paris on January 16th.

M. Albert Wolff claims notice as an art writer whose critical vivacity imposed much on French literary and artistic circles. Of Jewish parentage, and born near Cologne in 1828, he was only naturalised in France in 1871, and repaid the hospitality of Paris by panegyrics often 'plus royalistes qui le roi.' He died in his beloved 'capitale de l'art' on December 22.—The Comte Emile de Nieuwerkerke, Director of Fine Arts under Napoleon III., has died at Lucca (whither he retreated after the overthrow of the '4 Septembre'), at the age of 82. Born in Paris in 1811, he became a sculptor of some note in his day, his best works being a *William the Silent*, now at the Hague; a *Napoleon I.* for Lyons; and a number of portrait-busts of the celebrities of his own times.

M. Carl Louis Muller, a pupil of Gros and Coginet, and a veteran representative of a phase of art that has had its day, was born in Paris in 1815, and made his *début* at the Salon of 1834 with a *genre* picture called *La Promenade*. The long list of his later contributions deals chiefly with religious and historical themes, such as *The Entry of Christ into Jerusalem*, *Marie Antoinette in the Conciergerie*, *The Murder of Arthur by King John*, and *A Mass under the Terror*. With none of these, however, did he equal the success of his recognised masterpiece, the *Appel des dernières Victimes de la Terreur*, a large canvas exhibited in 1850, the subject being the roll-call of those victims of the first days of Thermidor, among whom André Chénier was numbered. In 1850 Muller was appointed Director of the Gobelins, became an officer of the Legion of Honour in 1859, and in 1864 succeeded to Flandrin's vacant *fauteuil* in the Institut. He died in Paris, January 11th.

M. Alfred Arago, who died in Paris on February 4th, was a younger son of the famous astronomer, and studied under Paul Delaroche. He was in his 77th year.—M. Antoine Bailly was for many years architect to the city of Paris, and among other memorials of his tenure are the new Hôtel de Ville, the Tribunal de Commerce, and the façade of the Lycée Saint Louis. Born in Paris in 1810, Bailly was a pupil of Debret, and entered the École des Beaux-Arts in 1830. He died in Paris on January 1st.—M. Achille Oudinot, the landscape-painter, was born in 1819, and began life as an architect. In 1876 he went to America and established an atelier in Boston, where he was very successful, but finally returned to Paris in 1886.

Inner Temple Library

# THE INNS OF COURT

## IV.—*The Inner Temple (continued)*

Eminent Inhabitants—Charles Lamb a Native of the Temple—Thackeray—Cowper—Shirley—Boswell—Johnson—Officials of an Inn of Court—Old Usages—Eating Dinners—The *Menu*—Pass the Bottle—Laundresses—Ladies in the Temple.

THE eminent inhabitants of the Inner Temple have been numerous. But so far as I know, only one person who attained to fame was born in it. Charles Lamb writes, in the 'Essays of Elia,' 'I was born and passed the first seven years of my life in the Temple.' He goes on to praise its church, its halls, its gardens;—'its river, I had almost said, for in those young years what was this King of Rivers to me, but a stream that watered our pleasant places.' He adds fervently, 'A man would give something to have been born in such places.' Elsewhere, he is not so complimentary. 'Our place of final destination—I don't mean the grave, but No. 4 Inner Temple Lane—looks out upon a gloomy, churchyard-like court, called Hare Court, with three trees and a pump in it.' Johnson's Buildings are on the site. In 1817 he finally left the Temple. He wrote to a friend from lodgings near Covent Garden, 'Here we are, transplanted from our native soil. I thought we never could have been torn up from the Temple. Indeed, it was an ugly wrench, but like a tooth, now 'tis out, and I am easy! We can never strike root so deep in any other ground.'

Just as only one man of the first eminence seems to have been born in the Temple, so, too, I only meet with the name of a single man of the highest genius who died there. This was Oliver Goldsmith, but he lived and died in Brick Court, which is in the Middle Temple, as we shall have occasion to see by-and-by. Lamb also lived for a time at 16 Mitre Court Buildings, a pistol-shot off Baron Maseres (who used to walk about in the costume of George II.). The court was rebuilt in 1830. Lamb lived in the top story. 'Bring your glass,' he writes, 'and I will show you the Surrey Hills. My bed faces the river, so as by perking upon my haunches, and supporting my carcase with my elbows, without much wrying my neck, I can see the white sails glide by the bottom of King's Bench Walk as I lie in bed.'

He seems to have gravitated to the Temple, and certainly had a genuine fondness for the place. 'I repeat to this day,' he says, 'no verses to myself more frequently, or with kindlier emotion, than those of Spenser when he speaks of this spot:—

> '"There when they came, whereas those bricky towers,
> The which on Themmes brode aged back doth ride,
> Where now the studious lawyers have their bowers,
> Where whilome wont the Templer Knights to bide
> Till they decayed through pride."'

'Indeed, it is,' he continued, 'the most elegant spot in the Metropolis.'

Another delightful essayist loved the Temple and lived for some time in, or to speak more strictly, 'occupied' chambers which have now disappeared, at 10 Crown Office Row. William Makepeace Thackeray had been called to the bar in 1834, and he shared his apartments with Tom Taylor. He often speaks of the Temple, in which the scene of so much of 'Pendennis' is to be found. In the first volume he sums up its memories in a well-known passage, not too long to quote:—

'Nevertheless, those venerable Inns which have the "Lamb and Flag" and the "Winged Horse" for their ensigns, have attractions for persons who inhabit them, and a share of rough comforts and freedom, which men always remember with pleasure. I don't know whether the student of law permits himself the refreshment of enthusiasm, or indulges in poetical reminiscences as he passes by historical chambers, and says, "Yonder Eldon lived; upon this site Coke mused upon Lyttleton; here Chitty toiled; here Barnwell and Alderson joined in their famous labours; here Byles composed his great work upon bills, and Smith compiled his immortal leading cases; here Gustavus still toils with Solomon to aid him." But the man of letters can't but love the place which has been inhabited by so many of his brethren, or peopled by their creations as real to us at this day as the authors whose children they were; and Sir Roger de Coverley walking in the Temple Garden, and discoursing with Mr. Spectator about the beauties in hoops and patches who are sauntering over the grass, is just as lively a figure to me as old Samuel Johnson rolling through the fog with the Scotch gentleman at his heels on their way to Dr. Goldsmith's chambers in Brick Court, or Harry Fielding, with inked ruffles and a wet towel round his head, dashing off articles at midnight for the "Covent Garden Journal" while the printer's boy is asleep in the passage.'

In another place in the same book (ii. 104) he writes:—

'On the Sunday evening the Temple is commonly calm. The chambers are for the most part vacant. The great lawyers are giving grand dinner-parties at their houses in the Belgravian or Tyburnian districts; the agreeable young barristers are absent attending those parties, and paying their respects to Mr. Kewsey's excellent claret, or Mr. Justice Ermine's accomplished daughters; the uninvited are partaking of the economic joint and the modest half-pint of wine at the Club, entertaining themselves and the rest of the company in the Club room with circuit jokes and points of wit and law. Nobody is in chambers at all except poor Mr. Cockle, who is ill, and whose laundress is making him gruel; or Mr. Toodle, who is an amateur of the flute, and whom you may hear piping solitary from his chambers in the second floor; or young Tiger, the student, from whose open windows comes a great gush of cigar-smoke, and at whose door are a quantity of dishes and covers bearing the insignia of "Dick's" or the "Cock."'

Of Dickens in the Temple we have something to note further on. The memories of William Cowper here are of the most melancholy character. He came to live in the Inner Temple in 1754 or 1755, and his rooms had nearly been the scene of a dismal tragedy. He wrote in after years:—

'Not one hesitating thought now remained, but I fell greedily to the execution of my purpose. My garter was made of a broad piece of scarlet binding with a sliding buckle, being sewn together at the ends. By the help of the buckle I formed a noose, and fixing it about my neck, straining it so tight that I hardly left a passage for my breath or for the blood to circulate. The tongue of the buckle held it fast. At each corner of the bed was placed a wreath of carved work, fastened by an iron pin which passed up through the midst of it; the other part of the garter, which made a loop, I slipped over one of them and hung by it some seconds, drawing up my feet under me that they might not touch the floor. But the iron bent and the carved work slipped off, and the garter with it. I then fastened it to the frame of tester, winding it round and tying it in a strong knot. The frame broke short and let me down again.

'The third effort was more likely to succeed. I set the door open, which reached to within a foot of the ceiling. By the help of a chair I could command the top of it, and the loop, being large enough to admit a large angle of the door, was easily fixed so as not to slip off again. I pushed away the chair with my feet, and hung at my whole length. While I hung there, I distinctly heard a voice say three times, "'Tis over." Though I am sure of the fact, and was so at the time, yet it did not at all alarm me, or affect my resolution. I hung so long that I lost all sense, all consciousness of existence. When I came to myself again I thought I was in hell; the sound of my own dreadful

groans was all that I heard, and a feeling like that produced by a flash of lightning just beginning to seize upon me passed over my whole body. In a few seconds I found myself fallen on my face to the floor. In about half a minute I recovered my feet, and, reeling and struggling, stumbled into bed again. Soon after I got into bed I was surprised to hear a voice in the dining-room, where the laundress was lighting a fire. . . . I sent her to a friend, to whom I related the whole affair, and dispatched him to my kinsman at the coffee-house. As soon as the latter arrived, I pointed to the broken garter which lay in the middle of the room, and apprised him also of the attempt I had been making. His words were: "My dear Mr. Cowper, you terrify me! To be sure, you cannot hold office at this rate. Where is the deputation?" I gave him the key of the drawer where it was deposited, and his business requiring his immediate attendance, he took it away with him; and thus ended all my connexion with the Parliament office.'

Eventually the future poet was removed to an asylum at St. Albans, and recovered the use of his faculties; but he never returned to live in London, and even the place of his residence in the Temple is unknown.

Other poets are more or less remotely connected with the Temple. We shall quote Shakespeare about it further on. Here it is enough to note that Beaumont entered as a student of the Inner Temple, 3rd November, 1600. He may have seen Shakespeare play in the Middle Temple Hall in the following year. But, long before his time, Gower and Chaucer are said to have been students of the Temple—there was probably but one in those days—and it has been recorded, but only on hearsay evidence, that Chaucer, while he was here, beat a mendicant friar in Fleet Street, and was fined for it—no very unlikely occurrence. Shirley, the dramatist, the author of 'The glories of our blood and state,' was burnt out of his house adjoining the Inner Temple Gate by the Great Fire of 1666. Edmund Burke, 'commonly called the Sublime,' in his early life in London had a lodging at the 'Pope's Head,' over the shop of one Jacob Robinson, bookseller and publisher, just within the Inner Temple gateway.

*GOLDSMITH'S GRAVE.*

Boswell found Johnson living at 1 Inner Temple Lane, and took lodgings near himself. 'Johnson's house,' says Mr. Laurence Hutton, from whose delightful 'Literary Landmarks of London' I have already borrowed much, 'has since been removed, giving place to the more imposing, but less interesting, Johnson's Buildings, which stand upon the site.' In Boswell there is a diverting account of Dr. Johnson being visited by Topham Beauclerk and a certain Madame de Boufflers in 1763. The French lady was entertained by his conversation for some time, and then the visitors left. When they were making their way to the coach, Beauclerk heard a sound like thunder. It was Johnson, who, 'on a little recollection, had taken it into his head that he ought to have done the honours of his literary residence to a foreign lady of quality, and, eager to show himself a man of gallantry, was hurrying down the stairs in violent agitation.' He overtook the pair before they reached the Gate, and brushing between them, seized Madame de Boufflers by the hand, and conducted her, bare-headed, to the coach in Fleet Street.

He remained at No. 1 about five years from 1760. There are many interesting contemporary notices of his stay there, besides the above.

Boswell, in 1763, says that—

'Dr. Johnson's library was contained in two garrets over his chambers, where Lintot, son of the celebrated bookseller of that name, had formerly his warehouse. I found a number of good books, but very dusty and in great confusion. The floor was strewed with manuscript leaves in Johnson's own handwriting, which I beheld with a degree of veneration, supposing they might, perhaps, contain portions of the "Rambler," or of "Rasselas." I observed an apparatus for chemical experiments, of which Johnson was all his life fond. The place seemed to be very favourable for retirement and meditation.'

Croker in his 'Johnsoniana' gives part of a letter written by Ozias Humphrey, R.A., describing a visit he paid to the rooms :—

'The day after I wrote my last letter to you I was introduced to Mr. Johnson by a friend. We passed through three very dirty rooms to a little one that looked like an old counting-house, where this great man was sat at breakfast. The furniture of the room was a very large deal writing-desk, an old walnut-tree table, and five ragged chairs of four different sets. I was very much struck with Mr. Johnson's appearance, and could hardly help thinking him a madman for some time as he sat raving over his breakfast like a lunatic. He is a very large man, and was dressed in a dirty brown coat and waistcoat, with breeches that were brown also (although they had been crimson), and an old black wig; his shirt-collar and sleeves were unbuttoned, his stockings well down about his feet, which had on them (by way of slippers) an old pair of shoes. He had not been up long when we called on him, which was near one o'clock. He seldom goes to bed before two in the morning; and Mr. Reynolds (Sir Joshua) tells me he generally drinks tea about an hour after he has supper. We had been some time with him before he began to talk, but at length he began, and, faith, to some purpose; everything he says is as *correct as a second edition;* 'tis almost impossible to argue with him, he is so sententious and so knowing.'

On May the 24th, 1763, a week after his first introduction, Boswell, for the first time, called on Johnson; his account is, as usual, photographic :—

'His chambers were on the first floor of No. 1 Inner Temple Lane. . . . . He received me very courteously, but it must be confessed that his apartment and furniture and morning dress were sufficiently uncouth. His brown suit of clothes looked very rusty; he had on a little, old, shrivelled, unpowdered wig, which was too small for his head; his shirt-neck and knees of his breeches were loose; his black worsted stockings ill drawn up, and he had a pair of unbuckled shoes by way of slippers. But all these slovenly peculiarities were forgotten the moment he began to talk. He told me that he generally went abroad at four in the afternoon, and seldom came home till two in the morning. I took the liberty to ask if he did not think it wrong to live thus, and not make more of his great talents. He owned it was a bad habit.'

Boswell's rooms were in Farrer's Building, opposite Johnson's, and, like it, have been rebuilt since. He seems to have given up his chambers when Johnson left the Temple in 1765. Boswell entered his name at the Inner Temple, intending, without his father's knowledge, to go to the English bar. This design he did not then carry out, though he again entered his name in 1775, and was duly called, but not until eleven years later.

We must reserve our notices of the great lawyers of the Inner Temple for the next paper.

The ideal of life in the Temple is that of a monastery. But, as a fact, not many of the lawyers live where they practise. Even of those who actually live, or lodge, in the place, most have chambers elsewhere. One or two, to our knowledge, have residential chambers in the building of one society, and chambers, or a chamber, for work in the other. These, however, must be few.

The Inn consists of the annual Treasurer and his permanent deputy, and of a 'Bench,' constituted by the 'Masters of the Bench.' There are other officers, but these are the most important; the Reader, who usually becomes Treasurer in the following year, being the only one who need be named. It used to be the reader's business to give a reading or lecture during the dinner in hall, but the practice has long died out. As in other professions now,

examinations prevail, and the student finds that it is no longer enough to eat dinners. Immense numbers of men who can never intend to practise law come forward every year to be called to the bar, and then drift off into something else—the more easily as many official positions are open to barristers-at-law.

Old usages are strictly kept up in the Temple. As each afternoon wanes, the Porter goes through the Courts, winding his horn to tell of the approach of the dinner-hour, which is nominally 5.30. The student must dine three times in term to qualify for the bar, and likewise the bencher, who would be Treasurer in his year, must duly dine in hall. Benchers are self-elected among the senior barristers; but what control they have over the Treasurer, in what way the 40,000*l.* a-year, which is said to be the income of the Society, is expended, and in what proportion—these are matters shrouded in the most impenetrable secrecy. A barrister, once called, has neither rights nor duties in his Inn, but for four months in the year an excellent dinner at cost price is provided. At 6.30 the doors are closed. Six, sharp, is the usual hour. The gown is necessary. A minute before six the senior Panier—panier is the law term for waiter—beckons to the barristers, who then form in procession and advance up the hall. They seat themselves in the order of seniority, and once set must not change. Next, the benchers issue from the Parliament Room, at the east side—the Treasurer and the rest of his fellow-benchers according to the date of their election. As they come in the two senior barristers rise in their places and shake hands with them. When all are seated on the dais, with the Treasurer in the chair, the panier bangs a big book for grace; all stand up, there are two words of Latin, bang again goes the big book, and all sit down to trencher-work. There are rules for the eating and the drinking very anciently established, as intricate and as much guided by precedent as an ecclesiastical suit, or a bill in the old Court of Chancery—with one difference: no change is ever made, and no diner desires reform. You pay for your dinner beforehand, and the *menu* of the day is put up outside the Hall; but you know that on every Thursday, whether it is June or December, there will be roast beef; and on every Friday there will be chicken and tongue.

The first of the immutable precedents is seniority, but the second, that the wine goes round with the sun, prevails over it. All are divided into messes of four. At the top table are eight diners, so it forms two messes, and each has a double allowance of wine, namely, two bottles of port and four of claret; but all lower messes have but one bottle of port and two of claret. Besides these allowances there is excellent draught beer at discretion. Each member of a mess helps himself, and passes the dish on. There are various ceremonials connected with 'passing the bottle,' which need not be detailed here; and at seven grace is said as before, and the two senior barristers stand up and bow to each bencher as he passes out.

Another standing institution must be mentioned. The service of the chambers is performed by 'laundresses.' These women must be of a certain age; they are generally widows,

and, as a class, they are discreet, honest, and sober, though not highly paid; but why they are called laundresses has never transpired, as they seldom wash themselves, and never anything else. They, with the clerks—many of them mere boys—form the bulk of the day population. The whole number of inhabited houses in the Inner Temple is said to be forty-two, which seems large in comparison with the twenty-three of Lincoln's Inn, but is exceeded considerably by the fifty-six at Gray's Inn.

Mr. Jeaffreson speaks of the 'last of the ladies' who had quarters in the Temple, but, long since his book was published, I remember visiting the bride of a barrister, the daughter of a late distinguished statesmen, who had chambers for several months in the Inner Temple. The houses mentioned by Mr. Jeaffreson, in Essex Street, looked into the Middle Temple garden; but I rather doubt if they were actually within the boundaries. He speaks of attending dances and other festivities in one of them in 1852, and of waltzing in a drawing-room, 'the windows of which looked upon the spray of the fountain.' In the forty years which have elapsed since then, many things have happened, and it may be doubted if a single private house remains in the street.

W. J. Loftie.

## CARDINAL AND HARFORD'S CARPETS

THERE is no need to insist upon the importance of the carpet in an Oriental home; generally it is the one decorative object of the dwelling. It is made by careful hand-labour on a loom of primitive construction, and with the aid of no tools but a comb, a pair of shears, and perhaps a mallet. The mode of weaving it and the patterns have been handed down from an antiquity often remote. The raw materials employed in its production are sound; it lasts for a long time, and even improves with age.

For many centuries Asiatic carpets have been esteemed in Europe; at no period have they been more highly appreciated than at the present day. This year (1892) affords an appropriate occasion for saying a few words concerning their chief varieties and their recent history, since it is the centenary of the foundation of the earliest English mercantile house engaged in their importation. For it was in the year 1792 that 'The Levant Warehouse' was opened in St. Helen's Place, an establishment now represented, without any break of continuity, by Messrs. Cardinal & Harford, of 108 High Holborn. The firm was started by a merchant of Smyrna, Mr. William Tomlinson. In a letter—it took nearly two months to reach Constantinople—dated April 27th, 1792, Mr. T. Dunnage wrote to Mr. Tomlinson, for whom he acted as London agent, inviting him to England, and offering to transfer to him his business. The letter is interesting for several reasons; its quaint diction and capricious use of capital letters induce me to quote one passage: 'I find I grow Old apace, am Resolved to Decline Trade as fast as possible, that, if it please god to give me a few years more, I may have a Little Rest. You may have my House & Business and I will Lend you 4 or 500£ to carry it on.' The transfer was carried out, and 'The Levant Warehouse' forthwith established by Mr. W. Tomlinson. He was the uncle of Mr. W. Cardinal, who afterwards joined the firm, while Mr. Cardinal was the grandfather of the present senior partner, Mr. W. Harford.

I have seen some of the old printed lists of Turkey carpets issued by this firm. It appears from these that, eighty or ninety years ago, from sixty to one hundred carpets was considered to constitute a good stock, while the price then averaged about sixteen shillings per square

yard. In the year 1823, they cost seventeen to nineteen shillings per square yard, twelve and sixpence or thirteen shillings in 1841, and twelve shillings in 1853. The recent lists are no longer limited to a single leaf printed on one side only, but have assumed the dimensions of a bulky quarto pamphlet. Moreover, Messrs. Cardinal & Harford are celebrating the occurrence of their centenary by the issue of an album of coloured plates illustrating, by characteristic examples, the chief varieties of Oriental carpets, antique as well as modern.

It is due to Messrs. Cardinal & Harford to state that they have striven, directly and indirectly, to maintain, to improve, and to restore the character of the Oriental carpet. They have done much to suppress the use of glaring and fugitive coal-tar dyes, and yet attain richness and variety of colouring; to reproduce the fine old designs, and to secure sound workmanship.

In the present paper, I purpose making, first of all, a few observations on the carpets of Asia Minor. Then, passing to the north-east, something will be said concerning the products of the Caucasian looms. Persian carpets will next be briefly discussed, and then those made by the Turkmans. It must be noted, however, that the characteristic local features of Oriental carpets are by no means constantly present. Thus, the geometrical ornament, which generally marks the production of Turanian races, is often mingled with, and modified by, the more developed floral style of the Aryans. Migrations and conquests have had something to do with this admixture, but to the pilgrimages of devout Mussulmans, from various countries of the East, to their sacred places, even more effect must be attributed. Each pilgrim travels with his prayer-carpet; perhaps he sells this at Mecca or Medina, and it is then re-sold to a returning pilgrim of another race.

*FIG. 1.—AN OUSHAK RUG.*

Turkey carpets, Smyrna carpets, Anatolian carpets, are three expressions of identical meaning. The chief places of the production of these carpets are three in number. They lie on a central table-land of Asia Minor, some two or three thousand feet above the sea. These towns are Oushak, Koula, and Ghiordes, the first-named being the most important, and containing, according to an estimate made in the year 1885, no less than two thousand looms. The late Mr. J. R. G. Griffitt, a member of a well-known merchant firm in Smyrna, in writing to Mr. Harford in 1875, describing a visit which he had paid to Koula and to Oushak, speaks thus of the latter place and of its staple industry:—

'The houses are built of sun-dried mud bricks in the usual style of Anatolian inland towns; they are plastered on the inside with a dark clay, which gives them a sombre appearance in keeping with the character of the inhabitants. Quaint old fountains and wells, mosques and minarets, overhanging balconies, and dark, narrow, crooked streets characterise this place, even more than other towns nearer the seaboard. Wool in every stage of preparation, from the raw fleece to the finished product ready for the loom, meets the eye at every turn, and indicates the chief occupation of the inhabitants. Almost every household of any importance carries on the carpet manufacture. The loom consists of a vertical wooden frame supporting two horizontal rollers about five feet apart. The warp (of wool) is wound

upon the upper roller, the ends being fastened to the lower one, from which the work is commenced by the women and girls, who kneel, or sit cross-legged, before the frame. Each worker has a certain width of warp allotted to her. With a knife in her right hand, and the woollen yarn in her left, she proceeds to tie on the tufts which form the pile, each tuft being knotted to an upper and a lower thread of the warp. When a row of tufts has been thus tied, the weft (of plain woollen yarn) is passed by the hand, and then the whole is beaten together by means of a heavy wooden comb. Each woman passes the weft through her allotted width of warp, the last thread of one worker becoming the first thread of her neighbour. When several rows of pile-tufts have been tied on they are clipped smooth. As the work proceeds upwards it is wound upon the lower roller. It is easy to understand how errors in design, or in the distribution of the pattern, can creep in, seeing that a very small portion only of the finished carpet is visible at one time, and that the weavers work all the patterns from memory. The knotting of the tufts, and the picking out of the various coloured wools, which hang in balls from the frame, is carried on with the most surprising dexterity. Forty-four rows of pile are tied on in the course of a day.'

From the above description of the weaving of a Turkey carpet it will be seen that it is constituted of three elements, warp, woof, and pile, the pile alone being visible on the

*FIG. 2.—A GHIORDES RUG.*

face. The mode of manufacture of the vast majority of Eastern carpets is essentially the same as that just quoted, although in some countries other materials, as goat's hair and camel's hair for the pile, and cotton yarn for the web, are employed instead of wool alone. There are also small local differences in the mode of twisting and tying on the tufts of the pile to the warp; iron combs driven by a mallet are sometimes used in place of those of wood.

Let us turn to the final products of this labour. The usual Turkey carpet, as made between 1830 and 1880, is familiar to most well-to-do households. Its undecipherable decorative motives, its thick pile, its lasting character, and its deep colouring—rarely embracing more than two tones of red, two of blue, and one tone of green—helped to impart an air of sober comfort to the English dining-room of the time. But at an earlier period, and even during the first quarter of the present century, the range of colours was more extensive, including, in addition to those I have named, brown, buff, yellow, and cream, as well as black, and a bright orange red. The ground colour was then frequently produced by means of the permanent madder red. Not only was the list of hues afterwards curtailed, but the fugitive and discordant crimson of cochineal displaced the beautiful reds derived from madder-root and from kermes. Then, about the year 1878,

the Messrs. Cott directed their attention to the revival of the old colours, but, unfortunately, the local dyers had lost the art of extracting the various colouring matters from the native dye-stuffs. In a year or two the desired improvements in colouring were effected, and then the Messrs. Cott endeavoured to secure greater fineness of texture. This advance in quality was attained by having the woollen yarn spun more finely, and the rows of pile beaten down more completely. Although the cost of their production was thus considerably increased, the improved carpets were highly appreciated, and now form an important part of the shipments of this country from Smyrna. Doubtless this success was, in great measure, due to another cause. For there really was not much that could be said in favour of the oftentimes confused and incoherent designs of the earlier Turkey carpets, and so the sending out to Oushak of fine patterns from the farther East (many of Persian origin) to serve as models of design, as well as of colouring, proved a success. Fig. 1, representing an Oushak rug of recent manufacture, and of the finest texture of any Turkey carpet, illustrates the several improvements that have just been described. The design is antique Persian, the colours are tender and varied. The modern Ghiordes rug, shown in Fig. 2, is of the same high quality, and illustrates the same points. Perhaps it may be thought undesirable to introduce into these carpet-weaving centres the exotic elements of which mention has been made; but that the taste of modern Turkey cannot be wholly trusted in the matter of carpet-design and carpet-colouring may be gathered from the description given in the 'Oriental Observer' of November 26th, 1886, of a carpet woven in Angora for the present Sultan. It was made entirely of mohair, weighed 322 pounds, and measured thirty-four feet by twenty-four. Sixteen women were occupied in its manufacture for six months. The ground colour is given as 'light canary;' in the centre is a large wreath of rosebuds, and, at each corner, a similar but smaller wreath, all treated as naturalistically as possible! Happily this obviously detestable production remains abroad.

Considerably to the east and somewhat to the north of Anatolia lie the carpet-weaving districts of the Caucasus. Many of the Caucasian carpets and rugs are distinguished by the comparatively small area covered by the central design, and the great prominence of the border. The ornamental elements are not floral, or, at least, they are greatly conventionalised and very angular. Molakhand, Moghan, Derbend, and Sumakhs are centres of productions included in the Daghestan, Schirwan, and Karabag districts, but all the Caucasian carpets are frequently spoken of as 'Daghestan.' Rosettes, with stellate and lancet-shaped figures, are common; they are separated from the ground by a narrow contour-line of another hue, and are frequently distributed over the surface rather irregularly and capriciously, particularly so far as regards the element of colour. The older Daghestan rugs are often peculiarly rich in colour and fine in texture, while they are so evenly and carefully woven that the back of the piece shows as regular a pattern as the front.

In the carpets of the Karadagh district, which lies south of the Caucasus, we find that the ground colour is generally of the natural hue of the camel-hair employed in the manufacture, and that the patterns often have a decided floral character, and are less angular in style than the productions of the Daghestan looms to the north. In the long, narrow corridor carpets of Karadagh, there frequently occurs a series of large lozenge-shaped medallions on a ground covered with a design of more conventional character and less pronounced colouring; the medallions themselves being rich in hue, and displaying motives which may be traced, although, perhaps with some difficulty, to the vegetable world.

Proceeding still further south, and at the same time a little eastward, we reach that part of the country where the Persian carpet *par excellence*—the carpet of Feraghan—is woven. The centre of the manufacture lies in Sultanabad, between Ispahan and Hamadan. Like the majority of true Persian carpets, those of Feraghan are rather closely shorn, and are worked with a warp and woof of cotton twist. The designs are essentially floral, the ornamental

elements having curvilinear contours and being well distributed. The border is an important feature in most of these carpets, the patterns of which are frequently derived, it is believed, from Herat, in Afghânistan: the ground colour of the border is generally different from that of the centre of the piece. The Feraghan carpets vary greatly in fineness of quality, the best kind having about 180 knots per square inch, and the coarsest less than sixty. Fig. 3 represents a good Feraghan carpet of soft colouring; it was made near Sultanabad and measures sixteen feet by eleven.

Brief mention may be made of other kinds of Persian carpets. In Khorassan, to the north-east of Feraghan, a style of ornament somewhat more realistic is in vogue, while the texture of the work is rather finer. In Kerman, which lies to the south of Khorassan, the designs are still less conventionalised, and the pile still closer. Figures of men and animals are occasionally introduced into the carpets of this district. And in the products of the

*FIG 3.—A PERSIAN (FERAGHAN) CARPET.*

looms of Kurdistan, the province lying to the north-west of Feraghan, while the floral character of genuine Persian ornament is well marked, the fineness of the pile exceeds that of the carpets and rugs of Kerman. The weaving is chiefly done in the tents of the nomadic Kurds, but in the western part of the province the work is carried on in subterranean dwellings. In all cases the appliances are of the simplest kind. The grounds are richly covered with many repeats of small ornamental motives, which, however, are connected together, instead of being isolated from each other by the ground, as in Caucasian and Turkman carpets.

Amongst the carpets of Central Asia those known in European warehouses under the name 'Bokhara,' but which would be more correctly termed 'Turkman,' hold a distinguished place. In colour those made by the Tekke-Turkmans are the best known and are conspicuous for the predominance of two tones of a brownish or Indian red, and for the symmetrical arrangement—often in diagonal lines—of their highly conventionalised ornamental motives, in which white or cream-colour is sparingly introduced. The Tekke-Turkman carpets sometimes also show a fourth colour, a dark rather greenish blue; the pile is close and fine—in some of the smaller and choicer examples no less than 628 knots occur in

the square inch. The true Bokhara carpets are of much larger size than the Tekke-Turkman; the designs are on a larger scale, while the texture is much less fine.

Turkman carpets of geometrical design were imported into Europe at least as early as the second half of the fifteenth century, if not before. They figure frequently in Italian, German, and Flemish pictures of the period, on the throne of the Madonna, as table-covers, and amongst articles of ecclesiastical furniture. Later on, during the course of the sixteenth century, true Persian carpets also appeared in pictorial art; they may be recognised by the greater freedom and less conventional character of their ornamental details. An example of the latter kind may be seen in the painting of the *Interior of a Gallery of Art*, by Jan Brueghel, in the National Gallery (No. 1287). In the same collection the *Madonna* of Hans Memlinc (No. 686), the *Family Group* of Lorenzo Lotto (No. 1047), and the *Ambassadors* of Hans Holbein, afford instances of Asiatic carpets having the angular style of ornament to which reference has been previously made as occurring in the products of the Caucasian and Turkman looms.

The limits of my space do not permit me to linger any more over the characteristics of carpets made in other Eastern countries, or I should have liked to refer to the soft, lustrous, deep-toned rugs of Beluchistan, and the varied products of British India. Although I do not know whether Messrs. Cardinal & Harford will approve of the suggestion, yet I cannot but regard their delightful gallery as a veritable museum, where numerous characteristic examples of all kinds of Oriental carpets may be profitably studied, and whence it is hard to retire without having fallen a victim to some temptation in the shape of rug, carpet, or saddlebag, fascinating in its attractions of colour, design, and texture.

I should like to have concluded this brief paper on a very large and intricate subject by some reference to the symbolism, which may so frequently be detected by careful study, in many of the carpets of the East. In some of the choicer carpets of Persia the 'fleeting, finite beauty of created things' is represented by the lovely floral forms and figures which adorn the ground, while the ground itself conveys ideas of space and of eternity. Sometimes, too, we look down upon a garden of herbs and trees, through which wanders a stream of life-giving water. But I must content myself with this bare mention of the existence of hidden meanings in many of the traditional designs which decorate these productions of Oriental looms.

A. H. Church.

# BRITON RIVIERE, R.A., D.C.L.

## II.

I HAVE said that, long before my subject went to Oxford, he had already proved his energy and aptitude in art. The occasion of his doing so was remarkable in showing the first glimpse of that humour which has often delighted us at the Academy and elsewhere, *e.g.*, the capital *Rus in Urbe*, of 1890—a rustic lout and his lively collie; and *Of a Fool and his Folly there is no End*, of 1889—armed horses set capering and their riders imperilled by the pranks of a jester. The same vein was something more than nascent in the two pictures the boy of eleven years old sent to the British Institution of 1851. One of the two, which was due to suggestions from, and the impulse of, the young artist's father, measured 12 × 14 inches only, was entitled *Love at First Sight*, and represented the meeting of a kitten and a mouse. This was the painter's first appearance before the world, and I think that only 'Master George Morland,' who, born in June, 1763, exhibited 'sketches' at the Royal Academy in May, 1773—that is, before he was ten years old—made, as regards the ages of

the famous *animaliers*, an earlier *début* than our present subject. It was surely something to exhibit two *genre* pictures, of humorous and expressive themes, and not mere pieces of still life, such as bottles, jars, dead birds, flowers, or what not as simple, in a public gallery before you were eleven years old.

The British Institution opened its gallery of pictures by living artists in January of each year. Consequently, as B. Riviere was born in August, 1840, he was not eleven years of age when he made his *début*, and so came very close upon George Morland, to whom the honour of being the youngest exhibitor has long been awarded. Sir John Millais, who was born in 1829, eleven years before Mr. B. Riviere, and simultaneously with William Riviere made his *début* at Westminster Hall in 1843, followed that achievement with *Pizarro seizing the Inca*, which was at the Academy in

*STUDIES FROM LONG-HAIRED TERRIER.*

1846. This was, of course, prior to the inception of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, which was founded in the later months of 1848. We shall presently see how considerable was the influence upon our present subject of that unflinching mode of copying nature which is not truly or fairly supposed to have been the one inviolable *arcanum* of the brotherhood.

In succession, and before he went to Oxford, our artist produced animal pictures which found places at the Academy, where, in 1857, he sent *Sheep on the Cotswolds* and *Tired Out*. These were followed by *Monkey and Grapes* (1858), *Cattle going to Gloucester Fair* (1859), and various other examples, some of which were, we are told, burnt by their author, who, 'fascinated' by the charms of Pre-Raphaelitism, according to the early methods of the brotherhood, had finished his subjects to excess. This was despite the objurgations of his father and his own early training. So says Mr. Armstrong, adding that, in 1862, Riviere, whose previous studies and somewhat divided education had, it is obvious, not led up to the research demanded by the earlier standards of the P-R. B., burnt the greater portion of a work representing a subject from 'Lalla Rookh.' His devotion to the tenets of the energetic brotherhood cost him dear, for the R.A.s had not the slightest mercy

upon their illustrious fellow-to-be, but, during four successive years, turned out his works without hesitation. If it was the excessive finish of these examples which ensured their fate, the model painter whom the 'misguided' artist was following between 1859 and 1863 could not have been Sir John Millais, whose *Vale of Rest* appeared in the former year, and, whatever its merits or demerits may be, does not err through excess of finish.

Whoever is responsible for that divergence which, for a time, cost the ambitious student so much, I have not, looking into the chronology of art, been able to identify him, and, indeed, care not to do so, because it has occurred to me that Riviere's vigorous acumen, not less than his sincere devotion to the art in which he had already begun to make a mark much deeper than youths of his age usually effect, may, about 1859—*i.e.*, in his twentieth year—have caused him to be somewhat dissatisfied with the conventions and less exacting methods in which he had been trained, and, feeling within himself desire for something more exhaustive and sincere, urged him to bend in a new direction all the resources of his industry, all the powers of his intense insight, and, being fascinated by the technical attainments of newer models, to practise a more stringent method than that of old, and such as ensured a great success to one who followed it faithfully. This led him, as is not uncommon with men of powerful calibre, to overdo the very effort, and so ensure his work being out of harmony with preconceived ideas, and, even as some Pre-Raphaelite paintings undoubtedly are, out of harmony with itself. I cannot but hope that the sterner exercises which our admirable painter imposed upon himself benefited him in later days, increased his resources, gave firmness to his touch, added facility to his handling, and enabled him easily to deal with themes much more difficult than he had previously undertaken.

At Oxford, and for some years, Briton Riviere contrived to carry on what may be called double-barrelled studies, or rather he was, thanks to his father's impulse and encouragement, able, without being unfaithful to either of them, to woo two of the Muses at the same time. This continued until 1867, when he was so far fortunate with the literary lady as to obtain the degree of a Bachelor of Arts; in 1873 he became a Master of Arts, and, June 17th last, the same venerable patroness bestowed on him the coveted distinction of Doctor of Civil Law. Meanwhile the Muse of Art was not less kind, and besides renown in every clime, she rewarded his devotion, in 1878, by an A.R.A.-ship, and after an unusually short tenure of that post of suspension, caused him to be elected a full Royal Academician. Among her kindest offices, the artistic patroness ensured for her client the services of some capital engravers, whose plates spread the painter's reputation till his works are as well known in St. Petersburg as in Adelaide, in San Francisco as in Calcutta. Chief among these is Mr. Stacpoole, who translated into black and white *Circe and the Companions of Ulysses*, *All that was left of the Homeward Bound*, *Persepolis*, *The Night Watch*, and several other pieces, whose merits attest that the engraver has been almost as faithful and fortunate in regard to my subject as Thomas Landseer was in regard to his brother, Sir Edwin.

All these pieces of good fortune, like the honours which accompanied them, were unknown till some time after Riviere had gained all he wanted from the *quasi* Pre-Raphaelite studies. Meanwhile he painted *Elaine in the Barge* (1859), his first purely poetic subject borrowed from a literary source; then came, besides less ambitious examples, *Hamlet and Ophelia* (1861) and *The Eve of the Spanish Armada* (1863), a telling *genre* subject I have a vague impression of having seen, although it was never exhibited. The design was, I am told, good and energetic; this agrees with my own impressions, which further affirm that the whole work was rather slight, and somewhat defective in tone and force. If such was the case, it could hardly be said that the P-R.B. misled the young painter to impart an excess of finish and other concomitants of the heresy in question.

It was not till 1866, when Riviere contributed to the Royal Academy *The Poacher's*

*Nurse*, that he, so to say, showed what he was made of. This is the first picture of his of which I have a distinct impression, and I am convinced it gave to other critics a notion like my own, to the effect that in it was an original, highly poetic, sympathetically expressed, and just idea, which, in these respects, might fairly be associated with that of Landseer's famous *The Highland Shepherd's Chief Mourner*. Nevertheless, it went home again unsold. It is especially important because it aptly and fully embodied an idea of the artist's own, such as he often—indeed, most frequently thereafter—developed in his more important productions. *Prisoners*—a poacher and his dog locked up in an attic of a country house ere they were carried off to jail—is another work of the same class, and it indicated the development of an idea in art borrowed from another mind. It belongs to 1879. In 1870 *Charity* attracted much attention at the Royal Academy. Technically speaking, it marked a great advance, and almost prepared the public for the prodigious success of 1871, when two pictures of Riviere's were at the Academy, one of which gave fresh expression to a well-known and touching idea, while the other attracted the public with the greater force, because it represented a subject which was already familiar to every one. The former was called *Come Back!* and gave to the artist an opportunity, such as he has often seized, for painting the joyful raptures of a dog. An erring damsel is returning to her home, with a babe half hidden in her arms; a delighted dog welcomes her with gambols full of life, veraciously and energetically conceived. Far more important was the larger picture of *Circe and the Friends of Ulysses*, of which the scene is outside the enchantress's house, and includes the straw-strewn enclosure where the wanderer's companions—changed to swine—grovel, howl, and grunt, and in diverse notes and fashions struggle near the feet of Circe, who is seated on a stone pavement before the stye. She seems to be singing aloud, while most of her victims fill the air with their cries for mercy and release. I wrote of the picture at the time (it is twenty-one years ago): Circe 'is painted with remarkable spirit and complete characterisation; her beauty is, however, insufficient; a defect which should be remedied. The swine are wonderful in their way; nothing can surpass the design of the creatures.' Of course the subject, which, either in France or in England, with reference to Milton or otherwise, had been painted over and over again, is, when represented with the swine chiefly in evidence, a quite new thing, absolutely unthought-of by the pedantic English, who had treated Miranda of the 'Tempest' and Helen of Troy with equal phlegm, and with dulness which was more than Scotch, or by the French, who in Circe saw a good opportunity for exploiting the fashionable female model of the hour. Next to *Circe* in the sequence of Riviere's designs which are developments of his own views and original ideas (the all-important point in his history which may be called the text of my essay) is *Daniel*, where the wild beasts—gathered within the cyclopean walls, on

*STUDY OF LIONESS FOR SIDE PANEL OF 'A MIGHTY HUNTER.'*

which are carved images of priests, warriors, and kings of immemorial rule, are stayed by no visible power—are the leading elements of one of the most original and impressive pictures he has produced. It comprises the prophet, standing with his back towards us: his face is towards the brutes, and his wrists being bound together behind his back, he, helpless yet confident and patient, stands just as he rose from the ground when the creatures, a grim company, bounded from their dens in the wall behind, and gathered before, but did not assail him. Old, grey-headed, weak, and without mortal armour, the man seems helpless, and yet the beasts stare at him and recoil. One knows not which is the more impressive, the

*FIRST IDEA FOR 'THE YOUNG LIONS ROAR AFTER THEIR PREY.'*

gathered savages or the man; the former are shuffling, shambling, cowering, and crouching in every attitude of dreadful dread, but baffled by an inscrutable force. One great lion in the centre of the group glares at the prophet with eyes that seem to contract and dilate rapidly, and in the depths of which is steadfast carnivorous fire—and the formidable creature would spring—indeed, his very spine is bowed for the purpose, while the tawny mane rises from his shoulders—but he dares not; a less ferocious, but more treacherous brute, crouching before she leaps, fawns and snarls like a mean man before his better, whom he envies, hates and fears; a lioness rolls her lean carcass and writhes in lust for blood, but does not advance, though full of rage; behind the group, a cruel beast, more cunning but not less charged with malice and eager to destroy what he envies, seems to be skulking, while he waits a chance to get out of reach of the controlling human eye, and behind Daniel, ere his meditated leap is made. Nor are the younger and smaller beasts less powerfuly pourtrayed than these. The artist's potent individuality revealed itself in the concentration of the dramatic elements of the design; in the stillness of the human figure, and the restless furies of the cowed and bestial crew, that is crueller than, but not so stupid as, a human mob, ravenous to destroy a great man whom they envied even more than they hated him. Not only was the idea, or informing motive of the design, absolutely novel, but the painter had taken up a perfectly new standpoint for looking at the subject at large.

In writing as follows of Riviere's Academy picture of 1874, I still think I was nearly right:—

'Mr. Riviere paints animals with a higher artistic aim and stricter fidelity to purely animal nature than Landseer ever did. Of course he does not humanise his brutes so cleverly, nor is there so much pathos, sentiment, and sentimentality in his creations as there was in those of the master we have lost. *Apollo* is a case in point. The god reclines at the foot of a tree, and sings and plays on his lyre. About him are assembled many fierce and gentle beasts—lions, tigers, a lynx, goats, sheep, deer, rabbits—some soothed and some wondering. Notice the masculine, yet smooth and highly-studied painting of the deer's dappled hides, the gloss of the black-streaked and tawny skins of the tigers, the ashy-brown of the cruel-looking lynx; observe the thick felt of the white and shaggy goats, the soft fur of the white-and-dun rabbits. The fierce beasts form a dense mass of recumbent figures about the feet of the musician. Notice how fine and characteristic are their faces and actions, all similarly occupied and enchanted by the same spell, yet all different in look, attitude, and air. Outside these the placid and wondering deer have come from the depths of the forest to form a larger circle of listeners. Behind these main groups the idle and apathetic goats are gathered to ruminate *en masse*; near them a much-astonished, much-enraptured rabbit sits on his tail, erects his length of ears, and listens even with his glittering eyes.'

*Genius loci*, a single lion lying at the entrance of some ruins, another picture of the same year, was very fine. It is manifest that both these works were—if not Pre-Raphaelite in their finished execution, and solid, exacting, and researchful touch, nor so absolute in their modelling as intolerant and untechnical amateur critics declared the tenets of the brotherhood demanded of their followers—thoroughly Pre-Raphaelite in every other and far more important respect which the P-R.B. really insisted on. *Apollo* is inexhaustible of novelties, incidents, and elements of character, delightful in the veracities, and touchingly true in the pathetics of animal life. This is the truer Pre-Raphaelitism, because the one indispensable dogma and article of that faith enjoined sincerity of thought and studious invention.

The next year, 1875, brought us *The Last of the Garrison*, the design of which gave a bloodhound slain at the door of a chamber, which had been taken and sacked. A shell has gone through a panel of the door and lodged behind the arras of the room; smoke issues slowly in consequence from the hole, and from every crevice of the wainscoat it comes creeping, creeping in blue films, and there is no one to heed the smoke. The set and glassy eyes of the dog tell their own tale, and the picture owes its all to the poetic insight and intention of the painter, who treated *The Last of the Garrison* with technical force and skill worthy of Landseer's best time. Above all, here is a subject, fresh, sympathetically and energetically dramatised, and thoroughly in keeping with itself. *All that was left of the Homeward Bound*, one of the pictures of 1873, must be compared unfavourably with the last-named example in many respects. The subject was thoroughly new, pathetic, and probable, and the incident represented by a girl tied to a floating mast that rose and fell in the sea weltering slowly after the storm which a day or two back destroyed the 'homeward bound,' was a good one. The girl's face was pretty, faithful to the theme, and original, and the dog such as no one else has given us. As I have not to criticise every work of the R.A.'s in comparison with its fellows, it is not expedient to say more of the picture in question, which Mr. Stacpoole, in one of the most popular of his plates, did perfect justice to. *Sympathy* (1878) was at the Academy with that rare art-epic, *Persepolis*, which gives, with prodigious force of thought and poetry, a ruined palace—its noble terraces, broken columns, and great flights of steps, all seen by moonlight, and dashed by the deep yet clear gloom of the shadows projected on the gigantic walls and enormous pavements where, with soundless feet, lions are prowling and lizards hurry from their holes. The motto has been borrowed from the 'Rubaiyat,' by Omar Khayyam, and told the tale of the place where—

'They say the lion and the lizard keep
The courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep.'

Thousands still feel the impression of the grand loneliness and desolation of a scene which, under the pale, pure light of a moon which knows no change, speaks of changing dynasties, of the fallen power of a great king, whose former palace is now the resort of reptiles and wild beasts. The silvery grey tones of colour and the soft luminous atmosphere add greatly to the poetical feeling of a picture which is not only one of the simplest, but perhaps, in respect to the harmony of its subject-treatment and execution, is Briton Riviere's masterpiece as yet.

The *Poacher's Widow* and *In manus tuas, Domine!* were produced together in 1879, and, if anything could, attested the variety and resources of the painter's imagination when dealing with subjects most diverse, if not opposed. In the former a young woman has trudged far with the burthen of a heavy heart to the hillside where her husband was killed in a poaching affray: the scene is saturated with the warm light of a young moon; the sloping land is dotted with half-defined shadows of bushes and hillocks; the summit on which we stand lies in the deeper shade of some great trees; hares and rabbits are gleefully at play in the straw the careful keeper has provided for them. The woman's head is sunk above her hands clasped upon her knee, and the long loose hair droops about her fixed and sorrowful features. A woeful figure is the epitome of a woeful subject. The companion picture gave us the edge of a wood, the very shadows of which are full of mysterious terrors, the more terrible because of the horrid silence of the place, and the wizard's or frightful monster's cavern which we know right well is at the bottom of the dell. In front a noble white horse, with passionate fear in every limb and feature, peers down into the gloom he has to traverse. A young knight, clad in white armour, seated in the saddle of the splendid creature, holds up his cross-wise sword-hilt, to front the unknown terror of the gorge. Here, again, are two fine and original ideas thoroughly and sympathetically developed, and so good throughout that I need not add more. If more were needed, the catalogue of the painter's works would afford abundance of the like.*

F. G. Stephens.

# BEVERLEY AND HULL

WE may say of Beverley what has been said picturesquely of Pontefract, and even with greater truth, perhaps, that it is in all our histories. What a complete picture of English life does the quiet, reposeful East Riding town unfold! How many historical figures, shades of good men and great, move thereon! The very name of Beverley speaks, as we well may believe, of the far-off time when beavers first built their dams in an expanse of the river Hull; and we think of the Angles forcing their way up from the salt marshes and sand flats of the Humber estuary, to make their settlement where perhaps had been the Petuaria of the Romans, amid the rich woodlands that came afterwards to be known as the *sylva Deirorum*—the Deirwald, or wood of the Deirans. Here, with full access to the sea, by a river then easily navigable to vessels of light draught, they had a rich soil for the tiller, an unfailing supply of wood and water, thickets in which their swine could crunch the mast, and everywhere an abundance of game. Then, upon this scene, there comes the figure

* I have to add, by way of corrections, that the father of Mr. William Riviere was named Daniel Valentine and not 'David.' The dog's head which illustrates the former portion of this essay is an independent study from nature, not an element of *Rus in Urbe*, as it was erroneously entitled.

of Archbishop John, born at Cherry Burton, near by, and we see him found here the monastery for men and women, like that of Hilda at Streoneshalc, whereto, worn out by his pastoral cares, he betakes himself, that he may end his days in meditation and prayer. Much is told of his holy life, and men hear without questioning of his wondrous deeds, and soon the country is filled with the news of miracles wrought at his tomb, and crowds of pilgrims ere long resort to his shrine. What a picture of the ages of faith do we gain when we see Æthelstan, Ælfred's golden-haired grandson, turning hitherward as he marches north with his men, incited thereto by returning pilgrims, to kneel at the tomb of the Blessed John of Beverley, and carrying with him the standard of the saint, under which he wins the victory of Brunanburh! Small wonder, filled with such enthusiasm, that he returns to redeem the promise made when he laid his knife upon the altar by richly endowing the church (still languishing from the onslaught of the Danes), founding therein a college of secular canons, and vesting it with the celebrated privilege of sanctuary.

The history of Beverley is an ecclesiastical history, for its spiritual authorities long continued to wield the great privilege whereby, in a savage age, they were able to baulk revenge, and to temper justice with the sweets of mercy and discipline. Happily, there remain to us particulars of the confession the man seeking sanctuary was required to make, and of the oath he was compelled to take. The Archbishop's bailiff, we are told, causing him to put his hand upon the book, called upon him to swear that he would be faithful to the spiritual authorities, as well as to the bailiff, governors, burgesses, and commoners of the town; that he would 'bere no poynted wepen, dagger or knyfe, ne none other wepen ayenst the Kyng's pece;' that he would assist in quelling strife and extinguishing fire, and would be 'redy at the obite of Kyng Adelstan at such tyme as it is done at the warnyng of the belman of the towne,' and would do his 'dewte in syngyng, and for to offer at the messe on the morne. And then gar hym kysse the book.' The traditional words used by Æthelstan in making his grant are recorded on a quaint old picture, repainted in the time of James I., which hangs in the south transept of the Minster:—

'Als Fre make I The,
As hert may thynke,
Or Egh may see.'

The privilege of sanctuary extended to within a radius of about a mile from the Minster, but the church itself was the great refuge, more especially its choir, and the last resort of all was the 'frithstol'—the chair carven out of a solid block of stone, now broken and clamped with iron, which stands in the choir. The penalty for breaking sanctuary was heavy, and grew heavier according as the place in which the sanctuary-man was seized was more sacred, until, if hand was laid upon him as he sat upon the 'frithstol,' the offence became 'boteless,' no 'bote' or penalty sufficing to redeem it, and the offender was visited with grave spiritual and civil punishments. It is on record, as an example of such an act, that, in the year 1331, certain persons, in violent contumely of St. John, incurring thereby the greater excommunication and other grievous pains, broke into his sanctuary by night, and carried thence by force a frithman, one John Acreman of Bruges, who, having slain a certain Sir John Nele at Courtray, and having done other ill deeds at Norwich, had been admitted to the sanctuary.

But it is not only by reason of its sanctuary of St. John that the history of Beverley is ecclesiastical, for the Archbishops of York were both the patrons of its Minster and its civil lords; and to the wise and benevolent jurisdiction of the northern primates, contrasting so markedly with the extortionate dominion of the barons, is it due that a rich and prosperous merchant community grew up at Beverley. It was the Archbishops who obtained for the

townsmen their markets and fairs, their municipal privileges as freemen, and the establishment of their merchant guild. In 1269 Archbishop Giffard procured the removal, by Dame Joan d'Estotevil, of all her locks and dams in the river Hull, whereby the navigation thereof was impeded, to the intent that thenceforward, without let or hindrance, ships and boats might ascend from the Humber to Beverley; but it was provided—and the circumstance throws light upon the insecurity of the coast at the period—that Dame d'Estotevil might, in time of war or public disturbance, for the security of the realm against pirates and marauders, place a chain across the river at Stanford rake from sunset to sunrise, while her men at Hull were to have the right to take earth for the building and maintenance of their sea-dyke. It was Archbishop Neville who, in 1380, granted to the men of Beverley that pleasant resort known as the Westwood, which is still their delight, and wherein, in these days, there is perhaps the finest golf-link in Yorkshire. But, inasmuch as the Archbishops had rights and the burgesses privileges, it could not but happen that disputes should arise

*THE MARKET-PLACE, BEVERLEY.*

between them at times, and so we find that, in 1282, so incensed were the men of Beverley against the austere Archbishop Wickwaine, although he was a benefactor to the town, that, with unseemly behaviour, they prevented him from preaching in their minster, whereupon he laid the town under an interdict, which Martin IV. confirmed.

Under the fostering care of the Archbishops, who often resorted to Beverley, it became one of the great religious centres of the North. In addition to its collegiate society of St. John, with its splendid minster, it had the magnificent cruciform church of St. Mary, which still remains, and those of St. Martin and St. Nicholas, which have disappeared. The Grey Friars had their house without Keld Gate; the Preaching Friars, who were favoured by Archbishop Walter de Grey, who held their provincial synod at Beverley in 1286, and who were preaching for the Crusade in 1291, were located near the Minster; the Commandry of the Hospitallers stood in the Trinities, where now the railway station is; and there were in the town the Hospitals of the Holy Trinity, St. Giles, and St. Nicholas, besides other religious institutions. Throughout the Middle Ages many were the strangers and pilgrims who resorted to the shrine of St. John, and not a few learned men issued from its schools or ministered in its churches. Alured of Beverley, sometime treasurer of the Minster; John Alcock, bishop in succession of Rochester, Worcester, and Ely, who died

in 1500; the saintly John Fisher, bishop of Rochester, beheaded in 1535; and many more. Legend says that when the Conqueror harried Yorkshire with terrible vengeance, smitten with fear at the death of one of his servants, he shrank from despoiling the shrine, and Beverley remained untouched; but Mr. Freeman has rejected the story. The banner of St. John, which Æthelstan had carried to victory at Brunanburh, was one of those which gave its name to the Battle of the Standard. The concourse of pilgrims continued to grow, and among them knelt King John; and Edward I. came three several times, and we learn that, after 'waking a night' before the shrine, he took with him the sacred banner, and floated it in his war against the Scotch. Edward II. was more than once at Beverley, and he also, in his northern campaign, had with him St. John's banner, borne by John de Rolleston, the Archbishop's vicar at the Minster. Other royal visitors to Beverley were Henry IV. and—after Agincourt, on the day whereof the shrine is said to have distilled holy oil, 'like drops of sweat'—Henry V.; as well as Henry VI., to whose interest the town was firmly wedded, and who came thither from the neighbouring castle of Leconfield, where he was visiting the Earl of Northumberland. In these centuries Beverley was a thriving town, supported in great part by the clothing industry, and it had wealthy merchants and considerable shipping. It appears to have been protected by a ditch—some say a wall—and of its bars the North Bar alone remains. It had returned two members to Parliament as early as the reign of Edward I.

The centre of ecclesiastical influence in Beverley was the great Minster of St. John, which is still the chief attraction of the visitor. As we see it now, it belongs wholly to a period subsequent to the year 1188, in which, by a calamitous fire at night, the old church was wholly destroyed. The work of building the present minster seems to have been soon begun, but the canons suffered grievously from want of funds, and we find that, in 1311, persons were going about the country fraudulently representing themselves as authorised to solicit donations for the chest of Blessed John of Beverley. Nothing, however, was spared in the beautification of the glorious fane; and, in the exquisite charm and delicacy of its details, it certainly ranks among the choicest examples of English mediaeval art. Unfortunately, in the limited space of this article, but an imperfect account of it can be given. The plan of the structure is cruciform, there being, in addition to the great aisled transepts, a second and smaller intersection one bay removed from the east end—an analogous arrangement to that which is found at Canterbury, Rochester, Salisbury, Lincoln, and other Early English examples. At the intersection of the great transepts are massive piers, evidently intended to support a central lantern, but, the foundations probably being distrusted, this was never built. The chief internal measurements of the church are: total length, 332 ft. 4 in.; extreme breadth at the main transepts, 167 ft. 2 in.; width of the nave and aisles, 63 ft. 1 in.; height of the vaulting, about 65 ft.

With the exception of the Percy Chapel at the easternmost end, the whole of the choir and transepts are Early English, with notable insertions and later enrichments; the nave generally Decorated, and the west end, with the north porch and lofty towers, Perpendicular; but the impression received upon entering the structure is of its extreme uniformity, the general arrangement of triforial space, clerestory, and vaulting having been preserved throughout. This impression, however, to some extent passes away when the rich and varied detail and characteristic features of the construction are examined. The typical bay of the chancel—and, as has been said, the arrangement is throughout analogous—consists of an exquisitely proportioned arch, deeply moulded, and resting upon lofty clustered pillars; above it a triforial space, enriched with an arcading of trefoil arches, cut with the toothed ornament, resting upon slender detached and clustered shafts; there being behind this arcade another one, attached to the wall, the plain arches whereof have their apices behind the caps of the detached shafts, and a quatrefoil occupies the interspace between the two sets of arches; and, again, the

clerestory above, with a passage, has a series of pointed arches in front of its lancet window, enriched like those of the triforium, and resting upon slender marble shafts. The east window of the Lady Chapel is a fine Perpendicular insertion, but the exquisite character of the Early English detail is here very noteworthy. There seems to be no doubt, from the construction, that the last bay of the Minster, though approximately of the same date as the rest of the choir, was not originally contemplated. Another extremely beautiful Early English feature is the double staircase, embodying most charmingly the dog-toothed, trefoil-arch arcading of the aisle wall, on the north side of the chancel, which has recently been shown to have been the entrance to the Chapter House, a building of which the foundations were discovered not long ago. Like the Chapter Houses of Wells and Westminster, the one at Beverley was erected upon a vaulted crypt or undercroft, and was an octagonal building, some thirty-eight feet in diameter, vaulted, as in the instances named, from a central shaft.

It is very remarkable that in the lofty nave of Beverley, which maintains the character of the Early English choir, we arrive without transition at the curvilinear Decorated. The adaptations, also, are singular, and something has been forfeited of the Decorated style. The character of the clustered columns is the same, but foliage is introduced in the capitals; the arcade before the clerestory windows has three arches instead of five, and the ball-flower replaces the dog-tooth; the Early English arcading of the aisle wall is continued on the south side, but the windows have flowing tracery. Externally, the buttresses of the nave are connected with the clerestory by flying buttresses, and on the south side are ornamented with niches, while the parapet is enriched with Decorated panelling, which is carried right round the Early English transepts and choir. The Perpendicular west front of Beverley has been inspired by that of York, from which, nevertheless, it differs, compensating for what it lacks in magnificence by an air of slenderness and grace that gives a soaring character to its towers (160 ft. 7 in. to the battlements), and the panelling and niche-work are very beautiful. To the Perpendicular period also belongs the splendid north porch, with its buttresses, pinnacles, and niches, and the parvise over, as well as the Percy Chapel at the east end. Of the monuments, the most celebrated is the glorious Percy shrine—supposed, though its recumbent figure has disappeared, to have been that of Idonea, wife of Henry, second Lord Percy (died 1365)—which stands beneath the arch between the choir and the north-east transept. The lovely enrichments of the ogee arch and gabled canopy of this shrine—the boldly carved crockets and finials, the grotesque heads and figures of men and angels, with fruit and foliage magnificently designed—certainly entitle this to be considered the most splendid Decorated monument in England. Other beautiful carvings exist in the choir, and the *misereres* have much that is curious. If the Minster lost something at its restoration, it unquestionably gained more at the hands of Sir Gilbert Scott, and many of its later defacements and obstructions were removed.

It is singular that Beverley, possessing a minster so splendid, should have also, in the parochial church of St. Mary, an edifice almost as remarkable and scarcely less interesting. The beautiful conception and splendid detail of the west front, representing admirably the transition from the Decorated to the Perpendicular, with its lofty octagonal turrets, enriched with niches, panelling, and battlements, its large window, and charmingly moulded doorway; the great clerestory, with its long series of three-light traceried windows; the elaborate beauty of the south porch, with its lateral traceried windows and its pinnacles; the extent and character of the transepts, the rare charm of the choir, and the massive character of the central tower, with its panelled battlements and many pinnacles, and the unusual traceried circular windows in its lower stage—all mark this as one of the most noteworthy parish churches in England. Within, the Decorated arches of the chancel have circles enclosing trefoils in the spandrels, as well as the enrichment of niches, and the ball-flower and nutmeg ornaments add much to the beauty of the east end. The transepts are Perpendicular, much

earlier work, however, being used up in them. A quaint inscription records the fall of the original central tower:—'Pray God have marce of al the sawllys of the men and wymen and cheldryn whos bodys was slayn at the faulyng of thys ccherc . . . . thys fawl was the 29 day of Aperel . . . . 1512.' The six bays of the nave, which are chiefly Perpendicular, are somewhat heavier than those of the chancel, but the enrichments are many, and the lofty clerestory gives a fine character to this part of the church. Angels at the terminations of the hood-mouldings of the arches bear shields, quaintly recording the donors of portions of the structure hereabout. 'Thes to pyllors made gud wyffs—God reward theym.' 'Thys pyllor' (one with a curious row of minstrel figures sculptured upon the capital) 'made the meynstryls' (members doubtless of a fraternity of gleemen known to have flourished at Beverley in the Middle Ages). 'Xlay and his wyffe made thes to pyllors and a halffe.' The ceilings throughout the church are panelled, there being some richly carved bosses, and are nearly flat, and on the panels in the chancel are curious painted figures of English kings. Many hands have been engaged upon the restoration of St. Mary's Church, including those of Pugin and Sir Gilbert Scott. The chief benefit has been that it has been strengthened, and that many of its encumbrances have been removed.

We have linked Hull with Beverley in this article, not with the intention of recording its history, but with the purpose of contrasting the two places with one another. Beverley, once a place of chief importance in Yorkshire, has now relapsed into a quiet market town, depending almost wholly upon agriculture and its associated industries. Hull, on the other hand, has risen from the position of a riverside village to that of the third English port, with a vast trade between the West Riding, Lancashire, and the Midlands, the whole of the Continent and the East, as well as a great ship-building industry and a huge commerce of its own. It cannot be said that the busy town presents much of interest to the lover of the beautiful, but there is interest in its two old churches and its institutions. The picturesqueness that belongs to shipping it certainly has in a pre-eminent degree, for in its docks are assembled craft from almost every part of the world, and not a port in Europe but sends its vessels to the Humber. The varied build and rig of these craft, the tall forests of masts, and the quaint figures of the seamen, all contribute, indeed, under fine effects of light, to make of the Hull docks a very striking and attractive picture. We may conclude by saying that wherever shipping is, there is scope for the artist's brush, and so, whatever Beverley and its ancient fellow-towns have lost, has been the gain, in more senses than one, of the thriving port of Hull.

JOHN LEYLAND.

APRIL 1.—The Whistler Exhibition in the galleries of Messrs. Boussod, Valadon, & Co. gives a fair *aperçu* of Mr. Whistler's work. It includes things painted as far back as 1864, and comes down to a date not far removed from that on the cover of this magazine. It finds its *apropos*, not only in the general acceptance—the 'insult of popularity'—which has overtaken the painter in these latter years, but, more specially, in the honour lately paid him by the French Government, and, to be just, by the Corporation of Glasgow. Indeed, the honour done to themselves by the Corporation was greater than that contrived by the French authorities, for we may be pretty sure that if the janitors of the Luxembourg had had to dip as deeply into their purse as the Lord Provost and his colleagues into theirs, the *Portrait of my Mother* would not have been where it is. It is represented in the Goupil galleries by a photograph and a clever lithograph. The *Carlyle* is here in its own person. Judging from the extracts printed in the catalogue, this purchase for the gallery in Sauchiehall Street has not been received with acclamation by the Glaswegians. But then these extracts are to be mistrusted. Mr. Whistler's joke would be spoilt if he quoted sense, and so we find him seeking out the more absurd phrases of abuse as diligently as the book-maker looks for those which can be twisted into praise. Whatever the populace may amuse themselves by saying, the 'bailly-bodies' who paid a round sum for this Carlyle deserve well of all who know art when they see it. The collection includes, among things of what is now long ago, the *Symphony in White*, once much discussed, the *Lange Leizen, of the Six Marks*, and the *Caprice in Purple and Gold*, a Japonaiserie with a gold screen for its background. Among more recent things there are the *Nocturne* with the falling rocket, the *Nocturne* with Valparaiso Harbour, the *Nocturne* with Westminster Bridge; and there are, besides the *Carlyle*, the portraits of Miss Rosa Corder, Lady Archibald Campbell, Lady Meux, an unnamed lady in black and brown, and the inimitable *Miss Alexander*, called also a *Harmony in Grey and Green*.

THE tenth show of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers excels most of those which have gone before it in legitimate interest. By this we mean that it depends less than most on plates which do not belong to the moment; less, perhaps, than any on plates inspired commercially rather than artistically. The 'side show,' as we may call it, is a collection of selected impressions from the famous series known as Vandyck's *Icones*. These have been brought together, partly to exhibit the greatness of Vandyck's treatment of line, partly to illustrate the dangers arising from division of labour in art. The early impressions, those confined to the line work of the master, have scarcely been equalled for vigour of line and truth of suggestion, while the finished proofs, overladen with the burin work of assistants, are too often scarcely art at all. The selection includes fifteen plates altogether, each shown in at least two states. Mr. Heseltine has also contributed the drawings made by Vandyck in preparation for the Vorstermans and the Stalbemt. Turning to the members themselves, the most notable things are contributed by Mr. H. Marshall, Colonel Goff, Mr. C. J. Watson, Mr. Charles Bird, Mr. Jacomb Hood, Mons. P. Hellen, Mr. Herkomer, Mr. D. Y. Cameron, Mr. T. J. Dalgleish, and Mr. William Strang. Mr. Herkomer's burin portrait of his wife (186) is, to our minds, the best thing he has yet done on copper. It is brilliant, rich, and phenomenally free in treatment. He has used it to illustrate his lately published volume on etching and mezzotint engraving, but here, among other works with the point, it looks even more brilliant than within the quarto pages. Of the Strangs the best, perhaps, are the *Portrait of W. Wright, Esq.* (123) and the *Flight into Egypt* (219).

THE best things in the seventy-fourth exhibition of the Institute are the drawings of the late Thomas Collier. There are eight altogether, and to us the most admirable seem to be the two near the centre on the south side of the large room. The animation of nature has never been rendered with a finer skill, and yet, restless and full of movement as they are, their harmony, their aesthetic unity and peace, are complete. In a fine Collier we see the tradition of Cox invigorated with a new masculinity, and illumined with an intellectual alertness which is sometimes far to seek in the master himself. Collier affords, perhaps, the best answer to those who blame the English school of water-colour for want of purpose and form. In years to come his drawings are likely to be prized more highly than those of any contemporary painter of landscape in the same medium. At the moment, however, his followers are few. In the Institute they can be counted on the fingers, and no one of them has the creative fire of their leader. One of the 'centres' in the first room has been given to Professor Hans von Bartels, of Munich, for a huge drawing of waves, to the manufacture of which photography has contributed not a little. It is a clever piece of work, from the technical, or rather mechanical, standpoint; but art, in any worthy sense, has little enough to say to it. In such a work, skill, observation, and memory are the powers drawn upon. Passion has nothing to say to it, nor that faculty for coherent expression which gives the painter his best right to fame. It is strange that Germany, which has distanced all the rest of the world in the expression of passion by sound, should be so impotent when it has to be expressed in colour. Mr. T. Austen Brown's *A Summer Twilight* has qualities of tone and colour not to be equalled, so far as our experience goes, by any brush between the Rhine and the Vistula. A second drawing by Mr. Brown has been hung rather high; so has a clever impressionistic page from life in London, which Mr. Raven Hill calls *A Metropolitan Idyll*. Both of these we should like to see at closer quarters. Other contributions that may be named are Mr. Edwin Bale's *Florence;* Mr. Harry Hine's *Richmond, Yorkshire;* Mr. H. G. Hine's *Afterglow;* Mr. Wimperis's *Windmill and Sheep;* Mr. Weedon's *Evening Shadows, Richborough;* and Mr. Nash's dramatic and artistically sufficient *Morning of Another Day*. A drawing of *Ironclads at Target Practice*, by Mr. J. R. Wells, has excellent qualities; so has the very ambitious *St. Augustine of Canterbury*, by Mr. W. Collins. Finally, we must praise the drawings by Mr. Fulleylove, from corners in 48 Bedford Square, especially the small *His ain Fireside;* and the contributions of Mr. Edgar Bundy, Sir James Linton, and Mr. William Rainey. The *City Walls*, by the last-named, is one of the most remarkable things in the whole show.

Two small exhibitions of some interest are open in the gallery of the Fine Art Society. One is a collection of oil sketches made on the tidal Seine by Mr. W. H. Bartlett; the other a series of water-colour drawings dealing with the valleys of Derbyshire and South-western Yorkshire, by Mr. Sutton Palmer. Mr. Bartlett paints broadly, sometimes a little emptily, but with a good sense of colour. Mr. Palmer works with overmuch respect for scenery in a manner which has affinities with those of Mr. Birket Foster and the late Mr. Paul Naftel. Occasionally he loosens his hand, and then we have a drawing like his *Moorland, near Cotherstone, Yorks.*, which betrays the influence of Collier. Some very clever pastels by Mr. Alfred Hitchens are on view in the same gallery.

AT the 'Rembrandt Head,' Mr. Dunthorne's gallery in Vigo Street, a number of studies from wild beasts by Mr. J. T. Nettleship are to be seen. Faulty, sometimes in drawing and nearly always so in texture, they extort our praise by their grip on character and by the largeness—a largeness recalling Barye—with which they are seen. They are to be followed in the same room by a collection of water-colour drawings by Mr. C. J. Watson, the well-known Fellow of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers.

MR. FRANK BRANGWYN and Mr. William Hunt have been to the Cape, and are showing a series of 'South African Pictures' at the Japanese Gallery, 28 New Bond Street. They are well worth a visit, especially those for

which Mr. Brangwyn is responsible. In three years, as the catalogue reminds us, Cape Colony will be celebrating the centenary of English rule. In 1886 it kept its four hundredth birthday into European civilisation, and the part of it in which the signs of the vicissitudes through which it has passed during those four centuries was the part chosen by the two artists for their sketching ground. It includes the wine districts of Stellenbosch, Drakenstein, Fransche Hoek, and the Paarl, and these, if we may trust the pictorial evidence here collected, should be most attractive to future travellers with paint and canvas in their wallets.

THE magazines of the National Gallery continue to yield unexpected treasures. Since we last referred to the Gallery an excellent Van Goyen, a good Berchem, and a first-rate example of the early manner of Jacob van Ruisdael, having had the dirt of half a century washed from their faces, have been brought up into the light and hung among their relations. The collection now includes three Van Goyens, the 'master of insipid greens,' as he was called by the learned but imperceptive Waagen. If he had been a little less prolific Van Goyen would, by this, have been threatening a 'boom.' The increase in his reputation is one of the best proofs that taste has improved enormously within the last generation.

THE spring exhibition of Mr. T. M'Lean's gallery in the Haymarket—which, as we write, is not yet hung as a whole—includes a remarkable picture by an artist who has been less busy lately than we should have liked to see him, we mean Cecil van Haanen. His new picture is simply a pair of young Venetians—one *roussotte*, of course, and the other *brune*. They are arm-in-arm, the dark one looking out of the canvas, the blonde watching her companion. The heads and hands and the Venetian frippery are painted with that combination of solid workmanlike qualities with lightness and dexterity by which Van Haanen leaves all his rivals in the neo-Venetian school so far behind.

THE summer exhibition season has been opened in Paris by the Société des Artistes Indépendants. Their show in the Champs Elysées is of the same description as usual. A few clever and a very few accomplished things hang among a number of absurd daubs, as to which no man can say whether they are 'meant' or not. If these are jokes, they are bad jokes, and now they have come to be old jokes. As for the good things, the best of all is a sort of portrait by the Spaniard, Ramon Cazas. The original is a girl at the *café chantant* known as the *Moulin de la Galette*. M. Cazas has painted her without any of the affectations of his colleagues, and so presents a type of the *Parisienne* with great possibilities both of good and evil. Clever, too, is a study of the *Place Blanche*, in afternoon light, by another Spaniard, Anselmo Guinea; a *Néréide*, by Serendat de Belzim, a native of the Mauritius; *Robe Mauve*, by Lefebvre-Lourdet; and a *Coin d'Atelier*, by Henry Bouvet. The rest is for the most part affectation rampant. Another show of a very independent sort is that of the Société de la Rose Croix, at the galleries of M. Durand Ruel. Here we find a strong dash of sham mysticism helping out the barrenness of the artistic *terrain*. But the technical standard is much higher than with the Independents, and so the unregenerate art-lover can find something to catch hold of and enjoy. A portrait of Le Sar Josephin Peladan is among the exhibits. From its own standpoint it is not so bad.

THE sale of the Clancarty pictures at Christie's on the 12th of March attracted a crowd of well-known amateurs and dealers, both English and foreign. The collection, formed by the second Earl of Clancarty during his tenure as British minister at Brussels and the Hague, was practically unknown to connoisseurs, and this, combined with the fine quality and good condition of a certain number of the pictures, sufficiently accounts for the attention excited and the high prices realised. For the most part the collection was representative of the lesser lights of the Dutch school rather than of its great masters. But a notable exception was a *Portrait of a Gentleman in Black holding a Book*, by Frans Hals, painted in 1630—a little picture on copper, measuring about 6 in. × 4 in., of the most supreme quality. This, after a brisk competition, was knocked down to Mr. Lesser for the large price of seven hundred guineas. Among the less important lots were various good examples of masters in the second and third rank, the most interesting being *The Wine Contract*, a group of four gentlemen (Van der Noort, Van den Eckhout, Thomas and Jan Hendrick) seated at a table, by Gerbrandt van den Eckhout; *Gold and Silver Vessels and Still Life*, by Van Beyeren; a small *Woody River Scene*, by Ruisdael, which fetched the large sum of two hundred and forty guineas; an *Interior with Dogs*, by Snyders; a fine *Portrait of a Lady*, signed and dated 1637, by the rare Jan Verspronck; a very fine *Coast Scene*, by Van der Capelle; and a *Portrait of Lord Castlereagh*, by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

THE collection of pictures, furniture, plate, and artistic *bric-à-brac* of all sorts, forming the stock of the Wertheimers, the well-known Bond Street dealers, was brought to the hammer at Christie's last month, in consequence of the death of Mr. Samson Wertheimer and the dissolution of the firm. The pictures were not numerous, some thirty only being included in the sale of Saturday, the 19th of March, where they shared the honours with contributions from the trustees of Lord Dunmore, the executors of the late Mr. Frederick Lehmann, Mr. Henry Bullock, of Faulkbourn Hall, Essex, and others. Among the Wertheimer pictures were the celebrated 'Mildmay' Rembrandt of 1650, a masterpiece in most brilliant condition, known as *A Young Woman Rising in Bed*. It is one of the master's portraits of Hendrikje Stoffels, his *maîtresse* of later years. Two fine Teniers, a *Village Fête* and an *Interior of a Guard-room*, or more correctly a *Deliverance of St. Peter*, came from Knole into Mr. Wertheimer's collection a year or two back. The small Watteau, *L'Accord Parfait*, was the picture bought by Mr. Wertheimer at Miss James's sale last year; a first-rate Snyders, a *Larder*, and a *Crucifixion* by Rubens, from the Jesuits' Church at Amsterdam, complete the tale of the more notable treasures. Among the Dunmore pictures those to attract most attention were the three Romneys: *Lady Augusta Murray, Duchess of Sussex; Portrait of Mrs. Morton Pitt and her Son; Lady Hamilton as a Welsh Girl;* Reynolds's beautiful *Lady Sondes*, and an excellent and most important example of James Stark, *A 'Frolic' on the Banks of the Yare*. A large and early Patrick Nasmyth showed that master to little advantage.

BY the death of Sir William Gregory on March 6th, the National Gallery loses one of the most able and energetic of its trustees, and one who had seen some quarter of a century of service. Sir William was the son of Robert Gregory, of Coole Park, Galway, and grandson of the Right Hon. William Gregory, Under-Secretary for Ireland. He was born in 1817. His political and controversial career has been fully set forth elsewhere, but in these pages he claims mention not only on account of his official connexion with the fine arts, but as a *dilettante* of more than average taste and knowledge, who had qualified for his responsible position by industrious study of art, both in England and in Spain and Italy.

M. BRUNO VAN HOLLEBEKE, who has died at the Hospice des Aveugles, Brussels, at the age of seventy-five, was a history painter of some repute in his time, who, like greater men before him, had become blind and fallen on evil days in old age. His *Derniers Jours d'un Condamné* is in the Academy of Bruges.

M. JACQUES ALFRED BRIELMAN, a pupil of Lavieille, was a landscape-painter, who took his inspiration chiefly from French coast and river scenery, and was at various times employed in the decoration of public buildings in Paris and the provinces. He was born in 1835, and first exhibited at the Salon in 1868

## INTERIOR OF ST. MARK'S, VENICE

ETCHED BY C. O. MURRAY

THIS view of the famous church is taken from a corner of the North Transept, looking across towards the Choir and the Rood-screen with its twelve statues of the Apostles. Mr. Murray has etched it for THE PORTFOLIO from a charcoal drawing which he made during a visit to Venice in the autumn of last year.

## JOHN FREDERICK LEWIS, R.A.

IT may be as well to premise these remarks on one of the most brilliant of modern English artists, by stating that the greater part of the biographical details of his life have been obtained from the full notice inserted in Mr. J. L. Roget's admirable 'History of the "Old" Water-Colour Society,' and from a sketch of the painter's career which appeared in the 'Art Journal' for 1858. The particulars so obtained have been supplemented, in such instances as it has been possible to supplement them, by information from other sources.

There would appear to be some little doubt as to the exact date of the artist's birth; the received date being 14th July, 1805, while on an engraved portrait of the master, executed by Charles G. Lewis, and to be found in the Print Room of the British Museum, is inserted in the handwriting of the engraver, 'born 14th July, 1804.' The father of John Frederick Lewis was the well-known engraver, Frederick Christian Lewis, who was living at the time of our painter's birth in Queen Anne Street, a locality which at once calls up the memories of famous limners—Turner, the veritable *deus loci*, as a matter of course, and also Edwin Landseer. The popular animal-painter is said to have been born in the same house in which Lewis a little later saw the light, and he must, at any rate, have been well acquainted in boyhood with his contemporary, since a bond of intimacy existed between the fathers of the two youths, both of them engravers.

John Frederick showed as a boy that precocity in excellence, that irresistible yearning to pursue the artistic career, which is rather the rule than the exception in the beginnings of men of real power and distinctiveness. Equally as a matter of course, the boy's father thought it wise to control the youthful impetuosity of the painter *en herbe*, wishing to keep him to the safer and more immediately lucrative branch of engraving, for which he had already put him into training. The part of the parent—putting a necessary curb on budding genius, or, as the case may be, erratic mediocrity—is surely one of the most ungrateful in life. If genius succeeds, then the progenitors of genius are held up to public scorn for their density and want of appreciation; but we hear, of course, little or nothing about

the early life of genius which fails or turns out to be a mere rainbow bubble—cases in which we are inclined to think the parental curb may not have been applied with sufficient vigour. The Print Room of the British Museum contains proof that the young Lewis very early acquired a certain ease in the use of the etching-point. There is preserved there a *Revel of Boors*, after Adrian van Ostade, inscribed 'Copy by J. Lewis, aged 13,' and a remarkably free and bold study of a kicking horse, stated in the margin to be 'Etched by J. Lewis, from an original drawing by Wyke.' Frederick Christian Lewis, however, evidently finding that his son's talent was even thus early promising a serious development, proceeded still further to stimulate his energies by the compact that he would be allowed freely to follow his own bent, and embrace the career of a painter, provided he should first succeed in selling a painting in a London exhibition. In 1820, when the lad was not quite fifteen, he exhibited a picture at the British Institution, and another at the gallery of the Oil and Water-Colour Society in Spring Gardens. The former was immediately bought by George Garrard, A.R.A., himself a painter of considerable reputation. Thus, then, was the impossible achieved, almost without effort, and the young Lewis at one stroke set free to take the first steps in what developed into a long and variously successful career. He then devoted himself enthusiastically to the study of animals, making use of the menagerie which at that time existed in Exeter Change, Strand. Several of the sketches so obtained were purchased from Lewis by the veteran Northcote, R.A., then still vigorously labouring both in art and art-literature, and himself a curious link between the two centuries to which he belonged. He showed these sketches to Sir Thomas Lawrence, and the President (who was, as it appears, a friend of the elder Lewis) was so struck with their merit that he immediately engaged the younger, who was then about fifteen, as assistant draughtsman. His chief task at the studio in Russell Square was to sketch in animals and backgrounds for the portraits of the famous master. In 1822 and 1823 he exhibited at Somerset House portraits of favourite horses and dogs, and also a humorous piece, *Fatal Curiosity*, showing a monkey breaking a mirror in search of his own reflection, which was much praised by Stothard, who at first mistook it for a Landseer.

In 1824 Lewis showed the results of his close study of wild beasts in a set of six quarto plates of 'Studies of Wild Animals' etched and mezzotinted entirely by the artist himself, a publication revealing a technical and artistic skill which must excite astonishment, even apart from the consideration that Lewis, when it was issued, was only nineteen years of age. The Print Room of the British Museum possesses these plates, both in the very rare preliminary state, in which the etched foundation alone is seen, and in the completed form, in which the chiaroscuro of mezzotint lends redoubled force to the designs. Among the most magnificent studies are a *Sleeping Lion and Lioness*, a *Sleeping Lion*, and a *Head of a Tigress*, in which mezzotint renders with singular truth the eyeball of the fierce beast. Somewhat less good is a *Lion and Lioness prowling*, in which neither the onward movement nor the muscular structure of the animals is very perfectly given. Mr. Ruskin carries us with him in a very eloquent and beautiful passage of the famous 'Pre-Raphaelitism,' in which he overwhelms these noble designs with praise; and even on a more sober reconsideration we find ourselves lagging less far behind him in admiration than is usual when he has been swept away by his own eloquence. These renderings of the king of beasts are certainly in their way unrivalled in English art, though form and muscular structure are by no means invariably above criticism. The heads are, however, rendered with a truth of conception, a portrait-like accuracy, and at the same time a majestic breadth for which it would not be easy to find a parallel. Certainly Landseer—with his excessive infusion of the human element into the beast world—has done nothing at all on the same level; and to find as noble a conception of the *felis leo* we must come down to a painter of to-day, Mr. J. M. Swan, who, however, with all his sympathetic power and all his skill, has hardly yet equalled the majesty of some of these types.

It is curious that Lewis, though his exquisiteness of execution grew and grew with years almost to the end of his career, never again showed an artistic power or an originality of conception equal to that so strikingly manifested in the 'Studies of Wild Animals.' He also exhibited at the Royal Academy, in 1824 and 1825, pictures of a *Lion and Lioness*, and, in 1827, at the 'Old' Water-Colour Society, a *Vanquished Lion* and a *Dying Lioness*. To the year 1824 belongs also the curious portrait of the centenarian, Mrs. Birch, painted at her spinning-wheel, with her infinitely wrinkled face framed in a mob-cap. This was lithographed by the artist's father as the frontispiece to a volume of letters written by the aged lady in her ninety-eighth and ninety-ninth years, and published by her family after her death. The portrait, to judge by the lithographed reproduction, is modelled with a force and a loving minuteness recalling vividly the style of execution in the studies of the painter's

*STUDY OF A SLEEPING LION. FROM AN ENGRAVING BY J. F. LEWIS, R.A.*

feline pets. Lewis's rare skill and genuine sympathy with the animal world are further displayed in a series of twelve 'Etchings of Domestic Subjects,' executed in 1825, on a considerably smaller scale than the 'Studies,' and published by the artist's father in 1826. Here only etching is employed, and the point is wielded with much delicacy, yet without much sense of the colour and variety to be obtained by force and cunning gradation. Among the most remarkable of the plates are *Mare and Foal* and *Ass and Foal*, the truth of the genuinely animal, as distinguished from pseudo-human, expression being as admirable as in a Paul Potter, while the rendering of the general form and movement is far less uniformly successful. Noticeable, too, are *Jocko the Monkey*, *Rattler*—a forcibly characterised study of William the Fourth's favourite staghound—and *A German Wild Boar*, one of those which were then denizens of Windsor Park. In the *Wounded Deer* the etcher does not equal Landseer on his own particular ground, although he is, perhaps, nearer to the unvarnished truth. It was also in the year 1824 that the artist attracted the attention of George IV.—a good intuitive judge of art, as the exquisitely well-chosen collection at Buckingham Palace proves — and was by him thenceforward employed for some years to paint deer and sporting subjects at Windsor. His Majesty may possibly have seen and liked the painter's first large work in

oils, *Deer-shooting at Belhus, Essex*, produced in 1822, and bought for engraving by Messrs. Hurst and Robinson.

In 1827 Lewis was elected an Associate of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours, where he that season exhibited four drawings, including the two to which we have already referred. He then indulged himself in the first of his foreign journeys, a trip to the Tyrol, Venice, and North Italy, the results of which were shown in 1828 at the Royal Academy, where *The Chamois sketched in the Tyrol* was exhibited, and at the Water-Colour Society, where *Tyrolese Hunters* and *Scene near the Bridge of Sighs, Venice*, were, as to subject, in striking contrast with what he had previously brought forward. On the 1st June, 1829, Lewis was elected a full member of the Society, and he, from that time forward for many years, continued to work almost exclusively in water-colours —fascinated, as we are told, by the ease, simplicity, and directness of the technique. In 1830 he sent one drawing to the Academy and thirteen to the Society, while in 1831 his entire production for the year—no less than fifteen drawings —went to the Society. Many of these last were studies of Highland peasant life; and the well-known *Highland Hospitality*, exhibited in 1832, and popularised by W. Giller's engraving, dealt with a similar theme. Here the naturalism of the artist is coloured by an infusion of that tepid, unconvincing sentimentality which was for the time being to swallow up English *genre* and romantic art, and which comes out much more strongly in the half-realistic, half-romantic productions of his Spanish-Italian or middle period.

*A SPANISH GIRL. FROM A STUDY BY J. F. LEWIS, R.A.*

It was in the year 1832 that Lewis set out for Spain, where, in the course of wanderings which lasted until January, 1834, he visited Madrid, Toledo, Cordova, Granada, Seville, Gibraltar, and Tangier. His first occupation would appear to have been the copying, with unwearying skill and much success, of many of the masterpieces of Spanish art, chiefly selected from the Madrid Gallery and the Murillos at Seville. Of these copies, supplemented by some similar reproductions of Italian masterpieces of the Renaissance, sixty-four were, in the year 1853, purchased by the Royal Scottish Academy for the use of students, and are now in the National Gallery of Scotland. As results of his Spanish studies appeared, at 1833, in the exhibition of the Society, *An Andalusian Peasant begging at a Convent Door, Seville; A Calesero in Andalusia*, and the curiously styled *Mass in a Moorish Chapel in the Cathedral of Cordova*. In 1834 and 1835 followed other examples drawn from the artist's Spanish

studies and experiences, and in 1836 three important drawings devoted to the illustration of the Spanish bull-fight. To this time belong evidently a series of water-colour drawings—or, rather, preparatory sketches—preserved in the British Museum, and at present shown in the public exhibition of the new wing. Among these are, *Plaza of S. Francisco, Seville; View of the Alhambra; Study of a Spanish Dancing Girl;* and the more important *Promenade in a Street of Seville*, which last an enterprising picture-dealer of to-day would certainly christen after its principal group, *Carmen and Escamillo.* To the year 1837 belongs an important and popular composition, *A Spy of the Christino Army brought before the Carlist General-in-Chief, Zumalcarregui*, an engraving of which appeared in the 'Art Journal' for 1858, while the original itself was exhibited at Burlington House in 1891. Another result of the Spanish tour was the publication of two large folio albums of lithographed designs, the first of which, brought out in 1835, was entitled 'Sketches and Drawings of the Alhambra made during a residence in Granada in the years 1833-34.' The second and more varied instalment, published in 1836, was styled 'Lewis's Sketches of Spain and Spanish Character, made during his tour in that country in the years 1833–34,' and further described as 'drawn on stone from his original sketches entirely by himself.' This last album was dedicated to David Wilkie, R.A. Among other lithographs from the hand of Lewis belonging to this same time may be cited *La Sevillana, A Spanish Lady, A Spanish Peasant Girl*—lithographed after Lewis's own picture—and *The Harem.* The last-named is a brilliant example, showing a delicate sense of values which is much in advance of that exhibited in the pure etchings. All through these illustrations of Spanish life and character, while we note the technical ability and the powers of observation of the draughtsman, we note also that vein of cheap sentimentality proper to the British artist of the period, as it unconsciously rises to the surface, and gives an unpleasant colour of *banalité* and conventionality to the scenes depicted. To the present generation, accustomed both to a greater fire and to a more uncompromising truth in the treatment of such subjects, it is especially difficult to sympathise with a pictorial semi-realism such as this. If we had not in mind and in memory Henri Régnault's *Marshal Prim*, and his exquisite little *Comtesse de la Barck* (both now in the Louvre), we should be inclined to say that none but a Spaniard can paint a Spaniard; and perhaps the gifted Frenchman derived much of his peculiar power in this respect from his connexion with the brilliant Spaniard, Fortuny. At any rate, Velazquez, Zurbaran, Murillo; later on, Goya; and in these latter days, Fortuny and the splendid draughtsman, Vierge Urrabieta, afford good evidence in support of our induction.

Among other productions of the Spanish time, of which it has not been possible to make individual mention, are, *Spanish Mendicants*, 1833 (mezzotinted by C. G. Lewis; *The Contrabandista*, 1834 (mezzotinted by C. Turner); *Spanish Monks Preaching for the Benefit of their Convent, Seville*, 1835 (mezzotinted by J. G. Bromley).

Lewis left England again in 1837, and spent part of 1838 in Paris, whence he sent to the exhibition of the Society two pictures, *The Sacking of a Convent by Christino Guerillas*, and *Murillo painting the Virgin in the Franciscan Convent at Seville.* He then, after travelling about for some time, settled for a period in Rome, where he painted an elaborate subject, *Easter Day at Rome—Pilgrims and Peasants waiting for the Benediction of the Pope*, which appeared in 1841 in the gallery of the Society. In 1840 he started for the East, went to Corfu and Albania, and, in the Gulf of Corinth, nearly succumbed to a violent fever; recovering from which, however, he found his way to Constantinople, where he remained some little time sketching the mosques. After a summer tour through Asia Minor, he found his way to Cairo, which, with some few temporary interruptions for excursions to the right and left, became his resting-place, and, to all intents and purposes, his home for a period of nearly ten years. Thackeray, in his 'Journey from Cornhill to Grand Cairo' (copious excerpts from which are given by Mr. Roget), furnishes an

account of the artist's uncompromisingly Oriental establishment in the Egyptian city, so exquisitely humorous that i would be imprudent to attempt any paraphrase or abridgment. Lewis here stands before us as a living figure, in his strange metamorphosis from the Western dandy into the bearded, grave, and reverend Oriental, taking his part *au grand sérieux*, and both dressing and playing it to perfection, without the slightest tinge of the amateur ill at ease in his unwonted trappings. Even life in Cairo was sometimes, it would appear, too civilised for this convert, or pervert, to the lazy, contemplative life of the East, since he would often exchange it for the absolute freedom and the long, melancholy silences of the desert. To Mr. Roget, again, we must refer the reader who would be instructed as to the angry communications which passed between Lewis and the Society of Water-Colours in

*A HALT IN THE DESERT. FROM A WATER-COLOUR DRAWING BY J. F. LEWIS, R.A.*

consequence of the absent member failing for a number of consecutive years to contribute anything to the exhibitions. The name of the offending absentee was ultimately ordered to be erased from the list of members; but, on an expression of regret for past omissions, and a promise of amendment in the future having been received from him, its restoration was decreed. In 1850 appeared, in Pall Mall East, a brilliant piece of work, *The Hhareem*, which afforded to the British admirers of the master the first revelation of the altogether transformed manner acquired during a protracted residence under Eastern and African suns. It created a veritable sensation in virtue of its splendour of colour, its patient elaboration, and its dexterous treatment of light. Those who had known the work of Lewis in former years failed to recognise their friend, while those who knew him not hailed a new and remarkable talent. The master returned to England in 1851, and established himself at 6 Upper Hornton Villas, Campden Hill—a sudden transition, indeed, from Cairo, and one which gives evidence of much nerve and resolution in the man who could make up his mind to face it. In 1852 appeared *An Arab Scribe—Cairo*, to the full as wonderful in elaboration of detail as the foregoing, with

its delicately pierced and wrought '*mesherebiyeh*,' or latticed window, at the back, and its cunning profusion of embroidered and woven stuffs and other accessories — the chief lines of the group, formed by the patient scribe himself, a half-veiled lady dictating, and her dusky, smiling slave, being, moreover, unusually simple and harmonious. In 1854 was shown *Camels and Bedouins—Desert of the Red Sea;* in 1855 appeared *The Well in the Desert—Egypt*, and the well-known *Greeting in the Desert—Egypt*, showing two Arabs dismounting from their camels and exchanging salutations. Here the drawing of the camels is as bold and true as it is carefully finished, but the sunlit atmosphere is hard and sharp, as well as bright, and it is proved that Lewis is not so absolutely a master in rendering *plein air* as in depicting those Oriental interiors, brilliantly illuminated by a tempered, yet all-penetrating sun, in the detailing of which he has known so few equals. At the Paris International Exhibition of 1855 the artist was represented by five drawings, including *The Hhareem*, which had excited so great a sensation in 1850. Of this Edmund About gives an amusingly inept and ill-natured criticism, the hardly suppressed Anglophobia of which oozes out in every line.

In the year 1856 Lewis was elected President of the Old Water-Colour Society, and marked his assumption of office by the exhibition of one of his most remarkable achievements, *A Frank Encampment in the Desert of Mount Sinaï, 1842*, of which the catalogue further proceeds to state: 'The Convent of St. Catherine in the distance.—The picture comprises portraits of an English nobleman and his suite; Mahmoud, the Dragoman, &c.; Hussein, Scheikh of Gebel Tor, &c.' This is the work the marvellous elaboration of which called down the altogether hyperbolic and grotesque utterance of Mr. Ruskin: 'I have no hesitation in ranking it among the most *wonderful* pictures in the world; nor do I believe that since the death of Paul Veronese (!) anything has been painted comparable to it in its own way. . . .' The prophet-critic, after justly praising the delicate minuteness of the detail, and the general breadth of effect with which, with a rare mastery, it is combined, further goes on to say, 'Labour thus concentrated in large purpose — detail thus united into effective mass — has not been seen till now.' In his anxious seeking for striking and paradoxical phrase, Mr. Ruskin is here strangely unjust to the whole Flemish school of the fifteenth century, with the Van Eycks and Roger van der Weyden at its head; and among the Italians, to the majestic Mantegna himself, than whose work, even on the largest scale, and in the largest manner, no Fleming or Dutchman of them all produced anything more exquisitely finished. In 1857 appeared yet another important drawing, *Hhareem Life, Constantinople*, rivalling its predecessors in elaboration. Here it is amusing to find Mr. Ruskin stepping back a little—aware, perhaps, that in his former criticism he has overstepped even the extremest limits of Ruskinian exaggeration — and questioning the advisability of expending so much intellect and patience on 'a little piece of white linen film.'

In the beginning of the year 1858, Lewis, to the great regret and also not a little to the surprise of the Society, resigned not only his dignity of President, but also his membership, alleging as his reason that his health was being destroyed by his unceasing labour in the elaborate style which he had now definitively matured for himself. He deemed—and no doubt rightly deemed — that by returning to his original career as an oil painter, he could legitimately earn much more with less labour, and without any derogation from his high standpoint as an artist. It is well-nigh incredible that an executant of this calibre — standing so prominently before the public, so attractive in personality, so enthusiastically and to a great extent justly praised by a pen which then made the law in art — should by the most intense application have just succeeded in making 500*l.* a year as a water-colour painter. And yet Lewis, as, no doubt, correctly quoted by Mr. Roget, asserted that in 1858, at the apogee of his power, he could make no more. Thenceforward, almost literally to the day of his death, he became an assiduous exhibitor at the Royal Academy, and was rewarded for his secession by his election as an Associate in 1859, as a full R.A. in 1865. That, notwithstanding his

lamentations on the unproductiveness of his favourite medium, he by no means ceased to employ it, was conclusively shown by the fine selection from his works, which formed so interesting a feature of the water-colour display in the 'Old Masters' Exhibition of 1891 at Burlington House. Here several of the most elaborate drawings were dated long after the secession, among them being the largest of all, *The Reception*, which bore the full signature of the artist with the date 1873, while the dainty *Lilium Auratum* was a reduced *replica* of the oil painting exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1872, and last seen at the Guildhall Loan Exhibition of 1890. *The Reception* shows, with an elaboration which is almost an exaggeration of the often-cited *Hhareem*, the interior of a richly adorned harem, lighted by an Oriental sun, which, filtering in every direction through the carved and fretted mesherebiyehs of a Cairene house, is reflected from the floors and walls on to the rich stuffs of the carpets and divans, and the garish garments with which the beauties of the harem have adorned their highly artificial charms. Here, as in all the prominent Egyptian examples, the study of pure and tempered sunlight, the weaving together in a seemingly artless but really cunning confusion of the myriad hues of the East is the great attraction from an artistic point of view. In the figures—as, indeed, in most of those of Lewis's later time—there is comparative failure. It is curious how, especially in his delineation of women, the early ideals and the early conventionalities pursue the artist. Notwithstanding their pencilled black brows, their curling lashes, their eyes *en coulisse*, these wooden damsels who people, or rather furnish, Lewis's Eastern scenes—all cast, as they are, in the same mould, and void of facial expression—reveal themselves as essentially 'early Victorian;' much as the Andalusian beauties of his preceding time, for all their combs, their fans, and their elaborate *accroche-coeurs*, were in their essence British—keepsake beauties, to all intents and purposes—of the commencement of the reign. One side of the loveliness of the East, its kaleidoscopic and yet rarely garish brilliancy, its contrasts of maddening turmoil and perfect repose, Lewis rendered with a loving skill and a perfection which, in their way, have hardly been surpassed. Still, though his work was too beautiful in hue and texture, too earnest in its effort to attain pictorial truth, to be called prosaic, he did not succeed in expressing—he did not, we think, attempt to express—the poetry of the East, that peculiar, subtle fragrance which we find in the canvases of a Delacroix, a Decamps, or a Fromentin. This imperfectly definable quality is not so much the romantic glamour which pervades the Oriental poetry of Byron, Shelley, and Hugo, as a less imaginative but not less deeply penetrating truth, which is content to deal with the Orient of to-day as it is, yet pierces intuitively through its upper crust into its essence, and thus inevitably suggests the beauty and mystery of its past.

The last section of Lewis's career, in which he was chiefly known to the public as a painter in oils, affecting exclusively Eastern and African-Eastern subjects, though by no means the least brilliant, is for obvious reasons that on which it is least necessary to dwell. Many and striking as were Lewis's artistic triumphs in this concluding stage, his style underwent no further metamorphosis or variation; for, while exhibiting increased mastery as an oil painter, he was apparently content to live on almost entirely in his Cairene and Eastern experiences, shunning all contact with the sterner, greyer realities of the Western life, by which he was surrounded.

An enumeration of the performances exhibited from year to year on the walls of the Royal Academy, from his secession down to the date of his retirement in 1876—the very year of his death—would be tedious and not especially instructive. For Lewis's are the most pictorial and the least literary of pictures, and are therefore those which it is most difficult to describe in a comprehensible and generally acceptable fashion. Amongst these we may, nevertheless, note a few. In 1857, *The Syrian Scheikh;* in 1859, *Waiting for the Ferry Boat—Upper Egypt;* in 1861, *A Bedouin Scheikh; In the Bezenstan, Cairo;* and *Edfou, Upper Egypt.* To

A School at Cairo

1869 belongs the exquisite *Doubtful Coin*, now the property of that admirably ordered and managed public collection, the Corporation Gallery of Birmingham. Here we have a scene in a Cairene bazaar, in which is depicted an old Seraff or money-changer dubiously scrutinising a large silver coin tendered to him by a veiled lady. The picture is a veritable feast to the eye, and shows the master attaining, with the aid of a powerful and skilfully modulated chiaroscuro, to a dazzling brilliancy, and at the same time to a satisfying richness, hardly to be found even in the finest of the water-colours. Such combinations of orange and citron, crimson, blue and green, of softly gleaming cloth of silver, of rich woven fabrics, have rarely been ventured upon by an English painter; and still more rarely have they been crowned with complete success. In 1872 appears the well-known *Lilium Auratum*, of which mention has already been made; while in the very last year of Lewis's life there are seen at the Academy three examples,—*Midday Meal, Cairo; A Cairo Bazaar;* and the water-colour, *On the Banks of the Nile, Upper Egypt.* At the Paris Universal Exhibition of 1878 the master was posthumously represented by *The Courtyard of a Coptic House*, *The Arab Scribe*, and this same *Midday Meal* of 1876; and, besides these oil paintings, also by four important water-colours.

The collection of water-colours at the South Kensington Museum includes three examples of our painter. The most important is the brilliantly coloured and highly finished *School at Cairo*, which is not altogether exempt from that woodenness and immobility in the figures to which we have called attention. The fully elaborated *Halt in the Desert* (1855) shows the characteristic sharpness and dryness in depicting open, naked sunlight; while the *Tomb of Sultan Bajazet at Constantinople* is an unfinished, but yet very careful sketch, belonging apparently to a considerably earlier period in the artist's practice.

John Frederick Lewis died on the 15th August, 1876, at Walton-on-Thames, at the age of seventy-one, and was buried at Frimley.

It is strange that no attempt has yet been made to obtain for the National Gallery any example of his work, although by this time paintings by Rossetti, Frederick Walker, and even Cecil Lawson have been included—and rightly included—in the National collection. Whatever may be the fate of the proposed National Gallery of British Art, and whether it is to be to the National Gallery as the Luxembourg to the Louvre, or not, it would appear imperative that, while the central collection remains the home of the British school as a whole, it should be made to include works of the most accomplished among deceased painters of that school, whether it be fifty years, or only fifteen, since they have passed over to the majority.

CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

## PROFESSOR HERKOMER ON ETCHING AND MEZZOTINT.

R. HERKOMER'S little treatise, which might be properly called a handbook were it not for the dimensions of the page, contains in few words the results of his own technical experience and also a few interesting criticisms. The author, as most of our readers are already aware, is himself a good practical etcher and a mezzotint engraver of considerable skill. His position as Slade Professor at Oxford imposes upon him the duty of delivering lectures every year on artistic subjects, and it is natural that he should talk about two arts that he thoroughly understands. His book, the result of these lectures (probably in a condensed form), is a work of advocacy entirely on the side of 'painter-etching,' and opposed to the mechanical employment of the art, and even to its subordination to painting in the interpretation of pictures. Mr. Herkomer also

objects to large etchings which divert the artist from what ought to be his true purpose, the spontaneous expression of his thought.

This author's position as a member of the Royal Academy and Slade Professor at the same time may give him some weight of influence which he is endeavouring to exercise on what I believe to be the right side. But I fear that the force of circumstances will be against him, as they have been against other advocates of the same cause who had no official claims to be listened to. A good piece of painter's etching differs from the work of an engraver who may employ exactly the same processes and materials. The difference is one of purpose and inspiration. The painter-etcher, working strictly in the temper of his art, expresses an idea, or a mood of mind, with the slightest possible degree of technical preoccupation. The process is rapid and purely linear, consequently no one ought to expect from it any complete rendering, though it may give a suggestion, of tone. The result is a sketch which, however suggestive it may be, is still slight in its technical structure in comparison with the full tone, colour, and texture of an oil painting and even of many water-colours. This comparative technical slightness makes true painter's etchings always rather unsatisfactory to the general public, and even to many painters. A little anecdote will show what I mean. I remember etching, many years ago, a small plate representing a country lane, part of it in strong sunshine, the rest shaded by trees. Being in friendly correspondence with an eminent painter I sent him a proof and, in return, he kindly sent me a criticism. 'Your etching,' he said, 'is wrong in tone, because you have left the lighted part of your lane and your sky equally white, whereas in nature the sky would probably be much brighter than the lane.' So it was; but my etching had no pretension to be in full tone, therefore I had purposely lost all the treble notes of my scale in white, as many of the greatest etchers have done. Now, it is found that the tonic incompleteness, or rather abstraction, of painter's etching tells against it, and there is a constant tendency to put more and more tone into etchings, till at last we come to the art that Mr. Herkomer dislikes, that of etching in full tone, with great labour, from pictures. Again, in good original painter's etching, even the linear work seems slight to many people, because they do not appreciate the profound knowledge and the marvellous accomplishment that a great artist puts into his lightest and apparently most careless lines. It is a kind of expression that appeals only to those who know, so that the public for it must always be comparatively small. Even painters, educated in their own art, are often quite indifferent to the masterpieces of etching. There is an interesting and honourably candid confession in Mr. Herkomer's book. He says, 'When I think back, and remember that I had never seen an etched plate when I commenced my experiments, nor had seen any impression of a Rembrandt etching, I wonder how I could have produced such work as my own portrait (with my two children in the corner of the plate), which must, after all, remain one of my best etchings.' Here is an accomplished painter, already old enough to be the father of two children, who has never seen the masterpieces of that kind of engraving which belongs peculiarly to painters! Mr. Herkomer's candour in taking the public into his confidence has exposed him to some derision, but his case was not very exceptional. The knowledge of Rembrandt's etchings is a part of art-scholarship, and of that a painter usually takes only just as much as the work on his easel needs. There are painters quite as distinguished as Mr. Herkomer who cannot tell typographic printing from intaglio printing when they see the results before them. I remember being told by an eminent painter that pen-drawing was far superior to etching, and soon discovered that he knew absolutely nothing about printing. Now, printing is one of Mr. Herkomer's strong points; he is one of the very few existing Europeans who understand printing (it is practised by many, understood by few), and this is one reason why his ideas about etching itself are right. Experience gained by the press throws back its reflection on the plate of the etcher whilst he is at work.

On one small matter in connexion with printing I may take leave to say a word. Mr. Herkomer seems to think that the portable toy-presses are worse than useless. Of course, if taken as substitutes for powerful presses they would be so, but they were intended only to replace the old system of taking proofs in plaster of Paris in the absence of a press. Any one accustomed to them can ascertain, by their help, the exact state of a plate as he makes the necessary allowance in his own mind. I see with pleasure that Mr. Herkomer advocates the use of the Dutch mordant which is far superior for regular work to nitric or nitrous acid that may be kept in reserve for special uses. It is a curious proof of the force of routine that professional etchers (at least in Paris) will not use the Dutch mordant. The quietness of its action seems to disconcert them, they miss the bubbling on the copper and the bad smell of the nitric. Whilst speaking of these technical matters, I may express some surprise that Mr. Herkomer should still recommend the old-fashioned way of laying an etching-ground on the plate by dabbing on the heated copper. The modern process by which the ground is applied on cold copper in the form of paste and with the roller is incomparably superior, both as being more agreeable to the operator and also because the result is more perfect; the ground is thinner with equal protection, because there is an equality of thickness throughout. Mr. Herkomer is not ignorant of the use of the roller for re-biting, but he speaks of the delay occasioned by waiting for the etching-paste to dry. This is not necessary, as the oil of lavender in it can be expelled by heat.

I have not had time yet to try Mr. Herkomer's new positive process, but quite believe, from his account, that it will be of great practical use. He alludes to my own positive process, which is, in itself, perfection, the lines being black (by contrast) on white and the protection of the unscraped copper absolute, whilst the action of the mordant gives every variety of depth to the lines and also every desirable variety of width. When I invented it, this process was much liked by a few very able artists, but it was found to be inconvenient in practice for one reason—the ground was so delicate that it did not safely allow of any preparatory sketching on transfer before the actual work with the needle was begun. I notice that Mr. Herkomer (p. 28) says very wisely that 'the finest draughtsman needs a little play with the pencil before he can place his correct line, therefore some sort of transfer is necessary before the etcher can start on his plate.' In his new positive process the ground is robust enough to take the transfer safely, and the work with the needle can be executed outside of the bath. He simply applies an ordinary ground (without smoking), then covers that with a coat of actors' white 'grease paint,' and applies zinc-white in powder to the surface of this with a camel-hair pencil. It adheres to the greasy surface, and readily retains a transfer. The work of the etcher tells sufficiently as his lines come dark by contrast, though not so dark as afterwards in the Dutch mordant; but when the plate is in the bath, the white of it is turned to a warm tint. The process seems to me quite practical for ordinary mortals, whereas mine demands really superhuman certainty in the performer. Mr. Herkomer does not seem to be aware that his process removes one of the delights of the old negative one on the smoked plate. There used to be a delicious moment, when the needle-work was finished and the biting not yet begun. The plate invariably looked pretty at that moment, its author felt happy (with perhaps a secret misgiving), and ladies admired his ability. Mr. Herkomer, by showing the plain truth in black and white, has annihilated these blissful dreams. His other process, that he calls 'Spongotype,' bears in its results rather a near resemblance to mezzotint. The artist covers his plate with printing ink which he removes from dark to light, and from this an electrotype cast is taken (I pass over details) which prints like a photogravure. This process would probably be good for landscape effects, and would be a mere amusement for a clever painter.

There are one or two other arts that Mr. Herkomer does not seem to understand quite so well as he understands etching. For example, it was a mistake to expect from any

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pen process (though the plate be bitten) the qualities of genuine needle-work. There is a plate to illustrate 'pen-etching' which is not agreeable. The true object of such a process should be to imitate pen-drawing, but as that can now be imitated better in other ways it is unnecessary to repeat these experiments. I think, too, that Mr. Herkomer misses the true nature of work with the burin. The merits of good burin-work consist—(1) in beauty of line; (2) in clearness of cutting and printing; (3) in the brilliance of the white spaces between the lines. Now, Mr. Herkomer, in his burin engraving given as a specimen, undoubtedly displays great skill, but it is more that of an etcher in a dry-point than that of a trained burin-engraver. The conception of the subject is picturesque rather than severe, and the sketcher in dry-point reveals himself everywhere, particularly in the hair and in the dense black shadow behind the hand. Mezzotint is more in Mr. Herkomer's way. The portrait of the Speaker of the House of Commons is masterly, and quite independently of Mr. Herkomer's own work in this art he has exercised an important influence on its revival by the training of pupils. The supposed facility of it is, no doubt, very deceptive. Mr. Herkomer thinks it more suitable than etching for the interpretation of pictures. So it may be, as to tone, but the *variety* of textures and qualities of dark attainable in it is not so great as in etching. However, it is essentially a painter's art, and was worth reviving on sound technical principles.

The glimpses that the Academician and Oxford Professor affords of himself as an art-critic are not without interest. The rule is that criticisms emanating from artists are generally surprising by their keenness and want of breadth; they are usually sharp sayings in flat contradiction to others by artists equally eminent. In this book we find a keen little criticism of Turner's engravers, who, 'though called line-engravers, really etched their plates and finished with the burin, making copious use of the ruling-machine for skies and other parts.' I remember saying something of that kind and getting a rather angry letter from Miller, who was then living, in which he denied 'the use of the ruling-machine.' I regret not to have kept it, but believe he was referring to small plates, such as the vignettes. Surely the machine-ruler is visible enough in many plates after Turner. Mr. Herkomer says, 'It is not Turner you see so much in these marvels of human patience as the *engraver*. Every thing is made out as clearly as in a map, and in the minutest work you can clearly see what the engraver intends as a tree, path, stream, figure, or the like; while Turner, with his suggestive vague forms may have had something altogether different in his mind.' The critic makes an acute remark when he says that the severe imitation of *paint-manner* is a thing of our time, and he thinks that it is not desirable. It is seldom that one living painter criticises another, but Mr. Herkomer says that 'the picture of all pictures in which tonality is wholly wanting, but in which colour is kept up to its highest pitch in every inch, is Mr. Holman Hunt's *Christ in the Temple*.' 'That,' he says, 'is an unengravable picture; and if my memory serves me rightly it was found to be so by the engraver at the very outset, and Mr. Hunt was obliged to make a drawing, from which the engraving was eventually done.' Mr. Herkomer extends his criticism to processes and speaks severely of photogravure, implying that the painters who like it show but little wisdom. 'If pictures are smoothly painted, reproductions of them by photogravure may do very well for respectable commercial work. It is pleasanter than ordinary photography, and in that way is useful for book-work. But it is to me a riddle how painters could ever have been enraptured by such a process for the reproduction of their best works.' This refers to the reproduction of tones by photogravure. For some plates Mr. Herkomer has drawn the subject first with the pen on paper, and had it transferred to a first etching-ground by photography, which reduced the design at the same time. The plates appear to have been sent to him bitten in already in a shallow first biting, like Amand-Durand's first bitings, and on this as a basis Mr. Herkomer finished by re-bitings and additions of his own. He says they were etchings, and

certainly they were; but as we usually understand by the word 'etching' a work both drawn on the copper and bitten by the artist whose name it bears, Mr. Herkomer put a weapon into the hands of his enemies. He accepted, in fact, a little scientific collaboration, comparable in some respects to that given by the assistants of a professional engraver, and about equal to the help usually given by workmen to a sculptor who makes a sketch of his statue in clay, and has it copied by his assistants in marble, which he himself finishes, the beginning and end of the work being his own. In Mr. Herkomer's case the imprudence was the employment of a photographic process as the intermediary, because the public fancy that what they call a 'photogravure' is somehow bitten in the copper by the orb of day. If Mr. Herkomer had employed an assistant to do any quantity of intermediate work without a camera nobody would have known anything about it, and if it had been asserted, for example, that Mr. Herkomer's pupils worked on his plates, the fact would not have elicited a remark.

I may, perhaps, in conclusion, say a word in reply to Mr. Herkomer on one point. He dissents from a remark of mine to the effect that 'in general practice it is most desirable that lines should remain as nearly as possible such as they were originally drawn.' Mr. Herkomer thinks it is better that the deeper lines should be enlarged by the acid—at least in moderation. When I wrote the words quoted I was thinking of the usual kind of etchings in which points of different thicknesses are used (for the broadest lines they are occasionally sharpened to small scrapers), and then no enlargement of the lines is necessary, as the artist has already given them the width that he desires. In my positive process, on the contrary, the whole power of the work depends on the enlargement of the line which is excessive, owing to the extreme delicacy of the ground. Mr. Herkomer's favourite way of etching seems to be with one point, and in that case, of course, it is desirable that the lines should be enlarged in the darker passages, to impart additional force and emphasis to the performance.

P. G. Hamerton.

# THE INNS OF COURT

## V.—*The Inner Temple* (*continued*)

Eminent Benchers—The 'Black Finches'—A Royal Bencher—Old Names—Thurlow—Tenterden—Lamb's Benchers—Hon. Daines Barrington—Baron Maseres—Ellenborough—Jekyll and Sydney Smith—Thesiger.

THE eminent inhabitants of the Inner Temple of the legal profession have been very numerous. The list of benchers begins with the name of Sir Thomas Lyttleton, the author of the famous 'Treatise on Tenures.' He died in 1481, and lies buried in the Cathedral of Worcester. Sir John Pakington was another Worcestershire Templar. He was Treasurer in 1528, and it is recorded that Henry VIII. allowed him, on account of his age and infirmities, to wear his hat in the King's presence. Sir William Pole was Treasurer in 1564, and wrote the history of Devonshire, his native county. Richard Onslow, Speaker of the House of Commons in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, died when he was only forty-three, and yet had risen to be Recorder of London, Attorney-General of the Duchy of Lancaster, and Solicitor-General. He was excused from his second reading, as Autumn Reader, in 1566, on account of his Speakership. The name of Lucas occurs very often among the lists of benchers. The family came from a place near Colchester, and was much distinguished later in the great

Civil War, when, after the siege of Colchester, in 1648, Sir Charles Lucas was shot in cold blood by order of Fairfax. His grandfather, Thomas Lucas, was a bencher of the Inner Temple in 1550, and his great-grandfather in 1542. In an epitaph at Westminster Abbey, we are told of the Lucas family that 'all the brothers were valiant, and all the sisters virtuous.' Sir Edward Coke, who died in 1633, was a bencher before he became a chief justice, and wrote upon Lyttleton. His portrait is still in the hall of the Inner Temple. Another great Templar of the period was Sir Julius Caesar, son of Caesar Adelmare, Queen Elizabeth's Italian physician. He had a brother Dean of Ely. This classically-named lawyer was Master of the Rolls in 1614. When he died, in 1636, his widow raised over his grave, in St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, the famous monument on which, on a marble scroll to imitate a parchment deed, the old man binds himself cheerfully to pay the debt of nature. It cost 110*l.*, and was designed by himself, and carved by Nicholas Stone. Two other Caesars, his brother and his son, also appear in the list of benchers.

Another name which we meet with more than once is that of Coventry. Sir Thomas Coventry was a judge of the Common Pleas in 1606. His son, of the same name, was also a bencher, and became Lord Keeper in 1625, and a peer in 1628. He was the great advocate of Ship Money, and probably did as much as any one to ruin the cause of his master, Charles I. His last act was to summon the Parliament of 1640—almost as great a mistake as the ship money. He died, fortunately for himself, before it assembled. His want of knowledge of everything outside his own profession — a peculiarity, as I have said, of so many lawyers—was proverbial; and Campbell notices 'his utter contempt for literature and literary men.' Another Lord Keeper who was a bencher of the Inner Temple was Edward, Lord Lyttleton, of Mounslow, a descendant of Sir Thomas Lyttleton, already mentioned. Under him the Long Parliament, which Coventry had summoned, got out of hand, Strafford was beheaded — Lyttleton, pleading illness, was not at the trial — and finally Charles betook himself to the north, and the Lord Keeper followed him. At Oxford, in 1645, he raised a force of volunteers from among the lawyers, and died from a chill, caught while drilling them, in August, 1645. He was buried in Christ Church Cathedral. During the Commonwealth the greatest of the benchers was, no doubt, John Selden. He died in 1654, and was buried in the Temple Church 'neare the steps where the Saints' bell hangeth.' He never attained high legal office, but was chiefly known for his 'Titles of Honour,' and other works in legal antiquity.

At the Restoration a bencher of the Inner Temple became a judge of the King's Bench. This was Sir Thomas Twysden, who was created a baronet in 1666. His title became extinct in 1841.

Several members of the Finch family have been benchers of the Inner Temple, the greatest of them having been Sir Heneage Finch, made Lord Chancellor in 1675, and Earl of Nottingham in 1681. Three times he sat as High Steward at State trials, and was remarkable for his dark complexion—a point in which his son, who succeeded a cousin as sixth Earl of Winchelsea, resembled him. He had inherited 'Nottingham House,' now Kensington Palace, from his father, Recorder Finch. Many were the local jokes about the 'black Finches' of Kensington. The Recorder had been a bencher, and died in 1631. At least four more of the family have also been benchers; but Lord Keeper Finch was of Gray's Inn.

The first and last royal bencher of this Society was elected after the Restoration, namely, the Duke of York, afterwards James II.

As we come down to more modern times, the old names are very constantly repeated Six of the Crokes were on the bench, beginning with Sir John, who was Treasurer in 1597, and ending with Sir Alexander, who only died in 1842. This last-named was the author of the delightful essay on mediaeval rhyming Latin verse, which did so much to revive the

study of that beautiful devotional kind of poetry. He was Treasurer in 1830. I have already noticed the Finches. One cannot be sure that the numerous Wrights and Williamses and Powells, or the four Johnsons, or the three Harrisons, or the three Jacksons, were necessarily members of the same family. But we come again and again to Blencowe, to Bromley, to Gifford, to Hare, to Mellish, and Mellor, and Moreton. There has been a Chief Baron and a Baron Pollock, father and son. There are also four Wests in the list and three Wards, all probably respectively related. For many centuries a candidate had to show at least three generations of 'gentle blood.'

Of the men of the reign of George III., and since his day to the present, the number of great lawyers who belonged to the Inner Temple is very remarkable. Beginning with the time of King George's accession, we find Thurlow, who had been called six years before, already in full practice. His chambers were in Fig-tree Court. In 1762 he became a bencher; in 1770 he was Treasurer, and when he died in 1806, he was senior bencher, and was buried in the Temple Church. I have already had occasion to mention him. Thurlow's overbearing manners, especially as a judge, for he was Recorder of Tamworth, and afterwards Lord Chancellor for fourteen years, were proverbial. He had a special aversion as to Arden, afterwards Lord Alvarnley. On the other hand, he would always listen to Scott, afterwards Lord Eldon. Like another overbearing Chancellor, the infamous Jeffreys, he was very fond of music. Mr. Jeaffreson, in his 'Book about Lawyers,' draws almost an affecting picture of Thurlow in his old age, with his daughter playing Handel for him. He also, in the same chapter (ii. 41), tells us of little Charley Abbot, the barber's son of Canterbury, trying and failing to obtain a place in the Cathedral as a chorister, and goes on to say that, when he had become Chief Justice and a peer, he pointed out to Judge Richardson an old man who had been the successful competitor. 'The only being,' he observed, 'that I ever envied.' Lord Tenterden was of the Inner Temple, but does not seem ever to have become a bencher. In 1763, George Grenville,

Prime Minister that year, became a bencher. In 1766, Thomas Coventry (a descendant of Lord Keeper Coventry, who had been a bencher in 1614), and in 1774, Francis Maseres were elected, and are specially bracketed by Charles Lamb with Salt, Reade, Wharry, Twopenny, and some otherwise long-forgotten names. He also mentions Daines Barrington, best remembered as the friend of Gilbert White, of Selborne, and he sums up Coventry in a sentence full of his early memories. He 'made a solitude of children wherever he came, for they fled his intolerable presence as they would have shunned an Elisha bear.' Yet there must have been something good in his character. Coventry was penurious in his habits, but capable of great generosity to those who needed help, and Lamb records as a fact that he 'gave away 30,000*l.* at once in his lifetime to a blind charity.'

As to Barrington, whose chambers were in King's Bench Walks, Lamb has a curious anecdote. He walked 'burly and square,' in imitation of Coventry; 'howbeit he attained not to the dignity of his prototype.' He was well backed, and rose to the Treasurership in 1785. When we remember his pretensions as a naturalist, it is odd to read of him that, when the accounts of his year came to be audited, the following charge was unanimously disallowed by the bench:—'Item, disbursed Mr. Allen, the gardener, twenty shillings for stuff to poison the sparrows, by my orders.' Barrington died in 1800, and was buried in the Temple Church, where his monument existed till the 'restoration.' He wrote, among other things, an essay in the 'Archaeologia' on the arms of the two Societies of the Inner and Middle Temple, which does not add much to our knowledge.

Maseres was a Baron of the Exchequer, and a voluminous writer on mathematics as well as law. Lamb, of course, only deals with his outward appearance. 'Baron Maseres, who walks (or did till very lately) in the costume of the reign of George II., closes my imperfect recollections of the old benchers of the Inner Temple.' He died in 1824. Lord Ellenborough and Lord Redesdale were Treasurers in 1795 and 1796. The first, who was called as Edward Law, at Lincoln's Inn in 1780, moved on to the Temple, where he was called in 1783. He went through the regular stages of promotion, until he was appointed Lord Chief Justice and created a peer in 1802. Mitford was Chancellor of Ireland when he was called to the House of Lords. His son was advanced to an earldom in 1877, when he was Chairman of Committees in the House; but dying in 1887, his honours became extinct. Of humorous anecdotes of either father or son there seem to be none, while those about Ellenborough would fill a book. Mr. Jeaffreson naturally mentions him many times; yet, with all his sense of humour, he was deeply offended because Matthews mimicked him on the stage. As leading counsel for Warren Hastings he had plenty of scope for his sarcastic humour. He was particularly clever in turning fine language and metaphor into ridicule, and must have been a thorn in the flesh to Burke and Sheridan. To the surgeon as a witness, who was asked his profession, and answered, 'I employ myself as a surgeon,' Law put the question, 'Does any one else employ you?' This is very elementary wit, and in his later years Ellenborough degenerated into a mere punster. The next Treasurer of note was Joseph Jekyll, in 1816, a joker of the first order, but who never rose higher at the bar than to be a Master in Chancery. Like Ellenborough, he belonged to Lincoln's Inn as well as the Temple. He was descended from Sir Joseph Jekyll, Master of the Rolls in and after 1717, who was also celebrated for his wit. Of the younger Jekyll, as compared with Sydney Smith, a third wit, I forget who, remarked, 'When you have been with Jekyll you remember what good things he said; when you have been with Smith you remember how much you laughed.' Mirth is said to keep men young, and Jekyll was no exception, for he lived to be eighty-five and senior bencher, as well as senior King's Counsel. Scarlett was the next Treasurer of much note. He attained the office in 1824, was made a Baron of the Exchequer in 1834, and created a peer, as Lord Abinger, in the following year. Bickersteth, treasurer in 1836, had already been made Lord Langdale. As Master of the Rolls he

Middle Temple Hall

deserves well of posterity by his efforts for the preservation and publication of ancient records.

After this we come too near our own time to be able to say much. Thesiger, who began life in the Royal Navy, like Erskine, was Treasurer in 1843. He had been at Copenhagen in 1801, on board H.M.S. *Cambrian*, as a midshipman. He had an uncle of the same name who was a captain in the Russian navy, but died unmarried. The future Lord Chancellor entered himself at Gray's Inn when he was four-and-twenty, but six years later, in 1824, was 'called' at the Inner Temple. Ten years later, in 1834, he 'took silk,' and soon after entered Parliament, where his abilities and his many pleasing social qualities soon made him favourably known. He had a great share in several famous peerage cases, and especially in that protracted and difficult trial which ensued on the claim of Lord Talbot to the ancient earldom of Shrewsbury. Not only an historic title, but some 40,000*l.* a year was said to depend on the decision of the House of Lords. I well remember being present in the House on one of the days of the hearing. The commanding figure of Sir Frederic Thesiger, the sweetness and power of his voice, his extraordinary grasp of complicated genealogical details, and the romantic interest he contrived to impart to them, made an abiding impression on my youthful mind. That, I think, was in 1857. In the June of the following year Lord Talbot took his seat as Earl of Shrewsbury, and during the same year his successful advocate gained the highest prize of his profession, and became Lord Chancellor by the title of Baron Chelmsford.

Pediment of Screen in Temple Church

Here, perhaps, these notices of benchers may be brought to a conclusion; but I should mention Sir William Follett, who died in 1845 at the height of a successful career, and was buried in the Temple Church; Sir Creswell Cresswell, born at Easterby, who belonged to both Temples, and became first judge of the Divorce Court in 1858; Stephen Lushington, Treasurer in 1851, and Dean of Arches; that strange genius, Samuel Warren, author of 'Ten Thousand a Year,' Treasurer in 1866; and the genial Henry Alworth Merewether, Treasurer in 1868, whose knowledge of municipal law was only equalled by his pleasant wit. The name of Lord Lyndhurst, who lived in Figtree Court as Sir John Singleton Copley, does not figure in the list of benchers. I

remember seeing the brass railing beside his seat in the House of Lords on which, when he grew very old, he could lean as he addressed the House. He died in 1863, upwards of ninety years of age.

W. J. Loftie.

# GRUCHY:

## THE BIRTHPLACE OF JEAN FRANCOIS MILLET

THE charm which lingers about the birthplace of great artists is something more than purely sentimental. Fully to appreciate the artist, we must know something of the man, something of the spot where he first saw the light, and of the people amongst whom he passed his early years. Few great artists have lived and worked in the place where they were born; but few have failed to retain and reproduce in later years, often far from their early homes, some *souvenir* of the surroundings of their childhood. Raphael's child-like landscapes are but drawings from memory of the hills and valleys round his high-perched Umbrian home. The blue peaks which Titian to the last day of his long life loved to paint in his backgrounds, are the peaks that encircle his birthplace at Cadore, as they lived in his remembrance. Leonardo was haunted all through his life by the recollection of the rippling waters of Lake Fucecchio, by which he had played in his boyhood. A pilgrimage to Urbino a ramble through the Cadore country, a visit to Vinci, throw a new light on a hundred and one details in the works of Raphael, Titian, and Leonardo. If this be true of the old masters—and it would be easy to multiply examples—it is equally so of the modern. Only those of us who have looked over the fertile fields and vineclad slopes which surround Bastien-Lepage's native village in Lorraine, can do full justice to the loving fidelity of the painter of *The Potato Gatherers* and of *Jeanne d'Arc*. Rightly to appreciate all the power and all the pathos of the painter of *The Sower* and *The Angelus*, we must have penetrated into the out-of-the-way corner of Normandy where J. F. Millet saw the light, and have made ourselves familiar with all the surroundings of his childhood, and with the life of the peasants of whom he was, and with whom he worked, until he laid down the spade and the pitchfork to take up the brush and the etching needle.

So much has been written about the home of Millet's later years, that his name has become inseparably connected with Barbizon; but it is to Gruchy, his birthplace, not to Barbizon, that we must turn if we would find the source of his inspiration. For it is a noteworthy fact, and one which shows how strongly Millet remained saturated with the *souvenirs* of his early years, that, painting as he did on the edge of the forest of Fontainebleau, miles away from his native Normandy, he had always before his eyes the people and the scenes of his birthplace. Millet's peasants are not the hired labourers who work in the fertile plains of La Brie, often mere birds of passage, here to-day and gone to-morrow, subject to a change of masters or a change of land. They are sons of the soil which they till as their forefathers tilled it before them, descendants of long generations, who have wrested slowly from a somewhat niggard nature the land by which, and on which, they live, turning here a mountain slope, there a stretch of heather, into cornfields and pasture-lands, each man adding a little, by the sweat of his brow and the work of his hands, to the inheritance which he bequeaths to be parcelled out equally among his children. By their type and bearing, by the square folds of their home-spun garments, by the shape of the tools they handle, by a hundred little local details, Millet's peasants are the peasants, not of Barbizon, but of Gruchy.

The little hamlet of Gruchy, where on the 4th of October, 1814, Jean François Millet was born, lies some twelve miles due west of Cherbourg, half hidden in a dell within a few

hundred yards of the rocky sea-coast which characterises the north-western corner of Normandy, the Land's End of France—La Hague, as the district is called from the name of the cape in which it terminates.

To reach Gruchy we must first make for Cherbourg. There we must take to the road, for the railway runs no further. A slow, crawling, old-fashioned diligence conveys us for the first ten miles over a level high road, winding along the coast within a few hundred yards of the sea. Leaving behind us the suburbs of Cherbourg and the outlying forts, we pass through a succession of small villages—Equeurdreville, Nacqueville, Urville—lying amidst orchards and pasture-lands, fringed with rows of lofty oaks and elms, bent into fantastic forms by the wind from the sea. At the little village of Landemer we dismount, and leave the diligence to continue its route by the high road, which at this point winds inland and up a steep hill on to Greville, and thence to Omonville. Our road lies along the cliffs, a mere footpath over a sloping ground, clad with a thick growth of bracken, with here and there a patch of purple heather and yellow gorse, studded with great grey boulders. On our left we look down about a hundred feet into the transparent water, mottled blue and green, of the sea, which breaks in foam on rocks jagged and fretted by its action into all kinds of strange forms. A couple of magpies flash chattering out of the bracken; a flock of mountain sheep lift their heads, startled by our approach, gaze at us for a minute, and then scamper off as fast as their hobbled legs will carry them. Now and again, perhaps, we may meet a coastguardsman watching for the smugglers who never come; otherwise there are no signs of life. Twice only in the year does this solitude become peopled—once in winter, for the gathering of the seaweed on the rocks; once in August, when the inhabitants of the neighbouring villages descend, sickle in hand, to cut down each household its allotted portion of bracken, to be dried by the sun and wind, then bound in sheaves and carried home for winter fuel, high piled on their horses' backs or their own shoulders. Soon we reach a gigantic mass of rocks towering castle-wise one above another—Le Rocher de Castel Vendon, or, as the country people call it, Le Grand Calté. Skirting this the path dips down into a hollow, where the Hubilan, a noisy brooklet—fairy-haunted if old tales tell true—trickles down its stony bed, half choked with reeds and rushes. Soon after crossing this we leave the main track, and, striking off inland, climb up the hillside by a steep zigzag path. After a short but stiff pull we reach comparatively level ground. The path becomes a lane, leading still upwards between low stone walls and luxuriant hedgerows. A few minutes more, and we reach the first houses of Gruchy.

Gruchy is a mere hamlet of two straggling streets and a few outlying houses, with a population of barely a hundred souls. Millet's old home is not difficult to find. It lies at the upper end of the village—a long, low house, built like all those of this country-side, of irregular, unhewn grey stone, roughly cemented together, capped with a high-pitched thatch roof. Time and weather have lent to the stonework and the thatch a hundred varied tints. An old gnarled vine half hides one part of the front under its green leaves.

Nowadays the house is broken up into three tenements, one of which still belongs to the Millet family. Over the door of this portion is the inscription—'Ici est né le peintre Jean-François Millet, le 4 Octobre 1814.' We knock, and the door is opened to us by the present occupant, a widowed sister-in-law of the artist. With genial Norman courtesy Madame Millet makes us welcome, and we enter the kitchen, a large, low room, with a timber ceiling supported on stout rafters, floored with beaten clay, lighted in front by a good-sized window, at the back by a little latticed casement. The most striking feature in the room is a huge open fireplace, such as one finds in all the cottages of this country-side, which occupies nearly half one side. For furniture, a window-seat, a wooden settle, a cupboard in the wall, a ponderous oak dresser, and a table. The table is new; so, too, are the planks of the ceiling; otherwise everything is just as it was in the painter's boyhood, even

to the ivy-trails which darken the little casement at the back, for when Jean François Millet gave up his share in the old house to his brother Auguste, he begged that the ivy should be left untouched.

Opposite the kitchen is a little room, now given over to sacks of grain and winter fuel. Upstairs we see the room in which the painter was born, that room which figures first amongst his earliest remembrances as he himself has recorded them for us in the pages of his biographer, Alfred Sensier:—

'I remember waking one morning in my little bed and hearing the voices of people talking in the room where I was. Mingled with the voices there rose a kind of burring noise, which stopped from time to time. The noise was that of a spinning-wheel, and the voices were those of women spinning and carding wool. The dust of the room came dancing up and down in a ray of sunlight which slanted

*J. F. MILLET'S OLD HOME, GRUCHY. FROM A DRAWING BY G. GRAHAME.*

in through the high, narrow window, by which alone the room was lighted. Many a time since then I have seen this ray of sunshine give the same effect, for the house faced to the east. In one corner of the room stood a big bed, covered with a broad-striped red and brown coverlet reaching to the ground. There was also a big brown wardrobe leaning against the wall, between the foot of the bed and the wall in which was the window.'*

In an adjoining room are some *souvenirs* of the great artist—an early drawing from the antique, a panel with a bunch of flowers painted on it, a couple of etchings, a photograph of *The Sheepfold.* In one corner of this room a door, now walled up, formerly communicated with the adjoining houses, which in the painter's boyhood formed part of the home of the Millet family. This family was a large one. Jean François was the second of nine children, all but one of whom grew up to man and womanhood. The grandmother, the great-uncle, the father and mother, and a couple of servants, brought the number of the inmates up to

* 'Life of J. F. Millet,' Alfred Sensier.

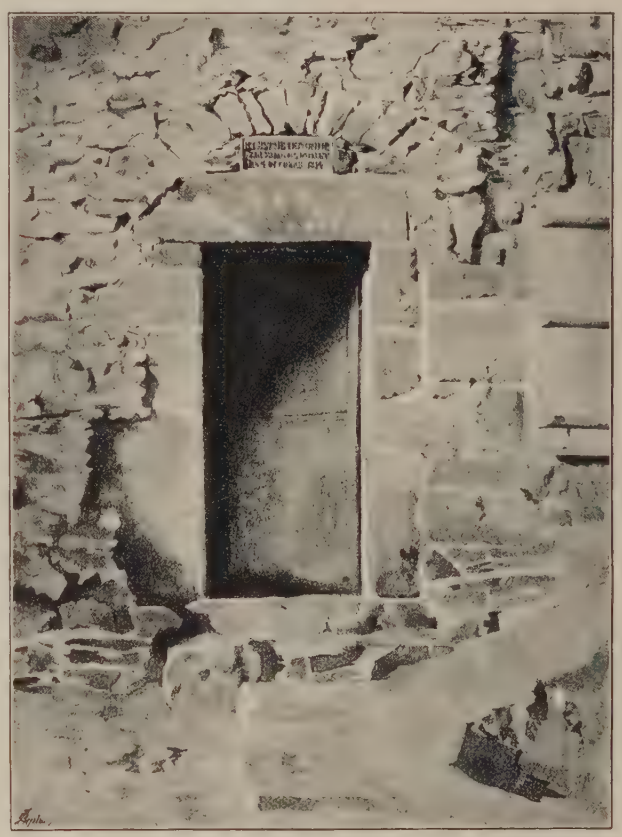
fourteen. So the huge fireplace in the kitchen was none too big for the family circle which gathered round it of a winter evening, to weave baskets or spin wool by the light of the *bégaoud*—a little iron lamp suspended from two laths fixed to a rafter—while the grandmother, sitting in the ingle-nook, told tales of fairies and goblins, of the White Lady of Tonneville who haunts the moorland beyond Greville, and of the phantom monk of Saire who lures travellers to a watery death in the sea. Often this circle would widen to admit some poor hearthless or homeless creature, for an open-handed patriarchal hospitality was one of the characteristics of the Millet family. No weary pedlar, no wandering beggar, knocked in vain at the door. Sometimes there would be as many as five or six waifs and strays, to whom the best places round the bracken fire were given up, with leave to pass the night in the warm kitchen and the promise of a meal in the morning.

*THE KITCHEN OF MILLET'S HOME. FROM A DRAWING BY G. GRAHAME.*

The leading spirit in the Millet household was the grandmother. The Jumelin family, to whom by birth this remarkable woman belonged, was a family of farmers who had lived for generations on their own lands at St. Germain-le-Gaillard, on the west coast of the Hague. The members of this family were all remarkable for great practical energy combined with a serious, meditative cast of mind. Louise Jumelin inherited, in a high degree, both these characteristics. In her youth she had grasped the ideal of a life absolutely in conformity with the teaching of Christ, and to this ideal she clung, seeking to model every thought and deed of her humble peasant existence after the pattern she had chosen. Save for a difference of faith, she might have been a Scotch Presbyterian or a New England Puritan. She it was who, after the custom of the country, tended her infant grandson, the mother being occupied in out-of-door work in the fields and on the farm. It was to his grandmother's early influence, an influence which never lost its hold on him to the last day of his life, that Jean François Millet owed his deep religious feeling and his broad, simple-hearted nature.

Next to the grandmother, the most striking personage in the family group is the great-

uncle. Ordained priest before the Revolution, Charles Millet, profiting by the law which allowed the clergy to return to secular life, quitted the little parish in the diocese of Avranche, to which he had been appointed *curé*, to retire to the Hague. He still retained, however, his clerical dress, and remained faithful to his vows. More than once he risked his life for his convictions, refusing to swear fidelity to the Constitution. More than once, when the officers of justice came to search for him, he narrowly escaped arrest by an ingeniously contrived hiding-place in his room. When the times of persecution were past, he settled down to spend the rest of his life at Gruchy amongst his kith and kin. Every morning the worthy man would go to say mass at the neighbouring church of Greville. This duty done he would sally forth in cassock and sabots to take his share in the day's labour, tucking up his robe to drive the plough or lending the help of his strong arms and broad shoulders to build up the stone dykes which separate the fields.



*DOOR OF MILLET'S HOME.*
*FROM A DRAWING BY G. GRAHAME.*

It was with his great-uncle that the little Jean François, as soon as he could toddle beyond the threshold of the house, made his first steps in the world. The two became inseparable companions. Once only the child ventured to stray from his uncle's care to join some other children at play on the rocks by the sea. The old man's terror was so pitiful, and his wrath, when he at last found the culprit, so great, that the child never again ventured to play truant.

The painter's father, Jean Louis Nicolas Millet, was a man of a simple, kindly nature and refined mind. Passionately fond of music, his pride was to pick out the best voices amongst the children of the parish, and train them for the church choir of which he was the leader. A certain taste for the plastic arts, too, lurked half-hidden in him. Often he would point out to little François the beauty of a leaf or a flower, and make a rough effort to reproduce it in wood or clay. Such were the home influences which surrounded the future artist in his earliest years.

G. GRAHAME.

*(To be continued.)*

MAY 1.—The New Gallery is not so good as usual. Its contents show a plentiful lack both of quality and of importance, and the impression it leaves is rather that of an humble follower than of a rival to the Royal Academy. Mr. Alma Tadema sends three pictures, of which the one to attract most attention will be a portrait of Paderewski, the pianist. Mr. Arthur Hacker's portrait of Mrs. George Garden Nicol is a clever performance; so are Mr. W. B. Richmond's *Archdeacon Wilson*, Mr. Emslie's *Mrs. Humphry Ward*, and Mr. Shannon's *Miss Wordsworth, Principal of Lady Margaret Hall. Lady Skelmersdale*, by the last-named, is not, however, clever at all, but some amends are made by *Mrs. Chapman*, a dark lady in profile in the north room. One of the best portraits here is Mr. W. Llewellyn's *Mrs. Emile Merton*, a happily organized and very soundly modelled portrait of a pretty woman; another is Mr. Watts's *Walter Crane*. Mr. Weigall's portrait of Mr. Gladstone is not disappointing, because our hopes were not lively. Among the subject pictures the most fascinating is a little canvas on which Mr. Swan has painted a naked girl, *The Storm Siren*, twanging a harp on the prow of an ancient galley. It is a beautiful bit of tone and colour. Sir John Millais' *Sweet Emma Moreland* bears the same relation to his work of ten years back as Titian's *Europa*, at Cobham, does to his *Bacchus and Ariadne*. It is not great, but it allows us to see how great its author has been. *Sic transit*, by Mr. Watts, is meant to be an allegory, or at least to point a moral, but looks too much like a study of still life. Mr. Albert Moore's *A Reverie*, a girl in a daydream and the usual drapery, is spoilt to some extent by the helpless foreshortening of the left arm. Another idealistic conception, Mr. Matthew Hale's *Sigurd and the Princess of Ireland*, is admirable in many ways, and not least in the intelligent confusion which is the note of the chief group. *After the Raid*, in the same vein and by the same hand, is also clever, but we cannot say as much for Mr. A. Macgregor's rather absurd pasticcio on Burne-Jones. Among the landscapes we feel inclined to particularise Mr. Alfred East's *Dawn*, hung too high in the South Room; Mr. Denovan Adams's *Glory of Dying Day;* Mr. Napier Hemy's *The Cornish Sea;* and Mr. Hamilton Macallum's *Searching for Octopus in the Bay of Amalfi*. Finally, a word of praise must be found for Mr. R. W. Macbeth's *Alsatian Flower Stall;* Mr. Stanhope Forbes's *When the Boats are idle in the Bay;* for Mr. Arthur Lemon's *Scouts;* and for the torso, at least, of Mrs. Swynnerton's *Mater Triumphalis*.

THE best thing at the New English Art Club has been greatly wronged by the hangmen. It is *St. Yves, Priez pour Nous*, by Mr. Sergeant Kendall. It was at the Salon last year, where we, in common with others, admired it, and it should now have had a better place than eight feet up a wall and almost in a corner. Beside it most of the other contributions look commonplace, and, in short, the exhibition as a whole is below the proper level. *Eleanor*, and *A Scotch Town: Twilight*, by Mr. Alexander Roche, stand out as better than most of the things in the room; but the portraits of a *Lady in Gray* and a *Lady in Brown*, of Mr. C. W. Furse, have good points, while the *Bernhard Sickert, Esq.*, of Mr. Theodore Roussel is very strong indeed.

CONTINENTAL art is in great force just now in London. The devotee of Barbizon may worship contentedly either at the French Gallery, where Messrs. Wallis exhibit some fine examples of Corot, Rousseau, Troyon, and the lesser lights, or at a brand-new shrine, 'Barbizon Gallery' in Piccadilly, lately opened by M. Bernheim, the well-known Parisian dealer. The Corot to which the place of honour is given at the French Gallery is of exceptional beauty, and is well supported by Rousseau's forest twilight, *La Soir*, and a small Troyon, *La Mare*. The whole show is above the average of excellence. Millet is represented by an example of the very first quality, a poetic allegory of *L'Amour Vainqueur*, in which a young girl is led captive by Cupid and attendant Amorini. Among various interesting examples of living artists we may mention the fascinating little landscapes by Mme. Cazin, a *Rentrée de la Bergerie* by M. Charles Jacque, and a small study of a Bretonne washerwoman by M. Billet. But the work which will attract most attention, no doubt, is Herr Fritz von Uhde's *Christmas Eve*, one of the strange studies in devotional realism by the Bavarian painter now fairly familiar to English amateurs. His *Heilige Abend* is as uncompromising a translation of the sacred legend as the much-talked-of *Last Supper*, which was one of the features of the collection of his works brought together in this gallery some two years ago. It is flanked, perhaps by way of foil, by one of M. Munkacsy's obtrusively dexterous interiors. M. Joanowitz's *Servian War Dance* and M. Gérôme's *Flower of the Harem* are good examples of their authors which have been seen elsewhere, and Messrs. Seiler, Poetzelberger, Domingo, Firle and Fauvel are well represented, the first by a Meissonier-like little picture of an eighteenth-century chess-player, called *A Critical Move*, the last by a huge landscape from last year's Salon. The Continental Gallery also shows the print of judicious gleanings from recent Salons. Besnard, Jean Bérand, Dubufe, Duez, Roll, and Madeleine Lemaire are contributors. An early *Dancing Lesson* by Degas, a delicate pastel by Boldini, and an enigmatic canvas by E. Friant, *Ombres Portées*, are the most original of the exhibits.

AT the Dowdeswell Galleries in New Bond Street a second collection of pictures by the deceased masters of our English school has been opened. It includes good examples of Constable, Crome, Stark, Cotman, and Morland; while Vincent, Stannard, Opie, Hoppner, Gainsborough, and Reynolds are not unrepresented.

THE conscript fathers of the City have opened a remarkable exhibition of pictures in their gallery at the Guildhall. It is comprehensive, for it begins with Van Eyck and comes down to Tadema and Millais; it is good, for most of the artists represented are to be seen in work not far from their best; and, so far as the somewhat eccentric structure in which it is housed will allow, it is well arranged. The more important things are an *Adoration of the Kings*, ascribed to Cornelis Engelbrechtsz, and lent by Mr. R. M. Kerr; an *Ecce Homo* by Lucas van Leyden, a *Madonna* ascribed to Jan van Eyck, a *Vision of St. Ildephonsus* by B. van Orley, all lent by Lord Northbrook. The famous *Madonna* of J. van Eyck, from Ince-Blundell Hall, and a splendid *Virgin with Angels* from the same collection, help to make up a very unusual gathering of examples of the early Dutch and Flemish school. Mr. Antony Gibbs lends a superb Frans Hals; Mr. J. P. Heseltine a first-rate Jan Steen, called a portrait of his wife; the executors of Mr. W. H. Smith a very fine Both; Lord Wantage a famous Claude, *The Enchanted Castle;* Mr. Charles Crews one of the finest Van de Capelles in the world; and Lord Brownlow one of the chief works of Albert Cuyp. Another good Jan Steen, *The Physician*, comes from the rich collection in Apsley House, and a fine Van der Heyden, *Houses on a Dutch Canal*, is lent by another duke, his Grace of Rutland. The modern pictures include what is, perhaps, the masterpiece of Etty, a *Venus Robing*, from Mr. A. Gibbs's collection; two fine Romneys, *Mrs. Townley Ward* and *Circe;* two superb Sir Joshuas, Lord Spencer's portrait of the famous *Georgiana*, and the Duke of Devonshire's group of the same lady with her child; and a good Raeburn, *Miss Cleghorn*. Turner is here with his *Wreck of the Minotaur*, but there is no Constable to keep him company. Coming down to our own time, the fine Millaises, Burne-Joneses, Wattses, and Rossettis are too numerous to mention. Those who remember the exhibition of 1862 will find an old friend in Delaroche's *Christian Martyr in the Reign of Diocletian*, and the many lovers of Freddy Walker will renew acquaintance with *The Old Gate*, one of the most spontaneous and least literary of his inspirations.

THE Committee of the new Fine Art Galleries to be erected in Glasgow, assisted by Mr. Waterhouse, R.A., have made their final selection from among the designs of the six architects who were successful in the preliminary competition. The prize has fallen to Messrs. J. W. Simpson and Milner Allen. These gentlemen so far tempered originality with astuteness as to follow pretty closely upon lines that had already received Mr. Waterhouse's *imprimatur*. Broadly speaking, Messrs. Simpson and Allen's *projet* may be said to combine the characteristics of Mr. Aston Webb's design

for South Kensington with those of the late Mr. Burnett's building for the Glasgow Exhibition of 1888. It has its merits, though personally we look upon a composition bristling with turrets, pinnacles, and other unrestful details, as anything but appropriate for a palace of art. The cost is to be 170,000*l.*

In some ways the most important artistic event of the month has been the appearance in the 'Times' of a letter from Sir Frederick Leighton, not only *urging* the removal of Stevens's Wellington Monument from the inconvenient chapel it now occupies to its proper place under one of the nave arches, but actually starting a subscription for that purpose, and announcing that the once malevolent 'authorities' are now become benevolent. The project should now go forward right away. As to the completion of Stevens's design, that is a more ticklish matter. The equestrian group was left by him in a condition that will require a good deal to be done to it before it can be put into the hands of the founder.

The picture sales for the last month were of some importance. The stock of the late Mr. Sampson Wertheimer did not include many pictures, but two were of great interest. The small Watteau known as *L'Accord Parfait*, from the collection of Miss James, brought a much smaller price than it did ten months ago, while the famous Rembrandt, *A Young Woman* (*Hendrickie Stoffels*) *rising up in Bed*, was bought in, to be sold a few days later to the Scottish National Gallery. The price paid was 5500*l.*, and the payer Mr. William McEwan, member for the Central Division of Edinburgh. Considering the times, the large collection of English pictures formed by the late David Price sold very well. The chief items were *Yo, heave ho*, by Hook, sold for 1491*l.*; *The Wily Angler*, by the same, for 1785*l.*; *A Cairo Bazaar* (1144*l.*) and *Lilium Auratum* (840*l.*) by J. F. Lewis; *The Timber Waggon*, by John Linnell, sold for 3255*l.*; Sir John Millais' *The Sound of Many Waters* (3045*l.*); Turner's *Modern Italy* (5460*l.*); Wilkie's *The Bride's Toilette* (735*l.*); Rosa Bonheur's *Changing Pasture* (3150*l.*); Meissonier's *Regnard in his Studio* (1890*l.*); and Patrick Nasmyth's *View in Surrey* sold for the unprecedented price, for him, of 2625*l.* The 'atelier'—as the French call it—of the late 'Tom Collier' sold for excellent prices, the total for some three hundred sketches running up to 5083*l.* An important sale of Dutch pictures took place at Amsterdam on the 29th of March, when the collection of the late Messchert van Vollenhoven was dispersed. Some extraordinary prices were realised. A Vermeer, in which little pleasure could be taken, one of his early, harsh, polished pictures, brought 3610*l.*; a Hoekgeest, 660*l.*; a small and rather too early Wouwermans, 1320*l.*; a most unimportant Gerard Dou, 670*l.*; a small Jacob Ruysdael, once very good, but now with a damaged sky, 1285*l.*; a little Wynants, 550*l.*; and a small Jan Steen of first-rate quality, 430*l.*—The collection of pictures and other *objets d'art* formed by the Earls of Charlemont are passing under the hammer as we write. They include one or two examples of Hogarth, who, as our readers will remember, painted the *Lady's Last Stake* for the first Earl of Charlemont, and a fine portrait of the second Lady Charlemont by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

The question of the right to export ancient works of art from Italy has been brought to a head by the smuggling out of Rome, under conditions of some duplicity, of the more famous pictures belonging to the Prince Sciarra-Colonna. These pictures include the so-called *Violonista*, ascribed to Raphael, and the *Bella*, ascribed to Titian, but no doubt by Palma Vecchio. It is asserted that the collection was left to the ancestor of Prince Sciarra with the stipulation that it should be held for the public enjoyment, and should be open on stated days to visitors. These conditions have been systematically ignored for many years past, and now—so the tale runs—the valuable part of the collection has been 'sneaked'—as a cockney thief would put it—under the aegis of the French Ambassador.

The Directorship of the National Gallery of Ireland, vacated by the lamented death of Mr. Henry Doyle, C.B., has been conferred upon Mr. Walter Armstrong, a frequent contributor to this review.

A few recent etchings and other publications in black and white demand notice. The dry-point of *Cardinal Manning* by Mr. Mortimer Menpes is a clever piece of work, erring, perhaps, in some slight degree, in the accent given to the markings on the face. It is published by the Messrs. Dowdeswell. Mr. Dobie's plate after Mr. Dendy Sadler, published by the London Art Union, will be popular; while its companion, Mr. W. Wyllie's *Escape of H.M.S. Calliope*, will deserve popularity. Mr. Wyllie's shipping is always beyond reproach, and in this design he has been particularly happy in suggesting the yeast of water driven before a hurricane which has not yet had time to build up gigantic waves. In the process which promises to supply material for the next artistic fashion—that is, in lithography—Mr. T. R. Way has produced a small but pleasant simulacrum of Mr. Whistler's *Portrait of my Mother*.

The sixth volume of the 'Spitzer Catalogue' has been published. The fourth and fifth have yet to come, their appearance being delayed by the time it takes for the numerous coloured plates to be completed. The present instalment contains the general introduction, in which M. Eugène Müntz tells us something of M. Spitzer's life, and a great deal about the constitution and arrangement of his museum. This is followed by a treatise on ancient arms by M. L. B. Giraud, while the particular descriptions are, as before, from the pen of M. Emile Molinier. Apart from the introduction, the whole volume is given up to arms and armour. It has no coloured illustrations, but the numerous plain reproductions keep up the high standard of the book.

Mr. John Saddler's melancholy death on March 29th removes one of the few remaining English line engravers *pur sang*. Though nearly eighty years of age, he was still actively practising the dying art. A pupil of George Cooke, he worked under his master's eye upon some of the plates for Turner's *Southern Coast of England*, and later was employed in engraving the ships in the *Fighting Téméraire* to the background of R. Dickens and J. T. Willmore. He worked much in conjunction with the engraver Thomas Landseer, chiefly after Sir Edwin Landseer and Rosa Bonheur. The most famous of these joint productions are perhaps the plates after *The Children of the Mist*, *Braemar*, *The Twins*, and the well-known *Horse Fair*. Mr. Saddler's last finished work was *The Vale of Tears*, after Gustave Doré; but a plate from the portrait of Mr. Walter, begun by Frank Holl and finished by Mr. Herkomer, is left in an advanced state.—Mr. Alfred Tidey, another octogenarian, had also lived to see the decay of a once flourishing *métier*. In early life he was a miniaturist of reputation, and had enjoyed a considerable share of Court patronage. He painted for the Queen a miniature of Miss Anson, afterwards Lady Brooke, and one of the Princess Royal as an infant, a circumstance which gave additional interest to his water-colour portraits of the Empress Frederick and her daughter, exhibited some few years ago at the Royal Academy. Mr. Tidey was a brother of the late Henry Tidey, of the Institute of Painters in Water-colours.—Mr. James Virtue and Mr. William Chaffers were veteran 'notables' in their respective spheres, though the latter, living in great retirement, had sunk into comparative oblivion towards the close of his life. To Mr. Virtue was due not only a wide development of the business left him by his father, the late Mr. George Virtue, but the success of the firm's chief publishing enterprise, the popular *Art Journal*.—Mr. John Rhind, a Scottish sculptor of respectable talents, who had a considerable *clientèle* in Edinburgh and the South of Scotland, died on the 6th of last month at the age of sixty-three, only a few days after his election to the Associateship of the Royal Scottish Academy.

# REMBRANDT

ETCHED BY WILLIAM HOLE, R.S.A., AFTER THE PORTRAIT IN THE IMPERIAL GALLERY OF VIENNA

THE Imperial Gallery at Vienna has two excellent portraits of Rembrandt by himself, painted about 1658. The one is a half-length; the other, here etched, little more than a head.

Much sympathy has been lavished over the last years of Rembrandt. The almost unbroken series of misfortunes which mark his career after the death of Saskia has had a powerful effect upon all those who have studied his life. And yet, perhaps, the painter himself was not unhappy. Such direct evidence as we possess, the suggestion of his work, and, more still, the spirit which breathes from his many renderings of his own appearance—all point to a reading of his character which is consoling to those who feel distress at the sight of a great man struggling with adversity.

Up to 1642 all had gone well with Rembrandt. He had rapidly climbed to the first place among the artists of Holland. He had left his native Leyden for a large house in Amsterdam, which he had filled with scholars from all parts of the country. In 1634 he had married Saskia van Uilenburg, a lady of good Frisian family and in her way an heiress. With her he had lived in a happy *camaraderie*, celebrating her piquant charms in all the arts he knew. He was growing rich. Treasures were accumulating under his roof. Commissions were pouring in, and pupils were pouring out of his studios to carry his fame and methods into the other cities of his fatherland. So far as we can judge, no painter ever had a better prospect before him. It was estimated that in 1640 he had property to the value of about 50,000 florins in his house. Suddenly the picture changes. Saskia dies, and from her death to the end the story is one of ever-growing distress. In 1654 the ecclesiastical authorities interfered with his domestic arrangements, and his 'friend,' Hendrickie Jaghers or Stoffels, was admonished for the impropriety of her relations with her master. In 1656 he was publicly declared insolvent, and his affairs taken charge of by the *Desolate Boedel-kamer*—how lugubrious the name of it sounds! In 1657 his furniture, and in 1658 his art collections, were sold in the Kalverstraat. About 1663 died Hendrickie, who possessed the virtue at least of fidelity; and in 1669 she was followed by his son Titus. One would think that such a series of misfortunes must have had its effect on the painter's genius, or, at least, on his power to give that genius expression. That it had any such effect, no one, however, who has followed the chronology of his art, can assert. But before trying to find some explanation of this apparent anomaly, let us see if we can find a plausible explanation for the change in his fortunes.

Saskia died in 1642, the year in which her husband had painted his most famous picture,

the so-called *Night Watch*, now in the Gallery of Amsterdam. The concurrence of these two events, the loss of his beloved companion and the completion of one of his greatest artistic achievements, appears to have brought about the distress of his later years. The death of Saskia took him in the full tide of prosperity. To her, dying when her husband was daily growing richer and more popular, it seemed both reasonable and safe to provide that, if he married again, he should make over the fortune she had brought him to their son Titus, or, if Titus were dead, to her sister Hiskia. Reasonable as it was, this provision helped to play havoc with the painter's affairs.

It was in 1642 that Rembrandt painted the *Night Watch*, or, to give it a more explanatory name, the *Gathering of Captain Banning Cocq's Company in the Trained Band of Amsterdam*. His popularity as a portrait-painter had up to this been great. In a single year we find him painting as many as twenty portraits, without counting those of himself and his wife. Many of these were in the elaborated manner sure to be pleasing to his sitters, although we do not love it now. After 1642 we find a change. Paying sitters become far less numerous, and his own portraits multiply accordingly. Looking about for something to justify this fickleness on the part of his public, we find not, perhaps, an excuse, but an explanation, in the *Night Watch* itself. Put yourself in the place of Captain Frans Banning Cocq and his fellow-heroes. Imagine their desire for immortality, their very natural wish that their posterity should see them as they lived at the end of the long fight with Spain, and then conceive their feelings when Rembrandt presented them with the *Night Watch*. We are apt to imagine that when painters were so good, public taste must have been good as well; that the lay Dutchman of the great century must have been, as a critic, on a par with Rembrandt as an artist. But, of course, it was not so. The uneducated eye preferred finish to art in 1642 just as it prefers it to-day. The members of Captain Cocq's company were, no doubt, just as horrified to discover how they had been dealt with as a regiment of London volunteers would be now with us. What they wanted was a parade of formidable likenesses, likenesses which their babies could recognise. They received instead a creation in which their persons and their martial braveries were used as notes in a scheme of illumination and colour. Of all the figures in the *Night Watch*, only two, those of Cocq himself and of Vlaerdingen, his lieutenant, could be certainly recognised by an unskilled observer. The individualities of all the rest are lost in the richness of the general pattern. Here a face is veiled in the mystery of some golden shadow, which blends hair and skin, smooths out accidents of age, and turns, perhaps, a dry burgher into a clear-skinned youth. There a girl takes up a space coveted by a musketeer, because her smaller bulk echoes that of Mynheer Vlaerdingen with a finer pictorial fitness. All over the huge canvas we come upon similar snubs to vanity on the part of art. We even suspect that the painter has taken liberties with costumes and accoutrements, as he certainly has with matters like the size of a drum, the length of a lance, and the spread of a regimental flag.

Six years after the *Night Watch* Van der Helst painted his almost equally famous *Banquet of the Civic Guard*, the feast held to celebrate the signing of the Peace of Westphalia. Van der Helst was an artist — not by a long way so great an artist as Rembrandt, but still a man who knew the difference between a pictorial and what you may call an anecdotic conception. Does any one suppose he would have treated his musketeers as he did unless he had been forced to do so? Probably the reader has seen the picture in the Museum at Amsterdam. It is about eight feet high and eighteen feet long, and contains twenty-five figures. So far as he could contrive it, the painter has made all these figures equally important, equally in evidence, equally brightly lighted, and equally square to their front. Practically his one attempt at arrangement is putting the officers on the near side of the table, and their men on the far. The result is that, in spite of the marvellous thoroughness with which every part is worked out, a thoroughness

which leads here and there, as in a certain burly toper on our right, to positive illusion, the picture as a whole is perhaps the most fatiguing and inartistic of all famous paintings. But this was the sort of thing the Dutch burghers liked. They had tried Rembrandt, and found him both too advanced for their comprehension, and too stubborn for their dictation. I fancy that they not only turned from him and engaged other hands, but also stipulated beforehand how the work should be done. The *Night Watch* is the last, as well as the first, Corporation picture, in which any serious attempt is made to subordinate portrait-making to a great pictorial scheme. Even Rembrandt himself, when, towards the end of his life, he was again employed on such a work, did not repeat the experiment. His *Syndics of the Cloth Hall* is even more uncomplex in idea than the Van der Helst. It is merely a row of portraits, brought into artistic unity by one of those contrivances which appear so artless to the simple.

My notion is, then, that the *Night Watch* was such a *fiasco* in the belief of those with whom patronage lay at Amsterdam, that its author lost much of his employment after it was seen. To this result the increasing freedom of the painter's hand would contribute. Every year the affections and the money of the Dutch were lavished more and more on mere finish, on pictures carried out in a bright, polished, and what M. Emile Michel calls a *léché* manner. Not long after Rembrandt's death, Adrian van der Werff was building up a rapid fortune, and decorating the breast of his coat with one honour after another, and that entirely through the influence over ignorant minds of a method diametrically opposed to the definitive one of Rembrandt.

After 1642, then, Rembrandt's power of earning money rapidly diminished—diminished much more rapidly, we may be sure, than his propensity to spend. Again, it was also in this year, 1642, that, by Saskia's death, he was saddled with a new liability, that of refunding her property if he married again. It was most likely owing to this proviso that he fell into those irregular relations with Hendrickie Stoffels which brought down upon them both the wrath of the Presbytery, and that, in turn, gave the painter's fortunes a new impulse downwards. In the Amsterdam of 1654 a public reproof for immorality could hardly have failed to deprive him of friends, and those probably just the friends best worth keeping from a worldly standpoint. The evidence which has been painfully raked together by successive writers shows that for many years he was continually pestered for money, both by ordinary creditors and also by the relations of Saskia. The device by which he obtained a measure of comparative freedom in his last days is well known. Hendrickie and his son Titus became partners as dealers in works of art, Rembrandt advising them, and receiving 'board and lodging' as payment for his help.

The miseries of Rembrandt's later years are to be traced, then, to the coincidence of his wife's death with his loss of popularity—a loss caused by his own advancing mastery and the adoption of the freest possible methods. Did these events embitter his character and lessen the vigour of his art? That they did not we have many a masterpiece to prove. Except for a short time after Saskia's death, there is no sign of failure in his powers. Individual things, of course, seem to point now and then to a temporary relapse. Especially is this so in those rather 'tight' performances, like waifs from his earlier years, which crop up occasionally to a very late date. They are pitfalls for the critic. The general movement of Rembrandt's art was from 'tightness,' and even timidity, to the utmost limit of breadth, richness, and technical audacity. Some of his very finest things were painted in his most troublous years. *Joseph and Potiphar's Wife* and the *Bathsheba* of the Louvre belong to 1654; the Deyman *Lesson in Anatomy* and the *Jan Six*, to 1656; the Queen's *Adoration of the Magi* and the *Old Man* of the National Gallery (No. 243), to 1657;* the two superb

* The catalogue reads the date as 1659, but this is a mistake.

portraits of himself at Vienna (one that now here etched by Mr. Hole), and the astonishing one in a yellow gabardine, in the collection of Lord Ilchester, to 1658. In 1663, probably the year of the faithful Hendrickie's disappearance into the shades, he painted the *Family*, of the Brunswick Gallery, and the still more unapproachable *Jewish Bride;* and in 1668, but a few months before his own death, he finished the picture of a light-hearted old man, looking up from his work with a somewhat senile laugh, which gives us our last glimpse of the greatest painter of Holland.*

An examination of Rembrandt's physiognomy explains to some extent the philosophy with which he bore his misfortunes. It is that of a self-contained man, who derived his chief happiness from the play of his own intellect, and from the creation and contemplation of things worth looking at. It is that of a man who lived at a higher level than the people about him, whose habitual attitude was a tolerant, good-humoured contempt for the world and its opinions. It is that of a man who took no very deep interest in the concerns of his neighbours; who had no inquisitiveness, and little patience with the curiosity of others. I know, of course, that theories founded on the study of faces do not commend themselves to most people. 'Appearances are deceptive,' 'Never trust your first impression,' and so on, are very favourite platitudes. But in Rembrandt's case the evidence of his features is borne out by what we know of his life. Had he been of an affectionate nature he would scarcely have been left without help in his financial difficulties, neither would his work have been so little affected by these and other disasters.

WALTER ARMSTRONG.

# THE INNS OF COURT

## VI.—*The Two Temples*

Inner Temple Hall—Paper Buildings—King's Bench Walks—The Dials—The Blackamoor—The Last Revels—What is an Utter Barrister?—Beauty of the Two Temples—The Literary Associations of the Middle Temple—The Fire of 1679—The Gate—Brick Court—Oliver Cromwell—His Funeral—His Grave—The Fountain—Described by Dickens—Lines by 'L. E. L.'

THE Inner Temple Hall contains a series of interesting portraits and pictures, some of them fine as paintings. King William, Queen Mary, and Queen Anne figure at full length. The portrait supposed to represent Lyttleton is probably apocryphal, but the whole-length of Coke may be genuine. In the same hall or adjoining 'Parliament Chamber' are portraits of George II. and Queen Caroline, and of Sir Thomas Twysden, who is represented in a small whole-length picture seated at a table. Lord Chancellor Finch, earl of Nottingham, and Richard West, who was Lord Chancellor of Ireland in 1725, when he was only thirty-four, are also represented; and Thurlow, in the well-known picture by Phillips, which was engraved by Turner. One recalls Macaulay's sentence about him in narrating the conclusion of the trial of Warren Hastings, over the commencement of which he had presided as Chancellor: how, estranged from all his old allies 'he sat scowling among the junior barons.' There is a head, said to represent Selden, and there are two interesting views, painted in oil. One of them has been ascribed to William Hogarth. It represents the Middle Temple Hall, 'with its entrance tower in its ancient state,' says a writer in the

* This picture, formerly in the Double Collection, now belongs to Mr. Carstanjen, of Berlin. Jacquemart etched it for the Double Catalogue.

'Transactions' of the London and Middlesex Archaeological Society (ii. 69), who visited the Temple in 1860, 'and a square wooden bell-turret above. Eight single figures are walking in the court.' Of the other view, the same writer, probably the late Thomas Hugo, says it shows the King's Bench Walks, the open square of the Temple, as seen from Mitre Court, the entrance from the north; having on the right hand the old Paper Buildings, which were burned down in 1838—the same of which Lamb quoted the line,

'Of building strong, albeit of Paper hight;'—

and toward the south, a low building formerly used for the King's Bench Office, with the garden, the Thames, and, far beyond, the Surrey hills. The picture is ascribed to Joseph Nicholls, or to his namesake, Sutton Nicholls, who published a volume of London views. Many of the old buildings as shown in this view have long disappeared, but King's Bench Walks, or the eastern row of them, are much as they were when it was made, and when Cibber parodied Pope's couplet on Mansfield,—

'Graced as thou art with all the power of words,
So known, so honoured at the House of Lords,'

by writing—

'Persuasion tips his tongue whene'er he talks,
And he has chambers in the King's Bench Walks.'

Both verses and parody were written about 1720. There is nothing else of much interest in the hall, but the new stained glass might be worse. The east end of the hall has two doors, whose opening is concealed in the panelling. They lead to the Parliament Chamber, and might have been made an architectural feature. Above them are many portraits, and in the arched space at the top a painting of Pegasus surrounded by nymphs of various degrees of nudity, supposed to be muses.

Murray's residence in the Temple was at 5 King's Bench Walks, though he belonged to Lincoln's Inn, as we shall have occasion to see further on. There is a second reference to the place, and to Murray's residence in it, in Pope's 'Imitations of Horace' (Book IV., Ode 1), an address to Venus:—

'Ah, sound no more thy soft alarms,
Nor circle sober fifty with thy charms;
To number five direct your doves,
There spread round Murray all your blooming loves.'

Naturally, Pope was a poet whom such another poet as Samuel Rogers would either admire or hate. That he admired him is evident from some passages in Mackay's 'Recollections,' and it is certainly interesting to think that we can still, as Rogers said, 'tread over the very steps where the feet of Pope had passed.' At Number 3 in the same row, Oliver Goldsmith was living in 1765, and two very different people, Samuel Lysons, the first and best of country topographers, and Joseph Jekyll, mentioned in the last chapter, had their chambers at Number 6.

Selden's own lodgings were in Paper Buildings, but his great library, after his death in 1654, was stored by his executors in chambers in King's Bench Walks. The books were offered to the benchers for the Inner Temple Library, but, when five years had elapsed and no arrangements had been made for their reception, the trustees very wisely sent them to Bodley's library at Oxford, to which they formed a very welcome addition. Two very eminent men had chambers in Paper Buildings when they were burnt in 1838, namely, Campbell, afterwards Chancellor, and the eccentric Sir John Maule, whose sayings as a judge are still quoted. The fire, in fact, broke out in Maule's room. 'He had gone to bed,' says Campbell, 'leaving a candle burning by the bedside,' and both lost everything in the

general conflagration—furniture, books, briefs, and many other documents of value. In Paper Buildings, also, two other great men, neither of them as lawyers, resided for a short time, namely, George Canning in 1792, and Samuel Rogers before he removed to St. James's Place.

After the disastrous fire in 1838, a new range, not to be characterised by any architectural terms with which I am acquainted, were erected in their place. They are by Smirke, who called the style Elizabethan. Lamb mentions an old relic, a sundial, and tacks to his mention some singularly inappropriate remarks, though suitable for other sundials. He calls it an altar-like structure, and praises its 'silent heart language,' but the original motto ran thus:—'Begone about your business.' Brayley mentions it distinctly, and if it is not possible to admire its sentiment, or the relevancy of Lamb's remarks on its 'silent heart language,' at least we may commend its cogency. It is said that the Treasurer, under whom it was set up, was asked by his workman for a motto, and thinking the man was making game of him replied as above, and the man took him at his word.

The old sundial has been succeeded by one which, in all probability, is still older. The celebrated blackamoor, of Clement's Inn, has been brought to the Inner Temple garden. How Lamb would have moralised over him no one can now say. Perhaps the time-honoured epigram would have sufficed to him:—

'In vain, poor sable son of woe,
Thou seek'st the tender tear;
From thee in vain with pangs they flow,
For mercy dwells not here.
From cannibals thou fled'st in vain;
Lawyers less quarter give;
The first won't eat you till you're slain,
The last will do't alive.'

There were several of these leaden statues at one time in London, and that they were capable of being really fine is made evident by such an example as the statue of Venus at Knole, which was probably, with this blackamoor and others, made at a 'Statuary's' in Piccadilly, the Euston Road of a hundred and fifty years ago. The material is quite as good for our London climate as bronze, and I wonder we do not see some revival of what seems now to be a lost art. Mr. Blomfield has much to say about leaden figures in his delightful 'Formal Garden in England' (chap. viii.), but does not mention the 'sable son of woe' in the Temple.

The revels of the two Temples may, perhaps, be better noticed when we come to Middle Temple Hall. But it should be mentioned here that the last of these festivities took place in the old Inner Temple Hall in 1733, and a description of it, quoted by Mr. Wheatley from Wynne's 'Enonomus,' shows that the fireplace was in the centre, as in old days at Westminster, and still, I believe, at Penshurst. While wood was the principal fuel, this custom must have been almost universal. Two ancient fireplaces in walls have been found in the Tower, but not, I believe, any corresponding chimney or other outlet for the smoke. One of the oldest fireplaces in a wall is that of Crosby Hall, which dates from about 1470. Wynne says the Master of the Revels conducted the Chancellor and one of the Judges 'round about the coal fire three times. The fire, however,' he tells, 'was not lighted, though it was the month of February.' The Prince of Wales (Frederick) honoured the performance with his company part of the time: 'he came into the music-gallery wing about the middle of the play, and went away as soon as the farce of walking round the coal fire was over.'

It may be worth while here to note that students who have kept the requisite number of terms are 'called to the bar.' These calls are made on the sixteenth day of each term, advantages being given to members of a University. A student when called

becomes an 'utter barrister,' and after twelve years in that degree becomes eligible as a reader or bencher. The usages differ but slightly in the different Inns of Court. At call, pass and honour certificates are given, and those students who take honours assume seniority over those who have only passed. In 1875, a code of rules, to which all the Inns subscribed, known as the 'Consolidated Regulations,' were issued, and are still in force.

Some profane person has compared the Middle Temple to a beautiful woman with a plain husband. But the Inner Temple has its own beauty, some of it of a very substantial character. The real 'Queen Anne' style can be studied there at great ease. Some nooks and corners are distinctly picturesque, and the charming view across the lawn to the embankment and the Thames—even though the Surrey hills of Charles Lamb's description are seldom, if ever, visible now—has been enhanced in the foreground by the addition of our old friend from Clement's Inn, the blackamoor.

*THE FOUNTAIN IN THE TEMPLE.*

Granting all this, and not forgetting the perfect model of a gentleman's town house offered us by Wren in the Master's lodge—for though it is on territory common to both Inns, like the chapel, it is geographically in the Inner Temple—still we are forced to confess that there is superior beauty, greater grace, better grouping in the Middle Temple. Its lawn seems wider, its trees are higher, its hall is older, its courts are quainter than those of the other member of this inseparable pair. I am not satisfied with the library, yet it has its good points, and was immensely admired as an example of the revived Gothic style, and by none more than myself, when it was first built. A little sense of the necessity for proportion even in Gothic buildings robs it of much of its exterior charm, but the interior goes far to redeem it. The new garden buildings have no such redeeming features, nor have Harcourt Buildings; but perhaps they set off the rest. The courts by which we enter from the north-west are among the best features, and when we pass through an old wrought-iron gate, and, turning southward in an ancient and spacious court, see before us the fountain, the hall, the terrace, the green slope, and the embankment and river beyond the library, we feel that so far the charm of the place is as complete as ever. So much for beauty; the

literary and historical associations of the Middle Temple are, it must be allowed, chiefly of an imported character. The lawyers are not so much to us as some other people. We think of the King-maker and his puppets, of Shakespeare, of Goldsmith, of Johnson, of Porson, of Dickens; and not so much of Blackstone, Clarendon, Somers, Dunning, or Talfourd. Of course, some great men, men great apart from their legal qualifications, were lawyers, and 'of the Middle Temple.' Fielding, the novelist, was a barrister of this Inn. His chambers were in Pump Court. We cannot be sure that Sir Walter Raleigh was a lawyer, but he described himself about 1570 to be 'of the Middle Temple.' Another great fighting man was a student here for some time, Sir Henry Havelock. His name among the Templars comes upon us unexpectedly. Yet he was a pupil of Chitty's before he went to India. Elias Ashmole, the antiquary, made no figure as a lawyer, yet he was called in 1660. He had chambers in Middle Temple Lane, and there in January, 1679, his books and papers, coins and medals, were destroyed by fire.

This fire was far more destructive to the Temple than the Great Fire of twelve years before. If any of the residential part of the ancient buildings remained, they were now destroyed, together with the Cloisters. It broke out at midnight in Pump Court, and raged for twelve hours. The weather was cold, the Thames frozen, and the water supply inadequate. It is said that the barrels of ale from the butteries were put into the pumping engines, a story which may have originated from the burning of part of the Inner Temple Hall, when, no doubt, the beer-cellar would be consumed. The flames were finally subdued by the use of gunpowder. The chapel was saved, as well as Middle Temple Hall, but in addition to Pump Court, Elm Tree Court, and Vine Court, a part of Brick Court was also destroyed. Notwithstanding this calamity, the Middle Temple presents some old features wanting in the other Inn. Apart from the church, already described, which has few visible signs of antiquity left, some of the courts rebuilt after 1679 are now old enough to have grown picturesque, while the massive, well-proportioned entrance gateway from Fleet Street (of which a sketch appeared in our first chapter) was designed by the great Sir Christopher himself, and built in 1684. It replaced a Tudor gateway, which Aubrey tells us was set up by Sir Amias Pawlet, who appears both to have designed and also built it, at his own expense, in payment of a fine laid upon him by Wolsey. It was decorated with the Cardinal's arms, and Pawlet's own shone in the window glass; but the stonework was so mouldering that the whole edifice had to be taken down.

Once we are within the gate, the curious old buildings, assuredly much older in parts than 1684, will strike the visitor who enters after the newness and bustle of Fleet Street. The slope is steep, and leads down, through another and very different building, to that part of the Temple Garden which owes its existence to the Thames Embankment. A picturesque gateway here, even a plain but well-proportioned one, like Wren's at the top, would have been a conspicuous ornament to the neighbourhood.

The first corner we come to is that of Brick Court, which is open to the lane on the eastern side. It is said to have been built in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, to have been the first part of the Temple made of brick, and to be alluded to by Spenser in the 'Prothalamion,' where he speaks of the 'bricky towers.' But the court is sacred to the memory of a greater than Spenser. It was in No. 2 that Oliver Goldsmith breathed his last, in April, 1774. His rooms were immediately over those of Sir William Blackstone, who, engaged on his 'Commentaries,' is said to have complained of the constant racket above. Goldsmith had first lived in Garden Court, but the house next door to No. 3, which still exists, has been pulled down. It was before he went to the Temple, and while he was still at Wine Office Court, Fleet Street, in 1763, that Johnson writes of him:—

'I received one morning a message from poor Goldsmith that he was in great distress, and as it was not in his power to come to me, begging that I would come to him as soon as possible. I sent him a

Middle Temple Hall
&
Fountain Court.

guinea and promised to come to him directly. I accordingly went as soon as I was drest, and found that his landlady had arrested him for his rent, at which he was in a violent passion. I perceived that he had already changed my guinea, and had got a bottle of Madeira and a glass before him. I put the cork into the bottle, desired he would be calm, and began to talk to him of the means by which he might be extricated. He then told me that he had a novel ready for the press, which he produced to me. I looked into it and saw its merits; told the landlady I should soon return, and having gone to a bookseller, sold it for sixty pounds. I brought Goldsmith the money, and he discharged his rent, not without rating his landlady in a high voice for having used him so ill.'

In Wine Office Court he wrote the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' and removed thence to 2 Garden Court in 1764. We next meet with him in Gray's Inn, but his comedy, 'The Good-natured Man,' bringing him in 500*l.*, he bought the chambers at No. 2 Brick Court, Middle Temple, for 400*l.*, and remained here till his death in 1774, or about nine years, varied by summers at Canonbury and near the six-mile stone on the Edgeware Road, where he lodged at a farmhouse on the western side of the road, and where he wrote 'She Stoops to Conquer.' The 'Deserted Village' and the 'Traveller' were mainly written in 2 Brick Court. Thackeray, in his 'English Humourists,' alludes to his own residence in that house in 1855: 'I have been many a time in the chambers in the Temple which were his, and passed up the staircase which Johnson, and Burke, and Reynolds trod to see their friend, their kind Goldsmith — the stair on which the poor women sat weeping bitterly when they heard that the greatest and most generous of all men was dead within the black oak door.'

In a letter to Forster, Thackeray says the bedroom was a mere closet without any light in it, and also remarks on some good carved woodwork being in the chambers. Mr. Wheatley says they were on the right hand of the visitor ascending the stairs. The windows look out on the Temple Garden, and in Goldsmith's time there was a rookery here, which he describes in his 'Animated Nature.' Mr. Laurence Hutton quotes Washington Irving's account of Goldsmith's death. Burke, on hearing the news, burst into tears. Reynolds threw away his pencil for the day. Johnson felt the blow deeply, and wrote of it to Boswell that Sir Joshua thought he owed about 2000*l.*, adding, 'Was ever poet so trusted before?'

The funeral took place on the 9th of April, at five in the afternoon, and they buried poor Goldsmith near where he had died. A little corner only of the old Temple cemetery remains on the north side of the church. To this corner, or somewhere near it, his body was borne through a crowd of all ranks and both sexes — the friends whom he had delighted with his wit, and the poor on whom he had spent his scanty substance. Yet the place of his grave was forgotten, and when, eighty-six years later, they sought it, no stone had been left to mark it. As if the satire in one of his own papers in the 'Citizen of the World' had

been acted on seriously, they took no care that he should be commemorated where they laid him. His Chinaman writes of the epitaphs of the English: 'When we read those monumental histories of the dead, it may be justly said that "all men are equal in the dust;" for they all appear equally remarkable for being the most sincere Christians, the most benevolent neighbours, and the honestest men of their time.' A little further on in the same paper he adds: 'Some even make epitaphs for themselves, and bespeak the reader's good-will. It were indeed to be wished that every man would early learn in this manner to make his own; that he would draw it up in terms as flattering as possible, and that he would make it the employment of his whole life to deserve it.'

While Goldsmith's grave in the Temple was forgotten, Johnson and his friends had arranged for a tablet in the Poets' Corner, and there, accordingly, we see Nollekens' medallion of him, and Johnson's famous epitaph, 'Qui nullum fere scribendi genus non tetigit, nullum quod tetigit non ornavit,'* words frequently and in vain sought for among the classics. This monument was put up in 1776, when Goldsmith had been dead a little more than two years, and gave occasion for the famous round-robin of remonstrance from those who thought the epitaph should have been in English.

In 1860, after a fruitless inquiry as to where Goldsmith had been buried, a plain gravestone was placed in the little plot of ground which successive 'restorations' had left to represent the cemetery of the Temple, and on it are only the words, 'Here lies Oliver Goldsmith.' He made in his writings but passing allusions, few in number, to the Temple, and the Temple, in return, neglected him and his grave.

Leaving Brick Court, and continuing down Middle Temple Lane, we arrive, opposite the hall, at a wide paved platform or terrace; beyond, that is, to westward of which is the Fountain — not the same fountain as that of which Lamb wrote so amusingly, but a new one, a provokingly new one, with a terra-cotta bird in the centre. To the right some steps lead up to New Court and Devereux Court, and on the left there are steps down to the gardens and the library. There are shady trees overhead, but Goldsmith's rooks no longer caw in them. Altogether, this seems to be the most pleasing part of the Temple—the part most often alluded to by essayists and novelists. No one can forget what use Dickens made of it in 'Martin Chuzzlewit.' Here John Westlock met Ruth Pinch: 'Brilliantly the Temple Fountain sparkled in the sun, and laughingly its liquid music played, and merrily the idle drops of water danced and danced, and peeping out in sport among the trees plunged lightly down to hide themselves, as little Ruth and her

* 'Who left untouched scarcely any kind of literature, and touched none that he did not adorn.'

companion came towards it.' In another place (chapter xlv.) there is a fuller description of the fountain :—

'There was a little plot between them, that Tom should always come out of the Temple by one way; and that was past the fountain. Coming through Fountain Court he was just to glance down the steps leading to Garden Court and to look once all round him, and if Ruth had come to meet him, there he would see her—not sauntering, you understand (on account of the clerks), but coming briskly up, with the best little laugh upon her face that ever played in opposition to the fountain and beat it all to nothing. For, fifty to one, Tom had been looking for her in the wrong direction, and had quite given her up. . . . Whether there was life enough left in the slow vegetation of Fountain Court for the smoky shrubs to have any consciousness of the brightest and purest-hearted little woman in the walk is a question for gardeners and those who are learned in the loves of plants. But that it was a good thing for that same paved yard to have such a delicate little figure flitting through it; that it passed like a smile from the grimy old houses and the worn flagstones, and left them duller, darker, sterner than before—there is no sort of doubt. The Temple fountain might have leaped up twenty feet to greet the spring of hopeful maidenhood that in her person stole on, sparkling, through the dry and dusty channels of the Law; the chirping sparrows, bred in Temple chinks and crannies, might have held their peace to listen to imaginary skylarks, as so fresh a little creature passed; the dingy boughs, unused to droop otherwise than in their puny growth, might have bent down in a kindred gracefulness to shed their benedictions on her graceful head; old love-letters, shut up in iron boxes in the neighbouring offices, and made of no account among the heaps of family papers into which they had strayed, and of which, in their degeneracy, they formed a part, might have stirred and fluttered with a moment's recollection of their ancient tenderness as she went lightly by.'

There is much more to the same effect, for Dickens loved this little oasis, and dwelt affectionately on its beauty. There are some lines by 'L. E. L.' on the fountain, which, though entirely of the 'Annual' type, are not without a certain sweetness. The last four lines are the best :—

'Away in the distance is heard the vast sound
From the streets of the city that compass it round,
Like the echo of *fountains* or ocean's deep call,
Yet the fountain's low singing is heard over all.'

W. J. Loftie.

## SINGER'S METAL-WORK

THE contents of a country jeweller's shop-window are not usually very exciting or very artistic: some brooches of jet, or rather of imitation jet, on cards; a gilt cupid with a barrow of wedding rings; a tray of 'fancy' breast pins and rings; two or three rows of watches of doubtful value as timekeepers and of uncertain age; a few Albert chains of ordinary patterns; several small parcels of spoons and of forks, mostly plated, and of the respectable fiddle pattern; an array of American and Swiss clocks, arranged with great skill, so as to lead the eye towards the central feature of the show—a large office 'dial,' probably innocent of works; and a number of other objects, presumably adapted to meet the needs and gratify the taste of the countryside, but not distinguished for sound workmanship or the realisation of a high ideal in design. Occasionally, however, the keen sight of the trained curio-hunter will detect in the midst of all this commonplace material something which offers at least a claim upon his attention; a claim, it may be, based upon antiquarian rather than artistic worth, yet one affording the connoisseur and collector welcome relief after many days of fruitless quest. I am, indeed, but recalling my own general experience, gained during many wanderings, chiefly in the south-western counties of England; nevertheless there remains in my memory one very bright and strong impression of an entirely different character. It must have been about a quarter of a century

ago that I found myself one summer day in Frome, a small picturesque market-town in Somersetshire. Frome is not a large place, nor does it possess any exceptional attractions, such as those which bring many visitors to Bath, Bristol, Cheltenham, Gloucester, and Wells. But in the market-place of Frome my attention was at once arrested by the contents of a certain shop-window. Old English silver plate, Augsburg and Nürnberg tankards and cups, Spanish pendants and other jewels, Flemish earrings, gold and silver crosses from Normandy, were associated with chalices, candlesticks, and almsdishes of good design, but quite recent workmanship. On venturing, not without trepidation, to enter this treasure-house, I made the acquaintance of its owner, Mr. John W. Singer. I learnt from him that he was in the habit of making frequent visits to the Continent, seeking for choice examples of old jewellery and plate, chiefly in France, Germany, Belgium, and Spain. He showed me many curious and beautiful things besides those to which reference has been already made. For instance, he had gathered together an extraordinary collection of old English 'Posy' rings, all bearing mottoes, but some decorated with enamel or with chased and engraved designs. But Mr. Singer had done something more than collect. Stimulated, I suppose, by the beauty of the examples of artistic workmanship which were constantly passing through his hands, he began to design and to manufacture, his attention being mainly directed at first to the production of ecclesiastical metal-work.

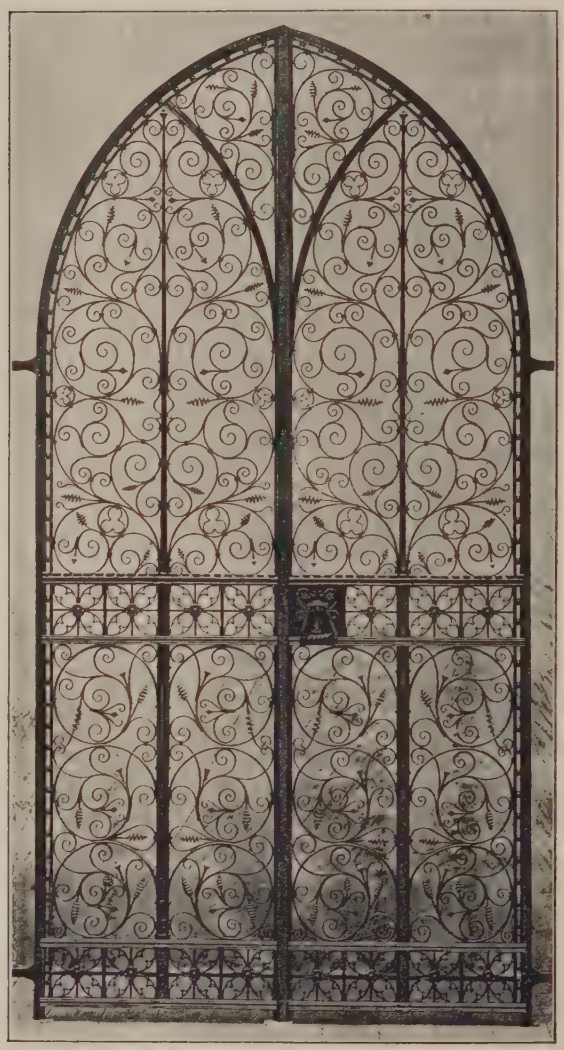


*FIG. 1.—IRON GATES AT SALISBURY.*

The year 1852 marks the definite commencement of the Frome workshops. For some years Mr. John W. Singer conducted them alone; at a later date his elder son, Mr. W. Herbert Singer, and afterwards his younger son, Mr. Edgar Singer, were associated with him in the conduct of the works. Both the latter had studied for some years at South Kensington, and were National Scholars; they had, moreover, enjoyed the great advantage of being included amongst the students selected to work under the late Mr. F. W. Moody. I may add here that Mr. W. Herbert Singer gained the Travelling Scholarship of the Goldsmiths' Company, and won, three successive years, their fifty-pound prize.

It was in the year 1874 that the factory was moved to its present quarters, an old-fashioned garden on the outskirts of Frome. Five years afterwards a goodly portion of the ground was bright with flowers, but now, I am told, the whole area is covered with buildings. About one hundred men are employed in the works; the great majority of them have been trained in the factory, but advantage has been taken from time to time to secure the skill of a few foreign workmen in special branches of craftsmanship. The apprentice system is strictly enforced, and it is perhaps in consequence of this that the *atelier* of the Messrs. Singer

follows somewhat closely on the lines of the old workshops wherein much depended upon tradition.

The productions of Frome are wrought in a variety of metals and by diverse processes. Some of the earliest pieces were executed in hammered iron. Great attention is paid to this department of handiwork, and the Messrs. Singer are thoroughly conversant with the principles which should regulate the design and treatment of malleable iron. They have twenty forges, at some of which heavy pieces are manipulated, while at others work of the finest and lightest description is wrought. Amongst the more important productions of the firm a few may be named, such as the gates and grilles of the Ulster Bank, Dublin; the chancel screens in St. Luke's Church, Victoria Docks, and St. Barnabas', Tunbridge Wells; and two gates for Salisbury Cathedral—one of these is shown in Fig. 1; it was designed by Sir A. Blomfield, A.R.A. In many cases Messrs. Singer work out their own designs, particularly in bracket-lamps, coronae, and a great variety of other constructive arrangements for lighting large buildings by gas, electricity, candles, or oil. The hanging oil-lamps in Clumber Church are very rich examples of ecclesiastical ironwork; the sumptuous lectern at St. Luke's, Victoria Docks, is also well worthy of attention, not only on account of the beauty of its details, but also by reason of the skilful adaptation of an unusual form to the purpose of a reading-desk.

*FIG. 2.—PROCESSIONAL CROSS.*

Many pieces of work are executed in brass, copper, bronze, and silver; aluminium is also occasionally employed, while true vitreous enamels are not unfrequently introduced for the further enrichment of the surfaces. Bronze, retaining its natural hue, is a favourite material with Messrs. Singer; they prefer its colour to that of brass, and consider it less liable to acquire an unpleasant tarnish. They have produced some large works in this metal, notably the reredos at Denstone, which contains three figures, nearly life-size, relieved against a diapered and enamelled background. The monument in the churchyard of Kildown to the memory of Mr. A. J. Beresford Hope and Lady Mildred Hope is another important example of work in bronze and white metal: it is over twelve feet in height. The large double desk or lectern in Armagh Cathedral is also of bronze; the statuettes, the pierced work, and the cresting on this structure are particularly beautiful and harmonious. It was executed from the design of Messrs. Carpenter and Ingelow. The altar cross at Ely is of bronze and silver.

At the Brompton Oratory there is a set of altar furniture—a cross, two candlesticks, and two vases—made in bronze, but in a late Renaissance style. These pieces were produced partly by the process of 'spinning' and partly by that of '*repoussé*.' The silver altar candlesticks in Salisbury Cathedral were made by the same processes, but in Decorated Gothic. They stand upon four figures of lions; above the bases are figures in canopied niches; the summits and crestings are of finely composed foliage-work.

Processional crosses are made very much upon the mediaeval lines. To ensure lightness

a core of wood is used, and this is covered with beaten plates of metal. The top of one of these crosses is shown in Fig. 2.

I have already mentioned the employment of aluminium by Messrs. Singer. The very beautiful tabernacle of Clumber Church, which is shown in Fig. 3, affords an example of the use of this rather intractable metal in association with bronze.

The engraving of memorial brasses has long formed an important branch of the work at Frome. Messrs. Singer have gathered together a large number of rubbings from the best extant examples in England and Belgium, and they are careful to follow old precedents, introducing, when necessary, such modifications as modern requirements suggest. The large brass in Bristol Cathedral in memory of the Rev. J. Palmer is a characteristic example of their work.

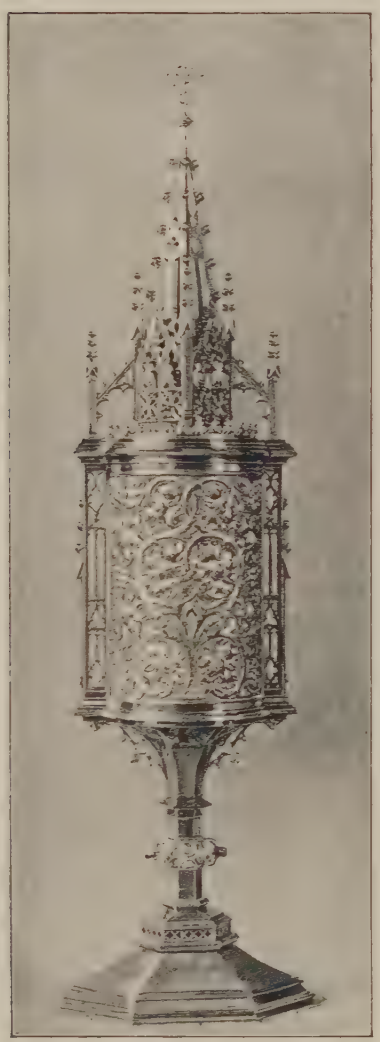


FIG. 3.—TABERNACLE AT CLUMBER.

At the bronze foundry at Frome statues of any size are cast in bronze, the larger works by the sand process of moulding, the smaller by the *cire perdue* method. Amongst the larger works lately produced by Messrs. Singer may be named the *Lord Napier* statue, by the late Sir Edgar Boehm, which stands in Waterloo Place, and the *General Gordon*, by Mr. E. Onslow Ford, A.R.A., now at Chatham. In the latter case, in accordance with the wish of the sculptor, the head and some other parts were cast by the *cire perdue* process. The series of small bronze statuettes now being published by Mr. A. L. Collie, of 39B Old Bond Street, are from the Frome *ateliers*. They include *The Sluggard* of Sir Frederick Leighton, the *General Gordon* and the *John Bright* of Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, and the *Peace* of Mr. E. Onslow Ford.

I ought to have said that Messrs. Singer have been for some time past devoting a good deal of attention to the designing and manufacture of fittings for the electric light, and that they are fully conscious of the need for originality and appropriateness in this branch of work. They have recently made, for the Planet Company, the coronae for Hove Church and the various brackets and pendants in the Mansion House.

To Messrs. Singer is undoubtedly due a considerable share of credit for the part they have taken in the modern revival of the artistic working of metal. The comparative isolation of their workshops in a quiet country town, away from the sordid surroundings, the smoke and dirt, and the crowded factories of such centres of activity as Birmingham and London, is not without its advantages. It has certainly compelled the members of the firm to rely upon themselves, and to combine and control many different branches of metal-working that usually form distinct trades, for at Frome there are constantly at work—smiths, fitters, and founders; chasers, engravers, *repoussé* workers, and mounters; plaster-moulders, sand-moulders, and *cire-perdue* workers; pattern-makers and polishers. In the present brief paper I have not been able to do more than direct my readers' attention to this hive of artistic industry. Even a mere synopsis of the main outcome of all the varied branches of work carried on by Messrs. Singer would need a volume.

A. H. CHURCH.

# A STREET SCENE IN SEVILLE

FROM A WATER-COLOUR DRAWING BY J. F. LEWIS, R.A.

THE original drawing, which belongs to the British Museum, and is one of those now on exhibition, is full of lively contrasts of colour. The artist himself used to say that his work was always conceived in colour, and could scarcely be translated into black and white. The photography of his day, which turned blue into white and orange into black, was certainly unequal to any such task; but now that the various colours can be rendered with something like a true scale of tones, it is surprising what effective photographs may be obtained even from his most powerfully coloured work.

# GRUCHY:

THE BIRTHPLACE OF JEAN FRANCOIS MILLET

## II.

LIKE Millet's home, the hamlet itself has changed but little in the last seventy years, nay, even in the last hundred and seventy, for many of the houses bear on their lintels dates of the beginning of last century. Here and there since Millet's boyhood a tree has been felled, or a new house has sprung up. Here and there an old one abandoned by its owners stands roofless, shrouded in thick-clustering ivy, half-buried under brambles and elder-bushes. Otherwise the Gruchy of to-day is the Gruchy of the painter's youth. Just opposite the Millets' house is a quaint old stone-covered well, which must have been one of the first objects of the outer world familiar to Jean François' baby eyes. In drawings of the artist's later years it appears more than once. A little lower down is the washing-place, or *douet*, as it is termed in Norman parlance, where the goodwives of the village gossip as they batter their linen on the big round stones. Here is a bit of wall which Millet himself helped to build; there a barn-door on which he roughly scrawled a devil with a pitchfork. Hard by Gruchy is the village of Greville, with its quaint, low, greystone church, just as Millet in the closing years of his life painted it, save that a few more stone crosses crowd the little graveyard, and that the fringe of poplar-trees, already withering when Millet painted them in the background of his picture, have died and been cut down.

We climb the stone stile, which serves to keep stray cattle from wandering into God's Acre, and take a peep into the interior of the church—that interior which, next to the picture of his own home, was the earliest which impressed itself on the 'mindful tablets' of the painter's brain. Even to us of another faith, and despite the often tawdry modern accessories of the Roman ritual, there is something very touching about such humble little village churches, with their rows of well-worn wooden pews, and their quaint bits of old stonework, overlaid with repeated layers of paint or whitewash. These spots, where successive generations of hard-handed sons of toil have caught, as they rested from their week-day existence, glimpses of eternity, strike a chord deep down in our hearts. As we tread reverently down the little aisle, the sound of children's voices strikes on our ear from a side-chapel, where a young *curé* is vigorously beating time to the plain chant of a row of village urchins, just as Millet's father may have done seventy years ago.

It was to the village school at Greville that Millet, when six and a half years old, was sent to begin his education. From his great-uncle he had already learned to read. Such learning in one so young was looked on as prodigious by the other children. Egged on by some older boys, who wished to test the pluck and muscle of the new fellow, little Millet

began his school career by fighting and licking a boy six months older than himself. This victory was the first step towards a kind of supremacy which, when a little older, Millet enjoyed over the other lads of Greville and Gruchy. At twelve years of age Millet began to prepare for his first Communion. The young priest who catechised him with the other village children, struck by his superior intelligence, volunteered to teach him Latin. The boy entered with zest into his new studies, and after wading through several ecclesiastical manuals of sacred history, plunged into Virgil, in whose works he took the keenest pleasure, the Georgics, not unnaturally, being his favourite. At this point Millet's studies came to an end, and he turned from the desk to the field, where he soon became his father's right hand. The tincture of learning, however, thus acquired, never wore off—rather deepened as the boy grew older. After long days of hard labour in the open air, ploughing or sowing, tossing hay or reaping corn, he would turn of an evening with pleasure to his books. Of these there was no lack in his home. His grandmother and great-uncle had stocked the house with a goodly supply of religious works. Millet thus became familiar with the 'Lives of the Saints,' the 'Confessions' of St. Augustine, the writings of St. Jerome, St. François de Sales, and Pascal, the works of the philosophers of Port Royal, of Bossuet, and of Fénélon. Virgil and the Bible he read in Latin over and over again, the latter in a big, old-fashioned Vulgate, illustrated with rough woodcuts. It was these woodcuts which fostered in him that desire which, as quite a baby boy, he used to express in the words, 'François veut faire des bonshommes.' Often after the midday meal, when the others slept, young Millet would sit alone in a little room overlooking the garden, and make rough attempts to reproduce what he saw from the window—a tree, or a house, or a bit of field. It was not, however, until his eighteenth year that the future artist gave a decided sign of his talent. Coming back from early mass one Sunday morning, Millet had met on the road a little old man from a neighbouring village bent half double. The figure impressed itself on his mind. Returning home, he transferred this impression in a few firm, rapid strokes to paper. When his father, with the rest of the family and some friends, returned a little later, Jean François' drawing passed from hand to hand, calling forth surprise and admiration from all. The father was perhaps the least astonished, for he had already more than once noticed his son's efforts at drawing.

*WELL OPPOSITE MILLET'S HOME, GRUCHY.*

This first drawing was followed in quick succession by two others, one of a shepherd playing on the flute, while another leans listening against a tree; the other a night effect, a man coming out of a house with loaves of bread in his arms, which another man eagerly receives. The first was doubtless suggested by an eclogue of Virgil, but Millet's shepherds are no ideal beings; they wear the sabots and jackets of the Norman peasantry, and the

hillside on which they disport themselves is a sloping bit of orchard belonging to Millet's father. The second drawing bears the text from St. Luke, 'Et si non dabit illi surgens eo quod amicus sit, propter improbitatem tamen ejus surget et dabit illi quotquot habet necessarios.'

Shortly afterwards Millet's father, yielding to the wish of the boy's heart, took him to Cherbourg, to the studio of a local artist, Dumoncel, or, as he was usually called, Mouchel. Mouchel, when he saw young Millet's drawings, at first refused to believe that they could be the unaided work of an untaught peasant lad; then, turning to the father, he exclaimed: 'You risk your soul's salvation by having kept your child so long with you, for he has the making of a great artist in him.' A few days later young Millet was placed as a pupil in Mouchel's studio.

THE CHURCH, GREVILLE.

Never, surely, had lad a stranger master. Mouchel was a kind of modern Buffalmacco, turn about superstitiously devout or openly atheistic, deeply attached to his art, of which he was a self-taught votary, a worshipper of nature, and a great lover of animals. The latter taste manifested itself in a passion for pets, chiefest among whom was a pig, in whose company the artist used to pass long hours, averring that he understood the creature's grunts. As a painter, Mouchel was not without talent; but, like many of his contemporaries, he was a disciple of the then predominant gospel of art in France, the Gospel according to David. As a master, he had fortunately sufficient good sense not to attempt in any way to shackle the efforts of young Millet's original genius. 'Do just as you please,' he said to the lad; 'pick out whatever you like in my studio, follow your own bent, and go to the museum.' So to the museum, a collection of some three hundred second-rate old masters, of various schools, young Millet betook himself, and set to work to copy.

Two months later he was summoned home by the news of his father's serious illness. Hastening to Gruchy, he found his father struck down by a brain fever. Dearly as the dying man loved his mother and his wife, he would have no one to nurse him in this last illness but his eldest and favourite son; he would take neither food nor medicine from any hand but François'. Convinced of his son's genius, he exclaimed, a day or two before his death, 'Ah! François, I had hoped that we should see Rome together.'

In a few days the struggle was over. Millet's father lay dead. He himself, worn out with nursing, prostrate with grief, seemed for a day or two on the verge of losing his reason.

The father's death left Jean François, at twenty, the head of a family in which the

youngest child was just a year old. Practical friends in Cherbourg urged the advisability of the young man adopting a more remunerative occupation than art. The grandmother, however, now came forward with her simple, straightforward advice. 'God's will,' she said to her grandson, 'must be done; your father said you should be a painter. Obey him, and go back to Cherbourg.'

Back to Cherbourg Millet went. Not, however, to his old master's studio, but to the local art school, at the head of which was a pupil of Baron Gros, Langlois by name. Like Mouchel, Langlois, in spite of his own hard-and-fast ideas about art, had the good sense to leave the youth to his own devices.

Millet continued copying at the museum. His taste in art, judging from the pictures he selected to copy, was very broad. We find him making drawings from pictures of Jordaens, Schedone, Van Loo, Van Mol, from a wing of a triptych attributed to Roger van der Weyden, and a bit of an Assumption by Philippe de Champagne. In literature his taste would seem to have been equally catholic. He devoured Homer, Béranger, Shakespeare, Scott, Byron, Cooper, Goethe's 'Faust,' German ballads, Chateaubriand, and Victor Hugo. Fortunately for his passion for reading, Millet had struck up a friendship with a young bookseller's assistant in Cherbourg, M. Feuardent, who kept him plentifully supplied with books.

At the end of two years passed thus, Langlois, delighted at his pupil's rapid progress, petitioned the Town Council to send young Millet to Paris to continue his studies. Somewhat grudgingly the Town Council granted a small pension, which was supplemented by a larger one from the Department.

The new life on which he was entering was destined to be full of trials and tribulations. The story of it has been too often told to be repeated here. We need not follow young Millet as, escaping from the uncongenial atmosphere of the family with whom he boarded, he wanders for days about the streets of Paris, too proud or too timid to ask his way to the Louvre, or as at last he stands in ecstatic admiration before the works of the great Italian masters. Nor need we trace Millet's brief career at Delaroche's studio, which he had entered after many searchings of heart; for to Millet Delaroche's art seemed flimsy and unreal. Leaving the distasteful life of the *atelier*, Millet took a little studio for himself; later on a larger one, with Marolles, the only friend he had made amongst his comrades. Hard pressed for money—for the pension, always irregularly paid, was soon entirely stopped—loth to apply to his family for supplies, Millet found himself obliged to have recourse to painting 'pot-boilers,' imitations of Boucher and Watteau, a kind of art which he abhorred. Millet painted the pictures, Marolles furnished the titles, and the two friends took it in turns to make the round of the picture dealers. Twenty francs for a picture seemed a fortune; a portrait at five or ten was a godsend.

The struggle was a hard one, and life would have been insupportable for Millet save for Marolles' firm friendship and cheery nature, and for an occasional visit to his home at Gruchy.

During these visits he painted more than one portrait of members of his family, notably two of his grandmother, one of which is now in the possession of a member of the Franklin family at Les Prieux, a village in the Hague, the other in the possession of a brother of the artist, Jean Louis Millet, who inhabits a farmhouse close to Greville. The same brother possesses an interesting crayon portrait by Langlois of Millet in his twenty-second year. Despite the mannerism of the drawing, we can trace the likeness in the broad forehead, surmounted by a mass of wavy hair, in the clear, piercing eyes and square jaw, to the features of the Millet of later years, familiar to us by more than one portrait.

In 1840 we find Millet back in Cherbourg, and commissioned by the Town Council to paint from a miniature a life-sized portrait of a former Mayor of Cherbourg, who had just died. The portrait, when finished, was submitted to the judgment of the Town Councillors,

who pronounced it an unsatisfactory likeness, and offered the young artist a hundred francs for his work, instead of the three hundred stipulated. This Millet scornfully refused, and, after some further bickering, made a present of the portrait to the Town Council. This was not the only humiliation to which young Millet had to submit. All seemed to have turned against him; even Langlois, his old professor and supporter, dubbed him a young barbarian, and pronounced his work to be contrary to all the rules of art. Millet had to turn his hand to whatever commission offered itself. We find him, at this time, painting several portraits, a big picture of the martyrdom of St. Barbe, a sign for a shop, *La Petite Laitière*, a horse for a veterinary surgeon, a battle-piece for a travelling circus. For the latter canvas he received thirty francs in coppers! It was during this period that Millet fell in love with and married his first wife, Mademoiselle Briand, the daughter of a Cherbourg tailor. After the marriage ceremony, Millet took his bride down to Gruchy, and a family banquet was held in the old home.

Three years elapsed ere Millet's next visit to his birthplace—three years, passed in Paris, of even sharper suffering and harder struggling than the former three. Every year Millet sent one or more pictures to the Salon; every year they were rejected. At last, in 1844, a picture, *La Laitière*, and a pastel of children at play, entitled, *La Leçon d'Equitation*, were accepted.

These two works, unnoticed by the critics, excited the admiration of two artists, Diaz and Eugène Tourneau, who were destined later to rank amongst Millet's firmest friends. Together they set off in search of this unknown young painter, but when at last they discovered his little 'logement' in the Rue des Princesses, they found it empty. Millet's young wife, always delicate, had succumbed to a rapid consumption. Millet himself had fled for solace to the home of his youth.

The next eighteen months were passed by the artist between Gruchy and Cherbourg. Refusing the post of professor at the drawing school of Cherbourg, Millet subsisted during this period mainly by portrait-painting. In the autumn of 1845 he married his second wife, Mademoiselle Catharine Lenoir, of Lorient, and shortly afterwards set out with her for Paris. Stopping *en route* at Havre, Millet remained there for several months, during which he painted a considerable number of mythological subjects, which found a ready sale. Before leaving Havre, he held an exhibition of his works, which brought him in nine hundred francs. With this, to him, large sum, Millet, accompanied by his wife, moved to Paris. His success at Havre was to be the last bright spot in Millet's life for many a long day.

The story of the years that follow is familiar to most of us. The brief stay in Paris, the settlement at Barbizon, the struggle to supply daily bread for the now large family, increased by the presence of two brothers who had embraced art as a profession, the friendship with Rousseau—all these are things which have been too often told to require repetition here. Eight years elapsed before Millet again set foot on his native soil, and during this long absence death had carried off first the painter's grandmother, then his mother. Millet, tied to his work for daily bread, destitute of money for the journey, had had the supreme grief of being unable to be present at their last moments. When at last he did return to Gruchy, in the spring of 1853, it was to take part in the division of the family inheritance For his portion the artist claimed only his great-uncle's books, and the big old oak wardrobe which had passed from father to son in the Millet family for many generations. His share in the house and lands he gave up to his brother Auguste. Then, as if the sight of the empty places round the hearth was too painful to be borne, he hurried back to his home at Barbizon.

This brief visit, however, to his native village had awakened all Millet's old love for the spot. So, when in the following year a windfall in the shape of 2000 francs for a picture freed him for a time from financial difficulties, his first thought was to return to his beloved

home. He transported himself and his family to Greville, where he spent four months, during which he drew or painted with an almost religious devotion every stone of his old old home, every corner of the village, and all the familiar spots around and beyond Gruchy.

The next fifteen years of Millet's life are marked by the production of the long series of *chefs-d'oeuvre*—*The Grafter*, *The Sheepfold*, *The Sower*, *The Gleaners*, *The Angelus*, *L'Homme à la Houe*, *November*—by which the artist conquered the art-world, the critics, the public, and finally wrung from the Government a tardy recognition of his talent, the Cross of the Legion of Honour.

Engrossed by his work, obliged by his wife's health to spend several summers at Vichy, Millet only once during this long period paid a hurried visit to the Hague, summoned to the death-bed of his favourite sister, Emilie.

The advance of the German army, in the autumn of 1870, forced Millet to abandon his home at Barbizon and return to the haunts of his youth. After a year spent in Cherbourg, he took up his abode with his wife and nine children in the *auberge* at Greville, and there he remained for the next four or five months. It was during this period that he painted from an upper window of the inn the picture of the *Church of Greville*, now in the Louvre.

In the end of 1871 Millet left Greville for Barbizon. He did so with the firm intention of returning in the following summer. How fondly, in spite of delays, he clung to this project may be seen by the following letter addressed to his old friend the village schoolmaster of Greville, to whom we are indebted for a copy:—

'Mon cher Monsieur P. 'Barbizon, 6 *Mai* 1874.

'Puisque vous avez bien voulu être le secrétaire de Jeanne-Marie Henry, j'espère que vous voudrez bien aussi être mon commissionnaire auprès d'elle.

'La besogne ne peut vous manquer venant de deux côtés à la fois. Dites, nous vous en prions, a cette pauvre Jeanne-Marie que nous lui savons bien bon gré de penser à nous comme elle le fait, mais que nous sommes peinés du mal qu'elle se donne pour nous le prouver. Quand nous retournerons à Greville nous lui dévorerons certainement une de ses oies, qu'elle y compte bien! mais quand se fera ce dévorement? Si l'homme propose, c'est Dieu qui dispose. Nous devions l'été dernier faire ce voyage et nous nous disposions à partir, mais je me suis trouvé malade & ma femme a fait une chûte, &c. &c.

'Cette année il me survient d'autres empêchements mais qui pourtant valent mieux. Par une lettre datée du 15 Mai dernier, je viens d'être chargé par le ministre d'un grand et important travail. Voici du reste le texte de la lettre:

'"Monsieur,—J'ai l'honneur de vous informer que M. le Ministre a bien voulu sur ma proposition vous charger d'exécuter dans l'église de Ste. Geneviève à Paris les peintures nécessaires à la décoration de la chapelle de Ste. Geneviève. Une somme de cinquante mille francs vous est allouée pour ce travail, &c. &c."

'Cette lettre m'est adresseé par M. le Directeur des Beaux-Arts. C'est un travail qui durera longtemps et qui sera bien fatiguant pour moi. O mon pauvre Greville, te reverrai-je?

'J'en reviens à Jeanne-Marie. Si elle peut vivre sans trop de misère nous en serons bien contents et nous lui demandons seulement (comme du reste elle le fait) de penser quelquefois à nous.

'Mon cher Monsieur P., mon fils François et moi nous vous serrons bien fortement et cordialement la main, puis toute la maison se joint à nous pour vous souhaiter et aux vôtres la bonne santé.

'Dites bonjour pour nous tous chez Polidor. Je souhaite en mon particulier le bonjour à Barthélemy, à Jean Paris, à Lacouture, etc. 'Signé J. F. Millet.'

Surely, as he penned the pathetic words, 'O mon pauvre Greville, te reverrai-je?' there was some presentiment in Millet's mind of his approaching end. Surely, as the great artist stopped perforce ere his work was done, racked by the terrible headaches which made the last years of his life a martyrdom, his prophetic soul had caught the sound of the Angelus bell tolling the end of his own day.

Millet never even began the great decorative work entrusted to him. He never again saw Gruchy. Ere a year from the date of this letter the great artist had breathed his last at Barbizon, and been laid to rest side by side with his friend Rousseau in the little cemetery at Creilly.

G. Grahame.

JUNE 1.—The Academy has now been open for nearly a month, and the opinions both of the crowd and of the critics have had time to settle into form. The crowd seems to agree that the show is less interesting than usual; the critics are pretty unanimous in seeing in it an improvement upon last year. Both judgments, of course, are well founded. The walls are, as a fact, strangely barren for those who want to feed on stories. The pictures with dramatic aims are few and very far between. Mr. Orchardson is almost alone in combining artistic power with a moving tale. Putting his picture aside, nearly all the best workers have agreed to taboo 'subject.' A critic of the writer's acquaintance lent his marked catalogue to a pair of friends, so that they might be saved time and trouble in seeking out the best things. They came back, after hours in the gallery, saying that they had given up the idea of understanding art, for that of all the pictures marked the only one they cared to look at twice was the *Napoleon dictating the Story of his Campaigns*. The artist, on the other hand, finds much to praise. Enough good work to make an academy of twenty years back is contributed by young painters of whom no one had ever heard five or six years ago. People seldom realise what a short time it is since it was not of the least use to look for passable work anywhere above the line. Now and then, no doubt, a good picture was skied through haste, ignorance, or narrow-mindedness on the part of the hangmen, but as a rule everything any one cared to remember found a place on the eye-level. Now this is all changed. The good pictures—by which we mean those which show a reasonable command of the *métier*—are numerous enough to make us wish that for one short hour we could be giraffes, that we might enjoy them comfortably in the lofty situations to which so many are perforce remitted. This is pleasant for those who believe that without mastery the painter is only half-articulate. There can be no doubt that the standard of accomplishment has risen immensely in England since the Paris Exhibition of 1878. That date marks the end, or at least the beginning of the end, of our old insular school. The fourteen years which have since elapsed have seen a rapid infiltration of French ideas, and especially of the French respect for workmanship. At present, perhaps, execution is looked upon too much as a substitute for art—as an end in itself. But that will work its own cure, and then our painters may be all the better for having passed through a period of what many will stigmatise as mistaken ideals. Ten years ago we should not have written thus. It then seemed as if with French notions of *technique* the younger generation of English painters would take up French ideas of what *technique* should be set to do, and would exchange their own birthright, sincerity, for a mess of foreign potage in dexterity. But experience is showing that no such fear need be entertained. British individuality is not easily killed. It asserts itself through the foreign training, and we can welcome the added strength the latter brings without misgiving.

The best, or at least the most appropriate, way to notice the exhibition here, is to take it as it hangs, noting the more remarkable things in the order of the catalogue. *Before the Procession*, by Mr. Henry Woods, is about as good an example of his refined powers of observation as we have seen; *Between Two Fires* is a bad F. D. Millet, which accounts, perhaps, for its purchase by the Chantrey trustees; *Aboard the 'Revenge,' 1591*, is a good and sufficiently probable illustration of Lord Tennyson's ballad, by Mr. F. Bourdillon; *Perfect Weather for a Cruise* is not far from a perfect Henry Moore; and *Circe invidiosa—Circe Poisoning the Sea*, a J. W. Waterhouse, in which poetical colour and a general suggestiveness are combined with loose handling and drawing of marvellous mendacity: it is at least a Sabbath day's journey from Circe's waist to her toes! Mr. Frank Bramley, one of the best of the Newlynites, paints well, if a little over-systematically, in *Old Memories*; some most desirable cows are the trespassers in the *Trespassing* of Mr. H. W. B. Davis, and Mr. George Clausen works with unusual vivacity, in *Mowers*, men cutting hay under a July sun. The second room begins with a good Shannon, *The Hon. Mrs. Lawley*, which is followed by one of the cleverest things we have yet seen by Mr. Pettie. *Bonnie Prince Charlie* is a *tableau* of the Prince with a pair of followers, as he may have appeared at the end of the long gallery of Holyrood in the '45. It is painted with extraordinary nerve and audacity, and yet has artistic repose. *Leila*, by Mr. Frank Dicksee, is pretty; a *Lawn Tennis Club*, by Mr. F. A. Bridgman, popular and Frith-like; *The City of Dis*, by Mr. Albert Goodwin, weird and not un-Dantesque, but terribly painty. Mr. Alfred East renders sunlight with success in *Hayle, from Lelant*, and Sir Frederick Leighton gives us some hint of what we have lost through the miscarriage of the St. Paul's decoration scheme, in his design from the Apocalypse: 'And the sea gave up the dead which were in it.' We think he has made an artistic mistake in choosing a cadaverous chord of colour. It spoils his work as decoration, and yet it is conceived on decorative lines. *June in the Austrian Tyrol* is a very clever *tour-de-force*; pictorially, Mr. Macwhirter has done better work. *A Landscape*, by Mr. Lionel Smythe, smacks overmuch of water-colour; the *Church of the Frari and School of San Rocco, Venice*, is a good Henry Woods; *Brown Eyes*, an excellent study by Mr. George Clausen; and *Halcyon Weather*, Sir John Millais' best work of the year. Well composed, well drawn, and good in colour, it is an upright slice of Nature at her best—of Nature when colour has come, but warmth has not yet finally departed, and is far preferable to many of his earlier essays in the same *genre*.

Passing into the great room, we avert our eyes from the experiment *manqué* Mr. Watts entitles '*She shall be called Woman*,' to fix them for a moment on Mr. Dudley Hardy's clever performance, *The Moors in Spain*, and then to let them fall restfully on *St. Helena, 1816: Napoleon dictating to Count Las Cases the account of his Campaigns*. The refinement of Mr. Orchardson's art has seldom, if ever, been better displayed than on this canvas. He has often been twitted with his fondness for empty spaces, but in truth his spaces are not empty. No doubt in ordinary hands this long blank wall, this strew of well-used maps, would both be monotonous. In his, they are full of the infinity of nature. The tones are so delicately graded, the tints so multitudinous in their quiescence, that the result is no more to be blamed for monotony than a block of weathered marble. Mr. Orchardson knows his 'Emperor' so thoroughly that we do not like to question his facts, otherwise we should say he has made him too light and alert—was he not fatter, heavier, less fit for locomotion in 1816 than he looks here? High up on the same wall hangs one of the very best things in the whole show, Mr. John Lavery's portraits of *Katherine and Esther, daughters of Lord Maclaren*. The laws of the R.A. are supposed to forbid the appearance of full-length portraits on the line, but surely they might be put in force with rather less zeal. Mr. Lavery's picture is against the ceiling. Taking it all round, the President's *Garden of the Hesperides* is the best thing he has done for years. It is brilliant in colour, pleasant in design, and well kept. This is the sort of Leighton we ought to have in the Chantrey collection. Beside it hangs Mr. Herkomer's *Lord Kelvin*, a portrait which by no means rises to the occasion, and above that a very much abler production in Mr. Collier's *Miss Julia Neilson*, a lady in a scarlet-crimson dress pulling aside a purple-crimson curtain. High in the next corner hangs a very fine study of the picturesque nude in Mr. Jacomb-Hood's *Summer*, a naked girl standing in hesitation, or enjoyment of the summer air, at the edge of a pool. It is a French study *en plein air*, with a touch of English passion to give it interest. No picture in the Academy is more popular than Mr. John Charlton's *Jubilee Procession passing Trafalgar Square*, painted for the Queen. Unhappily the royal command, as in other well-known instances, seems to have had the effect of stripping its recipient of half his powers. As a rule, Mr. Charlton is a fair colourist; here his palette is atrocious. *Mrs. Herbert Leon* would be a capital example of Mr. Fildes' powers in portraiture but for a certain discomfort about the mouth, which is opposed to the eyes in expression, and for the very insufficient hands. Sir John Millais has given us a glimpse of a delightful child in *The Little Speedwell's Darling Blue*, and Mr. Poynter a very graceful and pleasing classicality in *When the World was Young*—three South Italian girls at knucklebones in the year 70 or thereabouts. The last thing

to be noticed in this gallery is *A Kiss*, by Mr. Alma-Tadema. Here we have, of course, some well-painted marble, a number of pretty women, some dressed, some undressed, and a distance of sea and sunlight. There is, too, a touch of satire in the indifference with which the child accepts and the mother regards the kiss from a detrimental acquaintance. The young woman at the side, turning her naked back towards us in a space little wider than herself, reminds us of an Eve by Van Eyck. Altogether it is a pleasant, if not very strong, Tadema.

The first thing to demand a word in the fourth gallery is Mr. Colin Hunter's *Burial of the Macdonalds of Glencoe on St. Munda Island, Loch Leven*, 1692. The murdered clansmen are being taken in boats across the lake, most of the rowers being women. Snowy mountains rise beyond, and the whole conception has a most effective note of woe. Very different is its neighbour, Mr. Stanhope Forbes's *Forging the Anchor*. As the first picture exhibited by the leading Newlynite since his election into the Academy this has been much discussed. On the whole it has been voted a great success. The subject is happy. It has a centre round which it is easy to build a picture. This Mr. Forbes has done with much felicity, while in smaller matters of design, handling, and colour, he reaches the high standard set by the best of his former works. Mr. Collier paints well in *The Forest of Arden*, with Touchstone and Awdry under the spreading beeches; Mrs. Stanhope Forbes composes with her usual felicity in *The Minuet;* and Mr. James Clark shows himself an honest student in a picture called *Tales of Fair Cashmere*, which the hangmen have skied. The fifth room keeps up its reputation for unimportance. The good things in it are few. We feel inclined to refer only to a hospital interior, *Johnson Ward, Lincoln County Hospital*, by Mr. Dering Curtois (a new name to us), which is full of light and true to the day in which we live; to Mr. Stanley Wood's *Horse Artillery Going into Action;* to Mr. Herkomer's *Mrs. William Agnew;* to Mr. T. B. Kennington's *Miss Clara Palmer;* to Mr. H. Randolph Rose's *Mrs. T. B. Rose*, and to the *Mrs. Bibby* of Mr. Luke Fildes. There we find Mr. Herkomer's clever, but empty and sloppy *Portrait Group: a Board of Directors*, a picture that will never rival Rembrandt's *Syndics;* Mr. Melton Fisher's strong but rather common portrait of Mrs. Val Prinsep; Mr. Charles W. Furse's remarkable presentment of the *Bishop of Oxford* in his robes as prelate of the Garter; and Miss Anna Bilinska's portrait of herself. The last has been seen at the Salon. It goes far to refute two calumnies, that vanity is the ruling passion with 'the sex,' and that no woman can conceive a picture. An elaborate performance by Mr. J. R. Reid is skied in this room; unhappily it deserved no better fate. *Mrs. Lawrence* is a good portrait by Mr. H. S. Tuke. In the seventh room we find a wonderful example of that accumulation of tangible facts which Mr. John Brett mistakes for art in the large *Isles of Skomer and Skokham*. Mr. Hubert Herkomer's *Archbishop of York* is good; Mr. Swan's *Lions Drinking—Sunset*, disastrously bad. The eighth room, as usual, has some of the best things of the year to show. *My Crown and my Sceptre*, by Mr. T. C. Gotch, is a very remarkable thing indeed. It is a portrait of his own daughter, splendidly modelled and drawn, and blazing with tints which in less skilful hands might easily have ended in insupportable discords. Another fine thing from Newlyn is a half-length portrait of Mr. Bolitho, the local squire, by Mr. Stanhope Forbes. The east wall serves mainly to show off Mr. Solomon's *Orpheus*, a Lempriereian page which requires some commentary from its author. It is, on the whole, the least satisfactory thing Mr. Solomon has recently exhibited. *Lightning and Light* is a fair example of Mr. Albert Moore, although its colour is not so complete a harmony as we should like to see it. Mr. Pettie's portrait of *Mr. Auguste Manns*, the creator of the famous Crystal Palace band, Mr. W. E. Lockhart's *The Right Hon. the Speaker*, and Mr. J. J. Shannon's *Mrs. H. Turton Norton*, are all good portraits. *The Spanish Armada*, by Mr. W. L. Wyllie, is presumably the sketch for the picture recently commissioned for the Junior United Service Club. Mr. Wyllie has already painted a capital *Trafalgar* for the *palazzo* in Regent Street, and the *Armada* promises to be just as good. *Dear Life* is a capital sea-picture by Mr. Allan Hook: the subject a man defending himself against an albatross as he clings to a life-buoy.

The ninth room is even more depressing than usual, a result to which the individual responsible for its arrangement has actively contributed. The best thing in it is a small picture of *Ploughing in Morocco*, by a new man, Mr. Denholm Armour. It is skied, of course, a fate from which its truth and general balance should have saved it. *Hush-a-bye* is a fair specimen of Mrs. Tadema's powers; its nature may be divined from its title. *Water Sprites* we like; it is by Mr. Walter Osborne, the ablest member of the Royal Hibernian Academy, and the author of a drawing in water-colour bought by the Chantrey Trustees. Some good points are to be found in *Marie, a Fisherman's Daughter: Marken*, by Mr. Sherwood Hunter. If the Council would but harden its heart, and hang about one quarter as many things in this little room as they do, it would be a vast improvement. At present it is a mere pattern of frames, with odds and ends of paint sprinkled about it.

The last two galleries teem with excellent work. In Room No. X. we have marked nine pictures as worth careful examination. They are Mr. James Aumonier's *The River Piave, Belluno, Venetia;* Mr. T. Graham's *Nooning;* Mr. David Murray's *The White-heat*—a first-rate landscape; Mr. Waterhouse's heroic, in the Greek sense, and rightly picturesque *Danäe;* Mr. Walter Langley's *Sunlight and Shadow;* Mr. Hugh L. Norris's *Twilight;* Mr. Corbet's *Cloud-surrounded Morn;* Mr. Morley Fletcher's *The Shadow of Death;* and Mr. Arthur Hacker's *Annunciation*. The last-named is among the Chantrey purchases. Each of these can boast of a pictorial motive carried out on coherent lines. Mr. Hacker's performance is, on the whole, the most important, and will probably lead to the letter A being appended to his name in the catalogue next year. In the last gallery we may pause before Mr. Hanson Walker's *Mrs. Grimwood*, the best thing we have ever seen from his brush; Mr. Cope's clever though not thoroughly characteristic *John Pettie, Esq., R.A.;* Mr. Napier Hemy's excellent sea-piece, *The Trammel Net;* Mr. Edward Stott's *Red Roses;* Mr. Gregory's remarkable portrait of a yachtsman on his native deck; Mr. T. Austen Brown's *Potato Harvest;* Mr. Fred Hall's *Result of High Living*, and *A Summer Night*, in a Venetian café on the Riva dei Schiavoni, looking across to San Giorgio and the mouth of the Grand Canal, by Mr. Melton Fisher. Mr. Fisher has grappled with a problem not unlike that treated by Mr. Sargent a few years ago in his *Carnation Lily, Lily Rose*, now at South Kensington. He has painted the conflict between the light of the summer moon and that of candles shaded by Chinese lanterns. Mr. Sargent contrasted his candles with little less than daylight, and so attacked the subtler and more truly pictorial problem. But Mr. Fisher's idea is almost as good, and is treated with little less ability.

In the water-colour room the best things are Mr. Walter Osborne's *Life in the Streets* (the Dublin streets), to which we have already alluded as among the Chantrey acquisitions; and Mr. St. George Hare's *Captives*—a study of the nude recalling Sir Frederick Leighton's *Psamathe* of some years ago.

The sculpture rooms are a treat. Mr. Alfred Gilbert's busts of Sir George Birdwood and the late Baron Huddleston are magnificent, and make us impatient for the day when we shall see them in their final material. Admirable in character and individuality, they both, by the most consummate art, express a coherent intellectual idea; not of course an idea which we could repeat here in words—if we could, we should confute our own praise—but one which when realised by the master ends in creation. *Comedy and Tragedy: Sic Vita*, is a capital sketch for a statuette; we should like to see it after Mr. Gilbert has spent another week upon it; and the chain for the Mayor of Preston, a piece of decorative jewellery not to be surpassed for originality and style. Mr. Onslow Ford's *Shelley* suffers more than most things from being shown in a waste material. In bronze and marble it will look like a different thing, especially the statue of the drowned poet himself. Mr. Ford also sends a bust of Mr. Balfour, and a shield presented to Miss Gordon by the Royal Engineers, as a memorial of her brother. The latter is a most refined

piece of work. The general form is that of an elongated lozenge; in the middle it has a grandly designed relief of St. Michael and Satan. Mr. George Frampton's *Children of the Wolf*, Mr. Hamo Thornycroft's *Edward I.*, Mr. Lawson's *Robert Burns*—which does not reduce well, however; Mr. Swan's *Lioness Drinking* and *African Panther*, Mr. Thornycroft's *John Bright*—the model for the statue lately erected at Rochdale; and Mr. Paul R. Montford's *Jacob Wrestling with the Angel*—the group which won the R.A. gold medal at the last competition—and Mr. Adrian Jones's heroic group of *Duncan's Horses*, complete the list of ideal works demanding notice. Among the portraits—'only busts'—those which show the most quality are *The Late Professor Marshall*, by Mr. Brock; *Reginald T. Blomfield, Esq.*, by F. W. Pomeroy; and the *Late Rev. Edward Thring*, by Mr. Brock. We must not forget to mention the *Silver Knocker*, by Mr. Harry Bates.

The architectural room is, of course, most interesting. Even at a period of architectural decay it must always be of interest to see the projects for buildings which are to become common objects of our streets, and this is a period not of architectural decay but of an activity which may lead to a revival of art. Such things as Mr. Belcher's design for the proposed completion of the South Kensington Museum (1675), the same architect's *Institute of Accountants* (1728), Mr. Norman Shaw's *Reredos, All Saints', Richards Castle* (1839), Mr. Reginald Blomfield's *Design for an Altar Cross* (1626), show the drift of development and encourage for the future, while Mr. Pearson's *Truro Cathedral* as it will be (1687), Sir Arthur Blomfield's *Royal College of Music, South Kensington*, Mr. Collcutt's design for the *Queen's Tower, Imperial Institute* (1644), and Mr. Bodley's for the unfinished side of the new courts at Queens' College, Cambridge, have at least the attraction of success with the powers that be.

A famous Sir Joshua has been bequeathed to the National Gallery. It is the picture engraved and often spoken of as *Cornelia and her Children*. It represents Lady Cockburn, the wife of Sir James Cockburn, Bart., M.P. for Peebles, whom she married in 1769. She was a daughter of the Rev. Francis Ayscough, Dean of Bristol. Reynolds painted her with her three children. One, a baby, lies naked in her lap; another hangs on her right arm; while a third clings about her neck from behind and looks over her left shoulder. The picture dates from the year 1773. It is recorded that when it was brought into the exhibition room to be hung, all the painters present clapped their hands in admiration. It is one of the most splendid of all Sir Joshua's works in colour, but tradition says that it was only after much deliberation that its most gorgeous passage, the macaw, was introduced to balance the composition. It shares with the *Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse* the honour of being signed by the master. The engraving, in stipple, was executed by C. Wilkin, and published in 1791. The picture comes to the nation from Lady Hamilton, the widow of the late Sir James Hamilton. Lady Hamilton was a granddaughter of Lady Cockburn. The gift includes a series of interesting portraits by the less shining lights of the eighteenth century. Before leaving the National Gallery, it may be noted that the two superb De Hoochs of the Peel Collection have just been put into black frames, and have benefited enormously by the change.

An exhibition of unusual importance has just been opened at the Burlington Fine Art Club. No school of painting requires to have more light thrown upon it than that of the Netherlands and their neighbouring provinces during the fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries. English collections are not very rich in examples of this school, but a fair number of important specimens exist in the country. Many of these the Club has succeeded in borrowing, and the Gallery, which was filled last year with so many of the finest bindings the world contains, now glows with those marvellous panels from Brussels and Bruges, from Haarlem and Louvain, which put to shame the palettes of all later schools. The collection includes the large Van Eyck, so-called, from Chatsworth; another from the collection of Sir Francis Cook, of Richmond and Cintra; two most interesting examples of Petrus Cristus, the disciple of the Van Eycks—one the portrait of an ancestor of the present Lord Verulam, the Edward Grimston who was sent to Bruges in 1446 by Edward IV., the other a pious but unknown man, from the collection of Lord Northbrook. The Duke of Devonshire has lent his delicious Memling from Chiswick. Painted for Sir John Donne between 1461 and 1469, it is the earliest known work of the master, as well as the sweetest, purest, and best preserved. From the Glasgow Gallery comes a small but superb example of Van der Goes, the painter of the great Portinari altarpiece in the Hospital of Santa Maria Nuova at Florence. Lord Dudley has lent his marvellous *Mass of St. Giles*, and Lord Northbrook its pendant, the *St. Giles Protecting a Hunted Fawn*. From Mr. Alfred Morrison comes a most important triptych by Mabuse; from Althorp, a superb portrait, the masterpiece of Nicholas Lucidel; and from M. Somzée, of Brussels, a fine specimen of the later school of Roger van der Weyden. The rest of the show is made up of contributions from Lord Pembroke, Lord Northbrook, Captain Holford, Mrs. Stephenson Clarke, Lord Spencer, Mr. Salting, Mr. Henry Willett, Mr. Kenneth Muir-Mackenzie, Mr. Crews, Mr. G. P. Boyce, and Sir Charles Robinson. Apart from the individual excellence of its constituents, the exhibition is pleasant through the reserve shown in its arrangement. The Club has asked for no more pictures than it could hang with advantage, leaving a wall space around each. The issue of an illustrated catalogue, on the model of that printed after the exhibition of miniatures two years ago, and now so highly prized—and priced—is in contemplation.

One of the most delightful little shows now to be seen in London is open at the 'Rembrandt Head,' in Vigo Street. It consists of some seventy drawings in water-colour by Mr. C. J. Watson, the well-known etcher. The subjects have been found in Verona, Venice, Naples, Palermo, and other Italian towns. Mr. Watson is an excellent and most dexterous draughtsman, he has a fine sense of colour, and, of course, a full sympathy with line. We do not know when we have seen anything more fascinating in their way than either *Sunday Morning, Venice*, or *Gradoni di Chiaja, Naples*, or *Façade of St. Mark's*, or *The Greek Theatre, Syracuse*. In each of these the draughtsmanship is so true, easy, and delicate, the colour so pure and rich, and the arrangement so happy and spontaneous, that they may fairly be called little masterpieces. The famous sockets of Leopardi have seldom been rendered with such felicity, both of form and colour, as by Mr. Watson, while his *Façade of St. Mark's*, small as it is, has a richness, a dignity, and a veracity of expression beyond all praise. Mr. Watson is to be commended, too, for his avoidance of an error as to which those who paint architecture are very apt to fall: he understands that the picturesqueness of a building is not always in inverse proportion to its stability.

An exhibition in two parts is open at Mr. McLean's gallery in the Haymarket. The one part consists mainly of pictures of the English school, and includes capital examples of Crome, Cotman, William Muller, and the as-yet-unappreciated George Chambers. The other is made up of forty-two drawings by Jean François Millet. Most of these are studies for well-known pictures. Among them we find four for Millet's masterpiece, *The Gleaners*, or for some of its smaller editions. *The Sower, La Becquée, La Bergère, La Balayeuse, The New-born Calf*, are also represented, but many visitors will look with more interest still at the portraits of Rousseau, Barye, and Narceiss Diaz. Millet is never so satisfactory as in his drawings in black chalk, unless, now and then, it be in his pencil studies. With all his fame he was not a real colourist, and when his achievement comes to be finally reckoned up, less fault will be found with his work in black-and-white than with his paint and his coloured pastel.

We have again to chronicle the loss of a line engraver from among a fast dwindling band. Mr. Lumb Stocks, who died on April 28th, was the son of a Northern coalowner. He was born at Lightcliffe, near Halifax, in 1812, and was educated at Horton, Bradford, where he received his first instruction in drawing from Mr. Cope, father of the late R.A. In 1827 he came to London, and was apprenticed to C. Rolls, the engraver, for six years. In 1833 he started

on an independent career, and was employed on plates for several annuals of the day, and for Finden's *Gallery of British Art*. In 1843 he produced an important plate for the Art Union, after Callcott's *Raphael and the Fornarina*, and this was followed by a long series of masterly reproductions after well-known painters, the most popular being perhaps the following:—*The Dame School* and *The Rubber*, after Thomas Webster; *The Glee Maiden*, after W. S. Lauder; *The Gentle Shepherd*, after Wilkie; *Bedtime*, *The Birthday*, and *Claude Duval*, after Mr. Frith, R.A.; *The Interview between Wellington and Blucher* and *The Death of Nelson*, after Maclise; *The Fight Interrupted*, after Mulready; *The Sister's Kiss*, after Sir F. Leighton; *A Souvenir of Velazquez* and *The Princes in the Tower*, after Sir John Millais; *Marie Antoinette* and *Dr. Johnson awaiting an Audience of Lord Chesterfield*, after E. M. Ward. In 1853 he was elected an Associate-Engraver of the Royal Academy. Two years later he became the first to profit by the regulation which removed the disabilities of engravers. In 1872 he was elected an R.A. In 1875 he was appointed auditor to the Royal Academy, and he was also on the Council of the Artists' General Benevolent Fund.—Mr. Samuel Carter, the animal-painter, who was a frequent contributor to the Royal Academy, the British Institution, and the Society of British Artists, died suddenly in London on May 1.—The death of Mr. Yates Carrington, a young and popular *animalier*, whose humorous studies of dogs, &c., have had a wide popularity, must also be recorded.—Mr. R. J. Johnson was a Newcastle architect, whose talents had secured him fame not merely local.

From the Continent the deaths are announced of Herr Heinrich Matter, the Viennese sculptor; of Mons. A. E. Thomas, a painter of flowers and landscapes, at the early age of thirty-six; of Mons. F. A. Bridoux, an engraver, and *ancien prix de Rome;* and of the far more widely known Alfred Grévin, the caricaturist and draughtsman, who, in the popular phrase, *invented* the *Parisienne* of a certain type, and did for the *demi-mondaine* what Chaplin did for her cousin of the *grand monde*. Born at Épineuil in 1827, he did not come prominently before the public until the sixties, when his 'Charivari' types of the Second Empire, and the social studies known as *Voyage d'Exploration dans les Bals Publics, Bals de l'Opéra, Casino Cadet, Promenades au Bois de Vincennes*, and *Bains de Mer*, had a wide success. He was for some years on the staff of the 'Charivari' and of the 'Journal Amusant,' but was forced to relinquish his work with the pencil some twelve years ago. He was attacked by creeping paralysis, and retired to St. Mandé. He founded the Musée Grévin, a waxwork exhibition on the lines of Madame Tussaud's, but much more amusing.

Some important sales have taken place at Christie's since our last issue. The first in point of date was that of the Murrieta collection, which extended over three days—April 27th, 29th, and 30th. Most of the really desirable things, however, went the first day, the rest of the time being taken up with comparatively unimportant pictures and drawings. The total sum realised the first day was 41,319*l.* 6*s.*, high prices having been bidden for the gems of the collection. Among these were a fine series of David Coxes, both in oil and water-colour. The celebrated *Vale of Clwyd*, painted in 1849, was bought by Messrs. Agnew at the unprecedented price of 4500 guineas, after a sharp contest with Mr. Charles Wertheimer. Its companion picture, *Reapers Returning Home—Vale of Clwyd*, a fine, though less superlative example, was bought by Messrs. Tooth for 1130 guineas. Then followed eight less important examples of the master, all of which were knocked down to Messrs. Agnew at prices ranging from 555 to 230 guineas. A small picture, of excellent quality, of Harborne Church, where Cox is buried, was bought by Mr. Walter Armstrong for the National Gallery of Ireland. Among the more interesting of the remaining 'lots' were two Venetian subjects by James Holland, also bought by Messrs. Agnew for 310 and 160 guineas respectively; a *Girl with a Dog*, by Hoppner, five works by John Linnell, Mr. Seymour Lucas's *Whip for Van Tromp*, of a year or two ago; two small examples of Patrick Nasmyth, two James Starks; a *High Altar, Rouen Cathedral*, by David Roberts; a *Dordrecht* and *Zuyder Zee* and two coast scenes, by Clarkson Stanfield, and a *Highland Spate*, by Peter Graham. Good prices, varying from 1400 to 455 guineas, were realised by six works of Mr. Alma-Tadema's, with which the auction concluded. The water-colours, which were put up first, included examples of Cox, Turner, Copley Fielding, Birket Foster, Sir John Gilbert, Mr. Frederick Goodall, Carl Haag, William Hunt, Samuel Prout, Peter de Wint, and Frederick Tayler. Noteworthy prices were realised by several of the finest, as the two Coxes, *Barden Tower* and *Going to the Hayfield* (1100 guineas and 1050 guineas respectively), and the *Scottish Landscape* by Copley Fielding (1200 guineas).

On Saturday, May 7th, seventy-eight modern pictures, left by the late Lord Cheylesmore, were put up for sale, and realised 31,317*l.* The chief interest centred in the Landseers, Lord Cheylesmore having been an enthusiastic admirer of the late *animalier*, as well as his personal friend. None of the examples, however, with the exception of the *Monarch of the Glen*, showed Landseer at his best, and the great fall in the prices of some whilom favourites must not be taken as an indication of the general movement of his popularity. *Lady Godiva*, for instance, which fetched 3400*l.* in 1874, and only 900 guineas now, is a very bad picture. Still worse, if possible, is the *Flood in the Highlands*, which brought 1600 guineas. The *Monarch of the Glen*, which was sold eight years ago for 6500*l.*, now fetched 7245*l.* *The Lion and the Lamb*, a fine sketch, brought 950 guineas; *On Trust*, 850 guineas; *No more Hunting till the Weather Breaks*, 700 guineas; an unfinished portrait of the Queen, the last picture exhibited by the artist, 550; and *Taming the Shrew*, a portrait of the once famous Miss Gilbert ('Anonyma') with a horse, 1150 guineas. Stanfield's *St. Michael's Mount* sold for 3000 guineas, and Delaroche's *Execution of Lady Jane Grey* for 1500 guineas.

The collection of Mr. Edward Lawrence, of Holland Park, was brought to the hammer on the 5th and 6th May. The miniatures included the fifteen unfinished ones by Samuel Cooper, which were so long on exhibition at the South Kensington Museum. These sold for 383*l.* 5*s.* The pictures included two famous William Hunts, *Contented with Little* and *Happy with More*, which brought respectively 316*l.* and 325*l.*; *Yarmouth Harbour*, a good Crome, which fetched 450 guineas; a *Portrait of Lady Rodney*, apparently by Francis Cotes but attributed to Romney, and two little landscapes by George Morland. A *Queen Adelaide Disembarking at Southampton*, by Turner, was evidently considered suspect by buyers, and the bidding failed to reach a higher figure than seventy guineas, at which low price it fell to Mr. McLean. After the English pictures, a number of examples of the Dutch masters, chiefly of the second rank, were disposed of at moderate prices. Exceptions to this classification were a small but first-rate Ruysdael, which fetched 210 guineas, and *Boors Playing Tric-Trac*, by Adrian Ostade, which reached 650 guineas, and a quite unusual example of Cornelis Bega, which brought 250 guineas. The sale concluded with the offer of a *Virgin and Child* from the Fesch collection, formerly attributed to Leonardo, and now, with little more probability, assigned to his pupil Boltraffio, which realised 400 guineas.

The exhibition of the Old Water-Colour Society is much what it has been any time the last ten years. Some of the new men do well, but then not a few of their seniors do badly, and redress the average. Mr. Lionel Smythe makes a promising *début* with a drawing called *Digging Potatoes*, a very fine piece of work. Mr. Alma-Tadema sends a Roman interior of the highest quality. Mr. Herbert Marshall contributes a fine *Cologne*, and Mr. Clarence Whaite a mannered but effective *Sheep-pen on Snowdon*. We may also name Mr. Albert Goodwin's *Wells*, and note that Mr. J. H. Henshall, Mr. Clausen, Mr. R. W. Allan, Mr. Thorne Waite, and Mr. Arthur Melville have their names attached to capital drawings. Mr. Henry Moore, generally to be depended upon to provide something over which we can be almost enthusiastic, is scarcely up to his usual mark, and we may say the same of Sir John Gilbert, one of the most mannered and most interesting of living artists.

ANNO DNI 15 71
ETATIS SVÆ 28

# PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG MAN

FROM THE PICTURE BY HOLBEIN IN THE VIENNA GALLERY

THE famous collection of pictures which has so long tantalised visitors in the old palace of the Belvedere has been removed during the last few months into the new Museum on the Ring. When I was in Vienna, fourteen months ago, the pictures were still in their old and inconvenient home, and the Viennese smiled when one expressed a hope that the migration to their new and gorgeous dwelling would soon take place. The idea seemed to be that the Museum authorities shrank from the labour and anxiety of the move. To take down eighteen hundred pictures, to cart them half across Vienna, and to hang them on some approach to system in a building of extreme architectural pretensions, was a considerable undertaking. The condition of the new palace itself gave colour to the idea that some hidden drag was at work. It had been finished, practically, several years before. There it stood, the rather loud memorial to Maria Theresa separating it from its twin, the Natural History Museum, on the other side of the garden. Its doors were rough boards roughly nailed together. Many of its windows were broken, and I saw the birds go in and out. Dirt had accumulated on every ledge, and, with all its newness, the whole affair was a monument of desolation. Now all this is changed. The glass is mended, the doors are in place, the dirt cleared away, and the splendid rooms inside are filled with Titians and Tintorets, Holbeins and Albert Dürers. This summer's travellers will find the most stately gallery of the Continent in the Austrian capital.

A new and most elaborate catalogue had been prepared in anticipation of the change which has now been completed. It is in three volumes, the first of which was published as long ago as 1884. In this catalogue many pictures are included which were not in the Belvedere, while some that were are left out. The whole collection is renumbered. The Holbein we reproduce is 1575 in Vol. III., and is thus described: 'A beardless young man stands against a table covered with a green cloth and looks out at the spectator. A round black hat rests upon his short hair; over his coat of reddish violet silk lies a black furred mantle; a bit of his shirt shows in front. The left hand grasps a glove, the right rests on the table and holds a half-open book. Rings adorn both hands. To the right stands a desk. Upon the grey background appears this inscription: "ANNO. DNI. 1541. ETATIS. SUÆ. 28."' In design this is one of the most successful of all Holbein's portraits. Nothing could well be simpler, nothing could be more complete and coherent. The turn of the body, the outlook of the face, the action of the hands, the placing of every line, of every tint, of every step from light to shadow, lead to that absolute unity which is the aim of art. The flesh tones are unusually brown, a detail which has induced some critics to refer the picture to Holbein's early maturity—which was marked by a tendency to brown carnations—in spite of the date upon the panel. Few painters, however, if any, have given so much attention to their sitters'

complexions as Holbein. A notable instance is to be seen in our *Ambassadors* in the National Gallery. There he has clearly taken the utmost pains to render the peculiar sallowness of the less important of his two employers. The variation in his complexions is much more likely due to a change in the class and nationality of his patrons than to modifications of his own practice. When he first arrived in London, he found employment chiefly among his fellow-countrymen, the embrowned South German members of the Steelyard. Afterwards he became painter to the Court, and had to devote his skill to the imitation of the well-protected cuticles of high-born English ladies and their lords. The Vienna portrait represents the latest stage of his evolution. There is a play and freedom about it not to be found in the thorough but more stiffly conceived works of twelve years before. Nothing is known as to the young man's identity; no tradition, even, has survived to our day.

Holbein's three sojourns in this country lasted from 1526 to 1528, from 1532 to 1538, and from 1538 to his death in 1543. It has lately been contended, not for the first time, that in 1533 he was away from England, in Germany. It may be as well, perhaps, to note the evidence which refutes that idea, especially as it has some bearing on the question which still excites so much interest, that of the identity of our *Ambassadors*. In 1532 the Burgomaster of Basle, Jacob Meier,* had addressed the following letter to 'Master Hans Holbein, the Painter, now in England:'—

'We, Jacob Meiyer, Burgomaster, and the Council of the city of Basle, send greeting to our dear citizen, Hans Holbein, and let you herewith know that it would please us if you would come home as soon as you can. In that case, in order that you may the more easily stay at home and support your wife and children, we will provide you with thirty pieces of money *per annum* until we are able to do better for you. We have wished to tell you this, in order that you may do what we desire. Sept. 2, anno 32.'

There seems to be abundant evidence that Holbein did not obey this summons. Even those who rely upon it to prove his absence from London in 1533 do not suggest that he spent that year in Basle. According to them it was passed in German cities, which would have given as little satisfaction to Meier and his fellow-townsmen as if the painter had not stirred from London. Now, the date 1533 is to be found on several of Holbein's finest works, and may be assigned with moderate certainty to some on which it does not appear. Let us go through them.

The portraits of German merchants, members of the Stahl-hof, or Steelyard, cover the years 1532–1536. They possess certain features in common. They are mostly half-lengths. Accessories and implements are usually introduced and painted with great care. As a rule, the name of the sitter is given in German, on the backs of letters, with his address in the London steelyard. The sitter's age, the date of the painting, a motto, and a verse or two in Latin, are often added, and in no case does the painter sign his own name. These portraits, then, may fairly be called a series, and some of the finest among them belong to the year in dispute. Is it not reasonable to suppose that they were all painted in London, one commission leading to another? Those dated 1533 are:—

1. *Dirck Tybis*, now at Vienna, with the following inscription:

'Jesus Christus.
Da ick was 33 jar alt was ick Deryck
Tybis to London
dyser gestalt en' hab dyser gelicken
den mark gesch(rieben)
myt myner eigenen Hant en was Holpein
malt anno 1533
per my Deryck Tybis fan Drys(bach).'

* Meier *zum Hirschen*; not Meier *zum Hasen*, Holbein's early patron, for whom the Darmstadt Madonna was painted.

Which may be rendered: 'When I was thirty-three years old I, Deryck Tybis, in London, was of this appearance and have this portrait (?) marked with mine own hand and was painted by Holbein in the year 1533.' The mark, a sort of cypher, appears at the foot of the inscription.

2. *Derick Born*, now at Windsor, with a small repetition at Munich. The inscription proclaims that the portrait was painted in 1533, when the sitter was twenty-three years of age. The inscription on the Munich replica is mutilated, but, so far as it goes, is to the same effect.

3. *Cyriacus, or Ambrosius, Fallen*, now at Brunswick. Dated 1533, inscribed on a letter 'In London at the Steelyard,' and bearing the motto, 'In als gedoltig'—'Patient in all things.'

4. *The Portrait of a Young Man*, now in the Berlin Gallery, whither it came from the Suermondt collection in 1874. Woltmann calls this also the portrait of a member of the Steelyard, but there is no such indication on the picture. The only inscription is: 'ANNO 1533. ÆTATIS SUÆ 34;' but on the signet-ring worn by the sitter appears a coat-of-arms which has been identified, doubtfully, with that of the Trelawney family. The same coat appears on the companion picture in the Schönborn collection at Vienna, where it confirms the notion that the sitters are brothers. So far, then, as the positive evidence goes, this portrait of 1533 is not that of a German merchant, but of an English country gentleman.

5. An English portrait, pure and simple, that of *Robert Cheseman the Falconer*, now at the Hague. It is dated 1533.

6. The portrait of *Thomas Cromwell*, now at Tittenhanger, belongs either to 1532 or 1533, for it bears the inscription, 'Master of the Jewelhouse,' an office to which Cromwell was appointed in April 1532, while he was promoted to the Chancellorship of the Exchequer in April 1533.

It comes, then, to this, that those who would take Holbein out of England in 1533 contend that a certain number of his series of portraitures from members of the Steelyard were, unlike the rest, and inconsistently with the terms of their inscriptions, painted in Germany; that, somehow, at least one, and probably four English portraits were finished in that year of absence. The one *fact* that makes for this theory is the inscription on the Duke of Devonshire's *Wheel of Fortune*, which runs, 'Done at Basel in 1533.' But there is no support to the assertion that these words are in Holbein's writing, nor even, in my opinion, for the assignment of the picture to Holbein at all.

Mr. Colvin's identification of the more important 'Ambassador' with the French envoy, Jean de Dinteville, who was so much in England in and about the year 1533, rests upon grounds not to be shaken by such arguments as those brought forward by the writer in the 'Magazine of Art.' Among other things, Mr. Dickes lays great stress upon the design of the St. Michael badge. He appears not to know that many specimens of that jewel are extant, some of them in England, and that they show variations quite as great as those upon which he relies so obstinately. The identification of Policy—Dinteville's native village—on the globe in Holbein's picture has put Mr. Colvin's idea almost beyond dispute. Unfortunately his guess at the second figure has not fared so well. The indications which make against this man's identity with Nicholas Bourbon are more decisive than those which support it, and some more water-tight theory must be sought for. Had Jean de Dinteville a brother? If he had, it would account for many things, and a brother's obscurity would be no bar to appearance on the same panel with a more important kinsman.

WALTER ARMSTRONG.

# THE CHALLENGE

ETCHED BY HERBERT DICKSEE

LIONS, as every one knows, are in the habit of coming down to the nearest river or pool at night-time to slake their thirst; and if two old monarchs meet, there is likely to be a conflict for supremacy, ending probably in the death of one. In Mr. Dicksee's etching the lion has just heard the roar of a rival on the opposite bank of the river, and is sending back a defiance across the water.

# THE INNS OF COURT

## VII.—*The Middle Temple*

The Hall—Manningham's Diary—Shakespeare's 'Twelfth Night'—The Revels—The Moots—The Masques—The Rival Roses—Edmund Burke—The Library—The Garden—The Dials.

ON the south side of the pavement of Fountain Court is the famous old Hall. It was built in 1572, when Plowden was Treasurer. It is a hundred feet long, forty-two feet wide, and forty-seven feet high, and the proportions are admirably suited to give a feeling of space and lightness. Mr. Wheatley considers the roof, with its hammer-beams, 'the best Elizabethan roof in London.' The screen is also very rich and handsome, and is always, but erroneously, said to have been made of spoils taken from the Spanish Armada; but the records of the Middle Temple show that it was made at least thirteen years before the Armada was defeated. There are many interesting associations about Middle Temple Hall, but the most interesting is that which connects it with Shakespeare. In 1597 a student called John Manningham was entered on the books of this Inn. For two years, from 1601 to 1603, he kept a brief diary, which is preserved among the Harleian manuscripts in the British Museum (No. 5353). Until it was discovered, in 1828, that it contained a notice of the performance of 'Twelfth Night' in 1602, the date usually assigned to that play was 1614. The diarist says, on 2nd February: 'At our feast we had a play called "Twelve Night or what you will." Much like the "Comedy of Errors," or "Menechmei" in Plautus; but most like and neere to that in Italian called "Inganni."' There cannot be any kind of doubt that Shakespeare's play is referred to in this entry. Manningham goes on to describe the plot: 'A good practice in it to make the steward believe his lady widdowe was in love with him, by counterfayting his gestures, inscribing his aparaile, etc., and then when he came to practise, making him believe they took him to be mad.' Charles Knight, as an enthusiastic Shakespearian scholar, waxes almost eloquent over this passage. In the supplementary notice to the play in his 'pictorial' edition he writes: 'There is something to our minds very precious in that memorial.' The fact is, as he very well knew, our sources of information as to Shakespeare are of the rarest and vaguest character. 'What a scene,' he exclaims, 'do these few plain words call up before us! The Christmas festivities have lingered on till Candlemass. The Lord of Misrule has resigned his sceptre; the fox and the cat have been hunted round the hall; the Masters of the Revels have sung their songs; the drums are silent which lent their noisy chorus to the Marshall's proclamations; and Sir Francis Flatterer and Sir Randle Rackabite have passed into the ranks of ordinary men.' At this point Knight refers in a foot-note to Dugdale's 'Origines Juridiciales,' or, as he spells it—one of the few misprints in this careful book—'Judiciales.' Dugdale describes

what he calls the solemn revels on 'All-Hallown Day and on the feast day of the Purification of our Lady,' and mentions the fines imposed on those who failed to attend and on those who refused to 'carry up wafers' to the Auncients' table. 'When the last measure is dancing, the Reader at the Cupboard calls to one of the Gentlemen of the Bar, as he is walking or dancing with the rest, to give the Judges a song: who forthwith begins the first line of any Psalm, as he thinks fittest; after which all the company follow and sing with him.' Dugdale gives a full but tedious account of the ensuing ceremonies: of the selection of a competent number of Utter-barristers who accompany the Reader to the buttery, of the towels with wafers in them, of the wooden bowls filled with 'Ipocras,' of the 'low solemn congee;' and so on until the judges depart, escorted to 'the Court Gate, where they take their leaves of them.'

After this description there is a passage which shows us where Shakespeare's play would come in:—

'Besides these solemn Revels or measures aforesaid, they had wont to be entertained with Post Revels, performed by the better sort of the young Gentlemen of the Society with Galliards, Corrantoes, and other dances; or else with Stage playes: the first of these feasts being at the beginning, and the other at the later end of Christmas. But of late years these post Revells have been disused, both here and in the other Innes of Court.'

Dugdale's 'Origines' was published in 1671.

In Shakespeare's time, no doubt, these post revels went merrily on.

'After the dinner,' says Knight, 'a play; and that play Shakspere's "Twelfth Night." And the actual roof under which the happy company of benchers and barristers and students first listened to that joyous and exhilarating play, full of the truest and most beautiful humanities, especially fitted for a season

of cordial mirthfulness, is still standing; and we may walk into that stately hall and think, Here Shakspere's "Twelfth Night" was acted in the Christmas of 1601; and here its exquisite poetry first fell upon the ear of some secluded scholar, and was to him as a fragrant flower blooming amidst the arid sands of his Bracton and his Fleta; and here its gentle satire upon the vain and the foolish penetrated into the natural heart of some grave and formal dispenser of justice, and made him look with tolerance, if not with sympathy, upon the mistakes of less grave and formal fellow-men; and here its ever-gushing spirit of enjoyment—of fun without malice, of wit without grossness, of humour without extravagance—taught the swaggering, roaring, overgrown boy, miscalled student, that there were higher sources of mirth than affrays in Fleet Street, or drunkenness in Whitefriars.'

Next Knight apostrophises the Hall in some, if possible, still taller English: 'Venerable Hall of the Middle Temple, thou art to our eyes more stately and more to be admired since we looked upon that entry in the Table-book of John Manningham.' It is sometimes assumed too rashly that Shakespeare himself acted in the play, but it is much more likely that it was acted by the 'young gentlemen' of whom Dugdale speaks. Mr. Wheatley quotes Sir Simonds d'Ewes as to the 'moots' sometimes held in this hall:—

'On Thursday, the 10th day of July, 1623, after our supper in the Middle Temple Hall ended, with another utter barrister I argued a moot at the bench to the great satisfaction of such as heard me. Two gentlemen under the bar arguing in law French, bareheaded, as I did myself before I was called to the bar at the cupboard.'

From an architectural point of view, the Hall of the Middle Temple is a building of great interest. It is, I think, Mr. Gotch who has pointed out the survival of the old Gothic in the windows, after every other detail had become Italian. There are numerous examples at Oxford of this fact, and there, indeed, the Gothic tradition lived on through two generations. But if we look critically at the interior of the Middle Temple Hall we perceive—excluding a certain intrusion of modern details by a 'restorer'—that everything belongs to the renascence period, everything is strictly Elizabethan except the windows. Plowden was treasurer in 1572, and, so far as an architect—or, to use the Shakespearian phrase, a surveyor—was employed, he had orders to do the best he could, gathering the best masons, the best carvers in stone and wood, and, above all, the best glaziers. It will be remembered that in 1572 window glass was still expensive, and only to be had in small pieces. The designer of the hall was at the mercy of the glaziers, and they were at the mercy of the makers of glass. Their traditions were all Gothic, like their glass; so it comes to pass that we have the delightful incongruity which helps so much to make the picturesqueness of the hall. The windows are but slightly pointed, it is true, but the point is in each panel of the lead-work, whereas in the wooden roof there is not only no point, but a pendent from the apex of the arch like a keystone. The modern stained glass is of the wrong kind of incongruity. It should have been of the kind, so rare in England, which we see in the Cathedral of Brussels or the church of Gouda; but, instead, it has been made to look as if it belonged to the time of Edward IV. or earlier still, and it is, therefore, or purports to be, about a hundred years older than the fabric in which it is placed. This is an anachronism of a kind very common of late. For instance, in a church of the latest Perpendicular style, known to have been built in 1509, an eminent architect has placed thirteenth-century, or what he thought to be thirteenth-century fittings, and has lined the chancel with tiles of the same character, so that Lyneham Church enjoys the distinction of having been furnished and decorated three hundred years before it was built! A very similar anomaly, but not quite so flagrant, may be seen at Trumpington Church, near Cambridge. We can imagine how successive 'restorers' must have longed for leave to attack the Middle Temple Screen, which, in spite of its being in front of a Gothic window filled with mediaeval glass, is aggressively rich in a style of Elizabethan so advanced as to be almost Palladian. The engaged Tuscan columns in the lower part are very late in style, but the upper part shows the true date, 1574.

The heraldry in the hall is very interesting, much of it apparently being of the same

date as the building. The oldest shields are in the two bay windows which flank the daïs, and especially in that towards the south, where one is said to date back to 1540, and may have been removed from an older hall. The side windows are also full of heraldry. The arms of the Prince of Wales are in the middle window on the south side, and next to them those of the lamented Duke of Clarence, who, like his father, was a bencher of the Middle Temple. Under the windows are many shields of 'readers,' some of the best families in England being represented, and some very odd heraldry. One uxorious reader introduces his wife's arms with his own. Of the shields two or three are blank, out of more than three hundred. This means that the reader, having no arms, would not take out a grant. The first example of this exhibition of temper and taste was set by Mr. Charles Austin, in 1847; but it was imitated as lately as 1871. I wonder Thackeray did not embalm Austin among the interesting specimens described in his 'Book of Snobs.' The earliest of this series is the coat of Richard Swaine, 1597. The exact dimensions of the hall have eluded my research; but Herbert gives them in round numbers as — length, one hundred feet; width, forty-four; and height, upwards of sixty. The hall used to contain busts, in imitation of bronze, of the twelve Caesars. They have been 'restored' away, and some armour replaces them. There are several interesting portraits, chiefly of royal personages, including a bust of the Prince of Wales

In 1635, while the Elector Palatine was in London, a master of the revels, who bore the suggestive title of *Prince d'Amours*, gave a masque, which was attended by Queen Henrietta Maria. The Middle Templars had joined heartily in the grand masque which took place in 1633, but an account of it belongs strictly to Gray's Inn, from which the procession—of which Sir Francis Bacon, of that Inn, is said to have been the chief contriver—set out on its way to the Thames and Whitehall. I do not know who Sir Francis Bacon was. The great 'Viscount St. Alban' died in 1621, and no other 'Sir Francis' appears in the family pedigree. The Masque of Flowers, a seventeenth-century pageant, was revived in Gray's Inn in 1887, and was also played in the hall of the Inner Temple, but not in the Middle Temple, in the summer of last year. There are several references to the Temple in Shakespeare's plays. He in particular mentions a meeting in the Temple between Richard, Duke of York, the father of Edward IV. and Richard III., and the Earls of Somerset, Suffolk, and Warwick, when adjourning to the garden, as Suffolk suggested:—

> 'Within the Temple hall we were too loud;
> The garden here is more convenient.'

This scene must be placed in the year 1430, or near it. The 'Plantagenet' of Shakespeare had been Duke of York for some fifteen years then. Somerset was Sir John Beaufort, K.G., who had succeeded to the earldom in 1418, and became a duke in 1443. Suffolk was Sir William de la Pole, also a Knight of the Garter, who had succeeded his brother in 1415, and was advanced to a dukedom in 1448. Warwick, the celebrated 'king-maker,' was Richard Neville, Earl of Salisbury, by descent, and of Warwick by creation after his marriage with the heiress of the Beauchamps. We can picture the four great nobles in their gay dresses stepping down into the green slopes of the garden, wearing perhaps great wide-brimmed hats such as Van Eyck has immortalised, or soft silken kerchiefs of some gorgeous colour, with dark purple or green or crimson gowns. York is little but handsome, and, for his size, compact and wiry. Of Warwick's appearance, we learn from one of Mr. Doyle's quotations that he was active and spirited, tall and strong, brave and handsome. Of Somerset's appearance we know little; of Suffolk's, nothing. Somerset and Suffolk side together; Warwick takes part with York, who has plucked a white rose. Warwick says:—

'I love no colours, and, without all colour,
Of base, insinuating flattery,
I pluck this white rose with Plantagenet.'

By 'colours' Warwick means deceits or double dealing. We still speak of 'a colourable pretext.' Somerset chooses a red rose, and Suffolk follows him:—

'I pluck this red rose with young Somerset.'

As to how far this scene is real, and as to the exact meaning of the roses which gave their names to the many years of war which ensued, it is not possible to be sure. Roses were already a common heraldic badge, and had appeared on the monument of Edmund Crouchback in Westminster Abbey. There is a tradition that they were first grown close to the Temple in the gardens of the Earls and Dukes of Lancaster at the Savoy; but so far as we can now ascertain, the old, single, white or pink 'dog rose' was the only one known, and it may well have been indigenous. In a manuscript illuminated in northern France towards the end of the fifteenth century, and full of pictures of garden flowers, only single roses are represented.

Edmund Burke was 'of the Middle Temple,' and lived at the 'Pope's Head,' over the shop of Jacob Robinson, bookseller and publisher, just within the Inner Temple Gateway. He left the Temple in 1756 on his marriage, and went to live in Wimpole Street. He attained a small local fame as a debater while he was at Robinson's, for he used to air his eloquence at a club held in Essex Street in the Robin Hood Tavern, which has long disappeared. There are no memories of Thomas Moore in the Middle Temple, except that he entered his name as a student in 1799, but he did not live within the lawyers' precincts.

The Library
Middle Temple

Neither did Richard Brinsley Sheridan, who was entered as a student in 1772. Among Middle Templars of minor literary eminence may be enumerated Sir John Davies, one of the poetical stars of the spacious times of great Elizabeth; Sir Thomas Overbury, whose tragical death by poison in the Tower made such a stir; John Ford, the dramatist; Wycherley, Shadwell, and Congreve; and Elias Ashmole, the antiquary.

At the foot of the slope south of the hall and the fountain is the new Library. It is in a Gothic—a very Gothic—style, and was designed by H. R. Abraham. The Prince of Wales, who was called to the bar and admitted a bencher of Middle Temple, opened it on the same day, namely October 31, 1861. There are two storeys of offices and chambers underneath the storey in which the library itself is situated. This makes the building look so much out of proportion, that when a visitor ascends the very picturesque outside staircase to the door and enters, he is surprised at the beauty of a really fine apartment, eighty-six feet long, with an open hammer-beam roof, imitated rather closely from that of Westminster Hall. The roof is sixty-three feet to the apex, and the whole library is forty-two feet in width, the appearance of which is of course diminished by the lining of cupboards and book-cases. There is a fine oriel projecting ten feet at the upper end, and many other windows decorated with heraldic glass in a good style. Herbert, writing at the beginning of this century, says there are many valuable manuscripts I have not been accorded permission to see them. The library is said to be in part outside the strict limits of the Middle Temple; but the successive embankments which have taken place here have added considerably to the narrow limits of the last century. To judge adequately of the exterior of the new library, the visitor should not confine himself to the view from the fountain terrace, but should proceed by a narrow passage, from which he can emerge on the south side and look back up the hill. On his left is the curious old arch, which appears in some very old views as the water-gate of Essex House. This now leads up a stairway to Essex Street. The green gardens stretch away to the right; two prominent buildings, before the eye reaches the city, crowned by St. Paul's, being the new Sion College and the City of London School. On a fine day this view up or down the river is very striking. It is marred, no doubt, here and there by ugly and ill-proportioned buildings, but no view in London is without this defect.

The Temple Gardens are well known for the chrysanthemum shows held annually at the close of the Long Vacation. The two societies are supposed to be in rivalry in these exhibitions, and there are two separate tents or sheds; but they are close together, at the same corner of the gardens, near the Embankment, so that they are very accessible, and are largely visited while they remain open. The gardens in the summer months are full of children. I never pass a small family there without a thought of Charles Lamb, who sported on the same spot as a child and played tricks with the mechanism of the old fountain.

There are still two or three old sun-dials left. One is opposite the hall and bears the motto, 'Pereunt et imputantur.' In Brick Court there is another with this motto, 'Time and tide tarry for no man.' The dial in Pump Court is occasionally painted up. It bears an inscription in two lines in old-fashioned letters:—

'Shadows we are and
Like shadows depart.'

The saddest of these mottoes is, or was, in Essex Court: 'Vestigia nulla retrorsum.' Its appropriateness to one of the most frequented entrances of the lawyers' domain may be doubted, unless it is intended as a warning to those who would rashly go to law: 'The downhill path is easy, but there's no turning back.'

W. J. Loftie.

# SOME JAPANESE VASE-HANDLES

THE designing of handles requires no small measure of skill, invention, and taste. The material, the form, the size, and the use of the vessel needing these additions must be taken into account. A handle may be suitable for glass or for pottery, and yet prove quite inappropriate for a work in metal. An angular vessel demands a treatment differing from that accorded to one with boldly curved contours. It is not always enough to enlarge a small handle *pari passu* with the increase of the size of the vase or jug to which it has to be applied. A handle which answers its purpose where the vessel is rarely moved or lifted may prove inconvenient or even useless in other circumstances. I have said that invention is required in the designing of handles. This requirement does not arise merely from a craving for novelty, but also from the frequent introduction of new articles of utility constructed on fresh lines and for purposes unknown to the designers of former times. Invention, however, when insufficiently controlled by sound judgment and good taste, often leads to unhappy results. A single illustration of this point will suffice. John Turner, of Lane End, in the Potteries of Staffordshire, one of the contemporaries (and imitators) of Josiah Wedgwood, was famous for his fine white stoneware jugs. These jugs were made in considerable numbers, and were often deemed worthy of silver mounts and covers. The handles are practically alike in design, may be easily and comfortably held without bringing the hand in contact with the body of the jug (often used for hot water), and appear at first sight to be admirably designed and effectively attached. No objection can be taken to the mode in which the foliated expansion of the lower part of the handle is applied to the body of the jug, but the upper part joins the neck in a different fashion, the attachment being made by means of a sham strap ostentatiously secured with imitation rivets! We might with advantage have been spared *this* little bit of invention, such as it is.

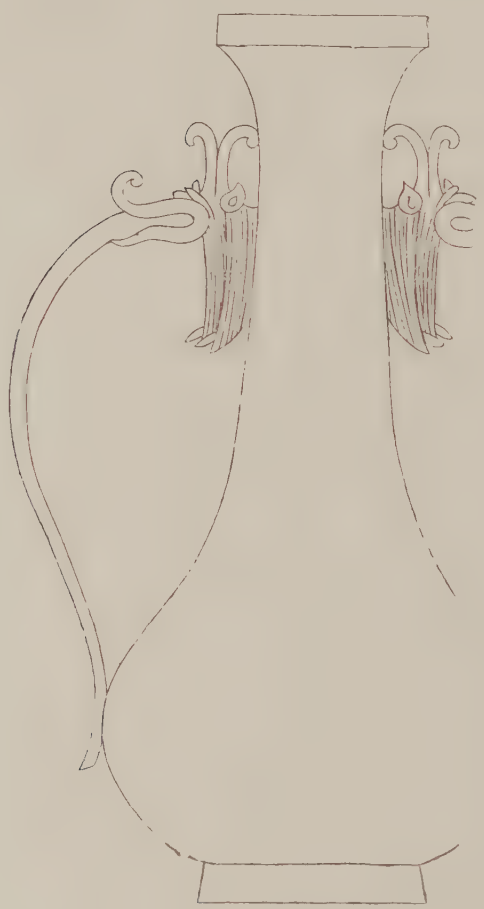


*FIG. 1. (Half Natural Size.)*

But a discussion of earthenware jug-handles in particular, or of handles in general, is not the purpose of the present paper. I want to direct attention to the characteristics of Japanese bronze vase-handles. Not that my study of these things purports to be more than a sketchy fragment; it aims neither at exhaustiveness nor at systematic inquiry. But it happens that for the last twenty-five years I have paid no inconsiderable amount of attention to the bronze vases of Japan, studying not only some of the chief collections in London and Paris, but watching with interest many of the numerous sales by auction which have taken place since the memorable year 1868. This was the year of the restoration of the Mikado's power—the year which heralded the dispersal of much of the movable property of the feudal nobility and of the Buddhist temples. Although incense-burners, candlesticks,

and cisterns possessed attractive features of their own, the flower-vases, called by the Japanese *hana-iké*, occupied a pre-eminent position. One could find among them more variety of form and, in many cases, a greater freedom from traditional and Chinese treatment. And they changed hands in the sale-room, or the shop, at such very moderate figures! I have bought really fine old pieces at a price which can be regarded as no higher than the market value of mere unwrought metal. And even at the present time, when the importation of antique bronzes from Japan has almost ceased, most desirable specimens, generally from collections formed within the last twenty years, occasionally make their appearance, but fail to excite a keen competition among connoisseurs. Of course there are bronzes and bronzes, while really fine and characteristic examples are comparatively rare.

The conditions under which Japanese vases are seen in museums and in private collections are not generally favourable to their proper appreciation. In the first place, they have usually been divorced from their stands, the outlines of which had been so arranged as to harmonise with and to complete the contours of the vases for which they were originally made. Then, secondly, a Japanese *hana-iké* was made to hold flowers or foliage—flowers or foliage of particular kinds, and grouped after special laws of arrangement. The sprays of leaves, branches, and blossoms above the lip of the vase constituted, with the vase itself and with its stand, a complete system, of which no part could be omitted without damage to the general effect. And, thirdly, a Japanese flower-vase was designed to stand alone or to hang alone. One vase, and one only, was placed on the raised floor of the recess, known as the *toko-no-ma*, the recess in which there was also placed a picture, in front or at the side of which the vase stood. So anxious were the Japanese to secure harmony of effect that the subject and colour-scheme of the picture, the character of the vase, and the group of flowers were under strict rules of arrangement. Two or three other vases might be found on shelves in the second recess—the *chigai-dana*—of the apartment, and another vessel, of quite different form, was suspended from one of the angle-posts of the two recesses named above. In the adornment of the Buddhist altar, it was also the usual, but not the invariable custom, to introduce a single flower-vase, although it was associated with two other pieces of bronze-work, namely, an incense-burner and a candlestick. In all these cases, whether in the private dwelling or the temple, the whole contour of the vase was well seen and well relieved against a background. How different were this isolation and reticence from the confusion and extravagance of European methods of displaying these artistic treasures! In our museums and private collections we find Japanese bronze vases jostling one another on shelves, competing with one another on tier above tier, placed at inappropriate levels, and shown against no distinctive background; and they are too often left, from year's end to year's end, without those caressing attentions which are necessary in order to maintain the beauty of their patina and colour, especially in the sulphurous atmosphere of London.

*FIG. 2. (Half Natural Size.)*

It ought to be stated, before entering upon any more minute discussion of Japanese bronze vase-handles, that there are many examples, even of the choicer sort, which offend, in one way or another, against the canons of good taste or of constructional propriety. We may forgive and forget the infractions of the laws of decorative appropriateness because of the freshness of the design, the sureness of the technique, and the beauty of the form and colour; but we are bound to confess that it is not agreeable to find that a massive handle has no structural connexion with the body of the vase, and comes out of its socket the

moment we attempt to lift the vessel. Nor can we altogether approve of the employment, as a handle of some tender or fragile object, of a butterfly with folded wings, or the flower of a convolvulus. In the Japanese artificer the love of detail and of the concrete is very strong, and, though it does not exclude impressionist treatment of natural objects, it tends to make a true conventional rendering of plant and animal forms infrequent and incomplete. Picturesqueness is certainly the general keynote of Japanese ornament.

*FIG. 3. (Natural Size.)*

It is very difficult, even for experts, to distinguish between Japanese and Chinese vases of certain types. It is true that any collector having a moderate degree of familiarity with the subject may at once class a large number of specimens as Chinese, and many others as Japanese, yet there will remain a residue of doubtful origin. An instance of this difficulty is afforded by a work on 'Oriental Bronze Vases' published in 1883. The author, Professor H. Herdtle, a Viennese architect, had drawn to scale with great care a number of Chinese and Japanese vases. His numerous plates show the details of construction and of ornament, and represent even the thickness of the different parts of the metal. But the place of origin of many of the specimens is wrongly given. One is not surprised to find Chinese forms attributed to Japan, for the Japanese have constantly reproduced with great exactitude certain Chinese shapes; but there are, on the other hand, many unmistakably Japanese productions which are classed as Chinese by Professor Herdtle, although, even in the absence of such *criteria* as those afforded by the quality of the metal and the character of the patina, it would be impossible for any expert to assign such characteristic forms to any country but Japan. A good example of one of these typical vases is shown in Fig. 1. The bold sweeping curve of the handle, in perfect accord with that of the body, yet not a mere reversal of it, is eminently characteristic of one important group of Japanese flower-vases. The source of the motive of this handle—the head of a dragon or mythical animal with a well-developed tongue—is indeed Chinese, but the treatment has so modified it as to have originated a design which is virtually new. Note particularly the way in which the lines of the beard accentuate and strengthen the contour of the narrow upper part of the vessel; how the projecting portions of the design fill up a space which would otherwise have had an empty look; how the several attachments of the handle occur at the right points; and how the value of the curves is enhanced by the straight lines of the lip and foot of the vase.

The handle shown in Fig. 2 is derived from the same motive as that just described, but the design is inverted. The horizontal section of the vase to which it belongs is, however, not circular, as in the preceding example, but lozenge-shaped, with curvilinear sides: the two handles are applied to opposite angles. Here the appendages to the dragon's head have been omitted, for they would have interfered with the effect of the bold curves of the body and of the handle. These curves are in complete harmony with one another, and are, it will be observed, of a different order to those shown in the preceding figure.

Fig. 3 shows a doubly curved handle made of two rods twisted together. Its effect

and appropriateness cannot be adequately estimated from an outline sketch. When the whole vase is seen, the result is completely satisfactory. One perceives that the larger helix of the upper part of the handle carries the eye down to the bold belly of the vase, while the helix below has been made purposely of smaller size, that it may not interfere with the more important feature of the body of the vase.

The small handle, illustrated in Fig. 4, belongs to a vase only five and a quarter inches high; the neck and body are covered with raised and engraved ornamentation. Each handle is really double—or, rather, it is made of two pieces of metal—so that it does not present the somewhat thin and wiry look which characterises the bare outline. It may be remarked that the upper part of the handle in its moderate curvature corresponds to the slight bend in the outline of the vase-neck, while the lower part, like the body of the vase itself, is more fully developed and more strongly accentuated. The handles of this vase were not intended for the insertion of the fingers in lifting it, but they serve the purpose of affording a secure purchase to the hand, and of preventing the vessel from slipping when held.

*FIG. 4.* (*Natural Size.*)

*FIG. 5.* (*Natural Size.*)

The handle shown in outline in Fig. 5 affords an example of the application to decorative purposes of a vegetable form, that of the double bottle-gourd. As in the last illustration, the merit of this design is partially lost in the shorthand note, which is all that an outline sketch can pretend to offer. In reality, the design of the handles is in continuation of the surface ornamentation of the body of the vase, over which, in slight relief, a plant of the same gourd as that which furnishes the motive of the handles is trailed. The two handles of this vase are mere ornaments, and not true handles; they are hung on studs just below the lip, and can be removed with the greatest ease. But when they are removed, the aspect of the vase is no longer beautiful, the body having become too coarsely rotund to accord well with the neck. Of course there is no reason why the movable handles of this vase should not have been made, by brazing or by the use of nuts, integral parts of the entire structure.

Fig. 6 represents one of the handles of a large and important vase, richly inlaid with designs in silver wire. The lower part of the body of this vase is not indicated in the figure, nor is its breadth given. But enough is shown to convey an impression of the originality and beauty of this bold arrangement of large leaves springing from a tree-trunk. This foliage is detachable: the remarks made in the preceding paragraph with regard to the gourd handle of Fig. 5 apply equally well to Fig. 6; for, if the leaves and stem could not have been constructed of a single piece of metal, the several sections of the design might at least have been securely fastened together and to the body of the vase, so that the handles would have become handles in reality, as well as in name. It should be added that they are of solid substance, and consequently accord well with the massive character of the vase to which they belong.

Several other types of Japanese vase-handles occur, and are well worthy of critical study. The necessary limitations of space and illustrations imposed in a brief paper preclude me from doing more than indicating their existence. I may, however, specially refer to the great variety of objects which are made to serve the purpose of handles in a particular class of trumpet-mouthed flower-vases which were in vogue in Japan during the latter part of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth. The vases in question vary very little in size and shape. They are about thirteen inches high and a foot across at the lip. Six inches below the lip the diameter is reduced by a bold concave curve to little more than four inches; then it expands quickly to eleven inches in what may be called the body of the vase, to be reduced to five-and-a-half inches by a sudden convex sweep of the contour. This convex sweep occupies no more than one-and-a-half inch in height: a concave expansion of the same height constitutes the foot. The two handles of these vases rest upon the nearly level slope of the body, and measure about three or four inches in diameter. Sometimes they consist of a coiled dragon, a praying mantis, a butterfly, or a group of leaves. But they are all distinguished by considerable elaboration of detail—a character which is in marked contrast with the perfect plainness of the surfaces of the vase itself.

*FIG. 6. (Half Natural Size.)*

It cannot be doubted that the mathematical discussion of the curves of Japanese vases and their handles would bring out some points of interest.

Figs. 2 and 6 were drawn from specimens formerly in the extensive collection of the late Mr. R. H. Soden Smith, and now belonging to Mr. W. Biden, to whose kindness I am indebted for the opportunity of sketching them; Fig. 3 is taken from a vase in the possession of Mr. Frank Dillon; the other specimens figured are in my own collection.

A. H. Church.

## FRENCH FOLLIES IN ART

In a recent number of our French contemporary 'L'Art,'* M. Lhomme has vigorously attacked certain modern aberrations under the title 'La Comédie d'Aujourd'hui.' He is severe in his treatment of the daubers who are now to be seen in ordered regiments on the walls at the Champ de Mars, a severity with which we might be little inclined to quarrel, if only the critic named the objects of his attack individually. Yet it is something that contemporary criticism does not, in every case, help the vulgar artist to the attainment of that notoriety which is his object—not for itself, perhaps, but for the money that it brings. The notoriety attained in late years by some of the most outrageous painters the world has ever seen is, as M. Lhomme himself justly observes, the work of the newspaper press. It is only in an age of journalism that these mushroom reputations could

* For May 15th, 1892, page 250.

become as noisy as they are in the present day. A painter goes exactly contrary to all ideas of the beautiful which have hitherto obtained currency, and, if only his work is coarse enough and impudent enough, he is likely to be held up as an example of extraordinary refinement and good taste. The celebrity attained by blatant charlatanism in the present day is enough to discourage all serious-minded and painstaking students who endeavour to attain those excellencies, now out of date, which at one time were considered essential to success. The qualities of accuracy in drawing, of delicacy and truth in colour, of taste in composition, are no longer necessary for present notoriety, whatever they may be for any lasting fame, and whilst painters who have little but knowledge and taste to recommend them often remain under the dark cloud of obscurity, the brazen-faced pretender succeeds in attracting attention and, so long as he is talked about, has a chance of accumulating wealth. Every one in Paris knows the names of the boldest daubers of the day. They attract and amaze if they do not delight the public. They are the product of a condition of the general mind which may best be described by the French word *blasée*. Parisians have seen too much art of all kinds since the Salons have been held in the enormous space of the Palais de l'Industrie, and they have grown so accustomed to all the devices of serious art that almost any change comes to them as a refreshment, or, at least, as an acceptable diversion. Well, if they wanted change, they have certainly got it now. The nature of the change is this: Twenty or thirty years ago it was generally understood in France that a painter ought to have learned to paint, an engraver to engrave, and the admission to the Salon was looked upon, in itself, as a certificate of a certain culture. In the present day there are well-known artists whose distinction is to express themselves by pure audacity, without any technical preoccupation. One of the most deservedly celebrated of French painters told me that a distinguished professor of the new principles expressed great hopes for a youthful genius on the ground that his pure soul was undefiled by any knowledge of drawing or of the technicalities of painting, so that he could express his ideal without being bound in any way by artistic traditions. The distinction between liberty and license in the fine arts is, however, not difficult to establish. Liberty is the right to represent, or try to represent, all the various aspects or appearances of nature; license is the right to represent them in bad art, and to pass off the bad art under the pretence of its novel truth and unprecedented vigour. It is under this pretence that so much bad art has lately found an entrance into the French exhibitions. When a person calling himself an artist can neither draw nor colour, and when he has no mastery over his tools and his pigments, a sound criticism would care nothing for what, in the language of Mr. Ruskin, he might announce as 'his message unto men.' Let him first submit to the ordinary technical requirements of good form, harmonious colour, and skilled handling, and then deliver his message in the grammatical language of the fine arts. We may even go further, and say that these arts require a certain degree of elegance and taste.

In Paris, elegance and taste are predominant in almost all the arts, except those fine arts which ought to be the most elegant and the most tasteful. Furniture has never been more elegant than the best artistic furniture is now; even dress, in spite of the aberrations and eccentricities of fashion, is much more elegant than it was under Louis Napoleon. Parisian architecture includes, amongst much that is commonplace, very numerous works that give evidence of a love and care for beauty, along with considerable fertility of invention. When, however, we come to painting, we do not find any equivalent for the general desire for elegance that is prevalent amongst architects. Many of the younger painters seem to think that a picture does not need to be beautiful or charming; that it is enough for it to be rude and strong, and to tell vulgar facts coarsely, without selection and without grace. We can only say that if this opinion is to prevail there must be an end to the harmony that once existed between painting and the refined arts. If a picture is to be

hideous under pretext of being true, it will be out of place in every elegant habitation. A monument has recently been erected to the memory of Claude, in Lorraine, not far from the place of his birth. We know that the science of landscape possessed by Claude was inferior to that of many modern landscape-painters, but he always kept in mind the principle that a picture should add something to the charm and beauty of the room where it was hung. Let any one go through the rooms of the Champ de Mars, and ask himself whether this requirement could ever be fulfilled by the majority of the works there. It is a question of temper. The temper of Claude was serene, and gently animated by the love of beauty, especially the beauty of the richest and most habitable landscape; the temper of the modern French dauber is one of vanity, outrage, and defiance. He makes painting the vehicle of noisy self-assertion, answering to blatant journalism in the kind of press-work that does not deserve the name of literature. M. Lhomme is so irritated by this impudent kind of work that he wonders how men of talent (and he admits that there are several who exhibit at the Champ de Mars) can venture to show themselves in such company.

'Here,' he says, 'silly vanity and presumption, which belong to all the *cabotins** of the present day, exhibit themselves with a laughable arrogance. You need not look for truth, or drawing, or painting; skies are green, and trees blue, colours are heaped together by chance; there is a determined hostility to common sense. Whoever does not come out of an asylum can only paint in such a fashion for a wager. These pictures express nothing but the incurable vanity of their authors. They are here for the most part because nobody would receive them elsewhere. They proclaim themselves innovators, and so indeed they are; to feel, to think, and paint in that way are indeed novelties with us, such ideas never occurred to anybody before. Such daubs were to be found, if anywhere, at the *Salon des Refusés*.

'And yet there are critics who praise these horrors; they have seen them and proclaim them beautiful. The same writers are telling us all that dramas are to be without action, novels without plot, and verses without ideas. They use the pen as their friends employ the brush. They will not take the time, and they have not the courage to learn. They deny art and elaborate theories to justify their works. Painters, poets, dramatic authors, novelists, decadent critics, they are all alike, and all of the same value. They have exhibited nothing but their own incurable impotence. The true innovators, they who give a fresh youth to art, and who maintain it in its purity, do not enrol themselves amongst these charlatans, they do not run down the old masters; they work and produce only at the right time. Lasting reputation can only be won so, and even the crowd itself is not to be duped for long.'

The last line, about the public, has been fully confirmed by my own experience in the Champ de Mars. I carefully watched the visitors as they approached the most outrageous pictures and had the satisfaction of perceiving that they rated them at their proper value. With Parisian good temper they took these masterpieces mainly as a jest, and the severest criticism was 'Nous sommes au Salon des Refusés.'

The outrageous tendencies of the most recent innovators are to be regretted for the sake of innovation itself, because they really have got possession of one or two truths which were new in France, though not in England. They have entirely emancipated themselves from the browns of the picture galleries, and gone to Nature, where they have discovered green, purple, and orange. A few of the impressionists have also perceived the essential differences between mere daylight and blazing sunshine, as, for example, the glaring light of Provence in the pictures of Montenard, and the true relations of sunlighted hills and dark blue waters in some of the Mediterranean studies of Monet. These, and some other qualities, forbid us any indiscriminate condemnation; yet when we see such inadequate draughtsmanship as that in Monet's poplars, where all the delicacy of form in that beautiful, though inadequately appreciated tree was lost, and that through a whole series of pictures, and when we see such drawing as that of the cow's head by Pissarro, when the horns were drawn as she turned

* *Cabotin* is not translateable by any single English word. It means a strolling player, who is presumed to be a bad player, and probably loud, self-asserting, and vulgar, like the actors who are so noisy at fairs.

one way, the eyes as she turned to another angle, and the mouth as she turned yet otherwise, and all in one terrific picture, where the animal has a back that seems a confusion between an elephant and one of the Cumberland hills—when, I say, we find these things presented seriously as accomplished art, we can only say that we are not *dans le mouvement*, as the French have it. Yet so successful are these innovators in winning attention that Mr. Oscar Wilde, in a clever book of essays on art-criticism, published not very long ago, although he mentions few artists by name, yet speaks of 'exquisite Monets and enchanting Pissarros.' It would take I know not what amount of talent and industry in any really serious artist to win such adjectives as these from a fastidious literary critic of the present day. And M. Lhomme remarks that the 'National Observer' applies to M. Mallarmé for French prose wherewith to cultivate the taste of the readers of French in Edinburgh.

The real state of the French mind about all these eccentricities is not easily explained to foreigners who do not know the French well. They are extremely indulgent, now, in all matters relating to the fine arts. They have seen the good and the bad mixed together in exhibitions so often that they have got into the habit of admiring the one, and being amused rather than irritated by the other. At the preposterous exhibition of the Rose Croix they only laughed, and said the laugh was worth the franc it cost them. The great *Magus*, the Sar Peladan, with his inimaginable power of pretending to take himself seriously, seems to the Parisians one of the cleverest actors of the day; yet they had a malicious satisfaction in learning that there had been a schism amongst his disciples, and that Count de la Rochefoucauld had lost seventeen thousand francs by the exhibition. Besides, as M. Lhomme justly observes, the Parisians are the more ready to divert themselves with a little foolery that they fancy it all passes *en famille*. They forget the foreign visitors, the foreign newspapers, and the grave people in countries less given to pleasantry, who take these artistic follies quite seriously, and look to them as indications of the great art of the future. Some of the wiser French artists believe that excessive liberty in art, as in politics, will work its own cure in time, and that the wild experiments in daubing that constitute the novelties of our own time will leave behind them some new discoveries, some fresh experiences, which, if they do not lead to much that is either beautiful or accomplished in performance, may at least save the fine arts from stagnation. And the most curious fact about the whole matter is that the wildest innovators are beginning to be imitated by some of the mature masters, for example, by Benjamin Constant in his great ceiling for the Hôtel de Ville, where a personification of Paris invites foreign nations to her feasts—a work full of sprawling action and glaring colour, painted, too, in a way that enhances the dazzling effect by the very quality of the touch. Rubens was a bold man in his day, and Delacroix was looked upon as a heretic, but before these displays of pyrotechnics they may pale their ineffectual fires.* P. G. Hamerton.

* The old Salon, that of the Champs Elysées, is incomparably more serious than the new one in the Champ de Mars, and I observe with pleasure that the artistic authorities at the Champs Elysées have had the resolution to reduce the number of works admitted by no less than 700 canvases. This reduction, with a corresponding increase of severity, may raise the standard of the exhibition. At the Champ de Mars the number of works that may be exhibited by each artist is unlimited, and there appears to be no selection on the score of quality. Amongst minor exhibitions, that of the *Peintres-Graveurs* is remarkable for its recurrence to childish principles of art in simple linear woodcuts coloured afterwards by hand with staring greens, reds, yellows, purples, blues—like the popular illustrations sold in the streets 'a penny plain, twopence coloured.' The initiated see profound beauties in these things, but as the tints are necessarily of the crudest, and the outlines inevitably hard, they are as far as possible from advanced art, and, in fact, bear the same relation to it that the spelling-book bears to literature. The original etchings in the same exhibition were for the most part remarkable for a disdain of the art of drawing, once considered necessary to an etcher.

# RIMINI TO-DAY

OF the impatient travellers borne along the iron road to India by the Flaminian Way, few pause on what they join in calling a most tedious journey till they reach the station of Brindisi. Fano, fane of Fortune; Ancona, with its Hill of Venus; Barletta of the Challenge; flat-roofed and white-walled Bari, famed for manna—are empty names to them, nor do they push on, as they might easily do, to Taranto, which to leave seemed worse than death to its own sweet poet Leonidas, and which for Horace was the smile of the world. Least of all would it occur to them to spend half a summer in the city of Dante's Francesca. Yet at Rimini there is much to interest us if we are willing to be interested: the Arch of Augustus, the Bridge of Tiberius, the Malatestian Temple, the people themselves, in whom the strongly marked Romagnol individuality remains unchanged, are worthy of study from many different points of view. The notes which follow refer chiefly to the living man, a historical document often neglected, but one which may be as instructive as either archives or monuments.

St. Anthony found the Riminese a stiff-necked generation that turned a deaf ear to his words; wherefore he addressed to the fishes at the mouth of the Marecchia the eloquent discourse translated into English by Addison—or if it was not that precise sermon, it was doubtless something very like it. Tractability, pliability, were never Romagnol virtues. 'Race de héros ou de criminels,' says Elisée Reclus, 'les Romagnols ont des passions violentes et de la force pour les servir.' There were no disorders at Rimini during my sojourn (there never are in the bathing season), but it was a little startling to receive a hasty visit of adieu from a relative in the garrison who was ordered at a moment's notice to take his company to the neighbouring Cesena on account of the political assassinations that were rife there. 'Another assassination has taken place at Cesena,' Byron wrote in his diary in 1821; 'in all about forty in Romagna within the last three months. These people retain much of the middle ages.' They retain the curious intensity of political feeling which belongs to small states where there has not been oppression uniform enough to stifle public spirit, nor enough stability and ease to send it to sleep. The peculiarities of the Romagnols, unlike every other Italian population in appearance and in character, have also to be taken into account. There are not now forty murders in three months; perhaps there are not four; still, the towns of Romagna are subject to periodical epidemics of crime of so unusual a nature as to be worth the attention of the psychologist. We know the causes of the majority of the crimes of violence in Sicily, in Sardinia, in Calabria. Real or imaginary slights upon women, jealousy, revenge, hereditary domestic feuds, the notion that some one in trade or in love has been taking an unfair advantage, quarrels over a game of *Mora* in the *osterie*, disputes on some minute point connected with the conventional code of 'rustic chivalry.' An officer in the Italian army told me the following story. He had an orderly in Sicily who entered the army later than the usual age, because he had been in prison for an assassination committed as a mere boy. He grew to be extremely fond of the young man, of whom he once inquired what could have induced him to perpetrate that murder? 'Ah, Sor Capitano,' was the answer, 'era per l'etichetta!' It was for etiquette!

In Romagna there are, of course, occasional murders of the ordinary kind, but infinitely the larger proportion have to do with pure politics. A person who wishes to understand the state of parties should begin by arming himself with a microscope. To say that there are Clericals, Monarchists, Socialists, and Republicans is a crude statement; each of these groups is subdivided into a dozen sections, which all cordially hate each other. Not much is known about existing secret societies, but they are probably numerous. The Romagnols had

always an affection for secret societies; Carbonarism took its greatest development amongst them, and on the opposite side Sanfedism showed that the tendency was not confined to one party. Just now the principal breakers of the peace are the Socialists and Republicans. Innocent new-comers imagine that these politicians should pull together, or, at least, dwell in amity; but far from it. Once upon a time a Republican killed a Socialist, or a Socialist killed a Republican—no one seems to know for certain which it was. Since then they throw the ball of murder backwards and forwards when the fit seizes them, and it is the more difficult to end the strife because neither side will give evidence against the other in the law courts. They prefer to arrange their differences in the family with dagger or revolver. Their animosities are untouched by personal spite; the murderer and the murdered are generally unacquainted. One of the Socialists murdered at Cesena at the time of which I speak was a superior man—a sort of Lassalle or Kropotkine of the district—and, apart from his Socialism, he was esteemed and liked by everybody. It did not save him from his doom. Soon after the affairs at Cesena a singular thing happened at Forlí, Felice Orsini's birthplace. A Republican was murdered, but the reason, for a wonder, was not political; a woman had been the cause. Another Republican heard of the event, and on the spur of the moment, without waiting for details, ran into the street and killed the first two Socialists he met. He then went and gave himself up, and was much affected when he came to be aware of his mistake.

*THE ARCH OF AUGUSTUS, RIMINI.*

If any one is surprised that such things should be, after thirty years of free government, he may be assured that thirty years of government by archangels would not entirely alter the character of a race. Political revolutions are quick, moral revolutions are very slow. If civil peace is more nearly approached in Romagna than it ever was before, we have no right to complain, even though much is left to be desired. The end to be aimed at is a large and coherent patriotism which should substitute *Italy* for the state, party, or sect. The Romagnols have in them the elements of such a patriotism. Once in the past, when Julius II. cried 'Fuori i barbari!' their hearts beat in unison. Again, in the hour of danger, I doubt not that they will forget their petty wars:—

'E a te dimani, Umberto Re, in cospetto
L'Alpi d'Italia schierano gli armati
Figli a la guerra. Il popolo fidente
Te guarda e loro.'*

* Carducci.

The well-known personal courage of the King has created a good impression among this population which deifies hardihood. In Romagna, perhaps alone, he excites more interest than his charming consort. When the Royal family attended the anniversary *fêtes* of the University of Bolŏgna, a poor woman at my side exclaimed, as the Royal carriage approached, 'Ecco Margherita!' Then, with deeper feeling, and with tears starting to her eyes, she added, 'Ecco il *nostro* Re!' It was a trifle, but it seemed characteristic of the general sentiment.

The Riminese have a Romagnol sturdiness which does not promise well for whosoever would treat them without the respect due from one human being to another; but they are by nature full of the best kind of courtesy that comes from a genuine desire to be helpful. In our party of five were disparate creeds and races, and it fell out that each of us was thrown more closely with some section of the community than commonly happens to the passing visitor. One, whose dress betokened a life of charity, received the touching confidences of many a poor soul in want of *una preghiera*:—'Pray for me, I am in trouble;' 'Pray for me, I have lost my wife and I cannot bear it;' 'Pray for me, my child is ill.' One studied character in that vast book, the market; one was thinking of buying a horse, and became an authority on stable-boys; one sought shells by the sea-shore, and grew acquainted with the similarly employed. He remembers an engaging old gentleman, with the clothes of the destitute and the manners of a prince, who knew all about the 'cappo santo,' the true pilgrim's cockle-shell; the 'pesce ragno,' or spider-fish, which bites or stings unsuspecting bathers, causing much pain though no peril; the sea-horses and the turtles, the dolphins and dog-fish, which two come in May and eat up the cuttle-fish, whose hard white cuticle is found on the beach in incredible quantities. We left on the pier, or public benches, the ordinary number of shawls, books, and *porte-monnaies*, all of which were carefully restored to their owners. The solitary instance of a wish to overcharge that came under my notice may be referred to, because it shows how easy it is, with a little judgment, to settle such small difficulties to every one's satisfaction. The first thing needful is to keep one's temper, the second is to be reasonably liberal. People who give away large sums at home have been known to turn very Shylocks on their travels. Certain fishermen are generally engaged to trundle the luggage of visitors to the station, which is rather far from the shore. Their spokesman seemed inclined to claim as a right what is at most a privilege, and, moreover, asked ten francs for the service. He was a thick-set young man, who could look wild horses when angry. 'Amico mio,' I said, 'here is no question of right; but you are at liberty to ask what you choose, as we are at liberty to refuse to give it. There are carriages in the Piazza Cavour, and we will have one carriage to every box—five boxes, five carriages. It will be quite a procession.' The 'amico' began to laugh all along the rows of his white teeth, and said good-humouredly, 'I see we have made a great mistake. What will you give us?' 'Four francs,' said I. We gave him five and parted on the best of terms.

The Riminese are remarkable for beauty, which in the young girls attains an extraordinarily high standard. An ugly or plain girl is hardly to be seen; group after group of young maidens, fair and proud as Artemis, walk down the plane-tree avenue on festal days, their carriage erect, their heads thrown back, their oriflamme frocks (the prevailing fashion) setting in relief the flawless whiteness of their skin. The hair, done in a knot at the top of the head, is mostly dark, but alabaster is an imperfect simile for the complexion. They wear, of course, no head-covering, and carry a diminutive fan, made of bright feathers, in place of a parasol. But the sun of Rimini, which in a fortnight converts any ordinary mortal into a Zulu, spares their beauty. I leave the explanation to those who can give it.

The men, if less ideally handsome than their sisters, are well grown and finely developed. One is often reminded of the 'Slayer of the splendid brow.' Here, as in all Romagna, the manly and inspiriting Giouco del Pallone is played with great gusto. It has some affinity to tennis, but the ball is thrown up to an enormous height, and is received and returned on

a sort of wooden muff, shielding the right hand and wrist. As a spectacle no game is equal to it, and, while giving room for the fullest display of skill and strength, unlike football it never leads to violence. All that is wanted to play it is a flat open space, flanked by a wall some forty feet high and two hundred and sixty long. These are about the dimensions at Rimini.

The Stabilimento de' Bagni, with its adjacent villas or *palazzine*, as they are called here, is the property of the Municipality, and the townsfolk look upon each visitor as a sort of guest whose pleasure is their law. Thus we had no sooner mentioned a desire to hear the singing of some boys whose voices were said to be remarkable, than it was arranged that they should be collected and conducted to our *palazzina*. The boys were not professionals. One was the son of a working tailor, and he was the aristocrat of the party; the others were children of very poor people. They were schoolfellows, and sang and acted together out of doors in any convenient corner, as boys elsewhere play tip-cat. Rimini being a passionately music-loving place, their talent had been noticed, and so it was that we heard of it.

We established the quartet in the room adjoining our *saletta*, the door of communication answering to the opening on to the proscenium. They were four as nice-looking young monkeys as you could wish to see, and with Italian suppleness they adapted themselves in a moment to the novelty of the situation. They were neither shy nor forward. Their repertory was drawn from Italian operas; one scene, in which a dark boy had to kill a blue-eyed one, with a table-knife borrowed from our waiting-man and factotum, the invaluable Ciro, was realistic enough to make the flesh creep. Their great success was the 'Cavalleria Rusticana' of Mascagni, which had been played but twice at Rimini. A boy with a high, clear voice, of singular emotional expression, sang Santuzza's story; another gave an excellent rendering of the drinking song, holding in his hand a glass of San Giovese and water—for we had provided our entertainers with a good supply of cakes and a little of this first-rate wine from the hills near Rimini, which deserves to be exported into countries that are being poisoned by manufactured clarets. In the pretty chorus, 'A casa, a casa,' each boy knew and kept his part, and in the solos the unoccupied performers hummed the orchestral accompaniments. They went through nearly the whole opera, which they had picked up in two hearings. They all bitterly lamented their want of musical instruction, of which they had had none whatever. 'Oh! if we could go to Pesaro,' they said (at Pesaro, the birthplace of Rossini, there is a conservatoire founded by him). 'But,' added one with a rueful look, 'Ci manca . . . .' and he made the motion with his fingers which in the Italian sign-language signifies money, a god the lower orders are unwilling to name. Here is a chance for the munificent amateur or for the far-seeing impressario! What the lads' voices will be after they break it is difficult to say, but that if properly taught they would distinguish themselves in some branch of music can hardly be doubted.

We made them write down their names, and three out of the four wrote a good hand. There is a preference in Rimini for high-sounding names, such as Ciro, Amilcare, Annibale. One young woman was called America. 'They called me so,' she said, 'because so many Italians have gone to die in America.'

I used to think of the old rhyme, 'She shall have music wherever she goes.' In one shape or another we had music wherever we went. It would have been enough to drive any one mad who, like Julius Mohl, could endure natural but not 'unnatural' noises, under which heading he classed all manifestations of the *ars divina*. Many more people than ever confess it do dislike musical sounds, and it is a tolerably safe rule to infer from extreme impatience of music in its humblest form, a secret aversion to music *per se;* only while no one minds owning to the impatience (on the contrary, it is thought to indicate exquisite taste), few have M. Mohl's courage in declaring the aversion.

Great musicians are notoriously tolerant even of hurdy-gurdies. To hear their music

*ground* is to them what to Lulli was the hearing of his airs sung on the Pont Neuf—the diploma of popularity. It is told of Rossini that he was once excruciated by the grinding of 'Di tanti palpiti'—not because he minded the operation, but because it was ground too slow. Rushing hatless into the street, he seized the handle of the instrument, and vigorously ground the air to the right time; then, thrusting twenty francs into the hand of the astonished performer, he vanished as suddenly as he had appeared.

Twice a week the *musica* of the city, or the band of the 40th *Fanteria* (which was left behind when the regiment was ordered to Cesena) discoursed sweet sounds under our windows in the Piazza, which on Sunday evenings was filled with an enormous crowd, both of natives and of excursionists from Forlí, Empoli, and all the Romagna towns. The trains returned after midnight, an arrangement which in some countries would have certainly led to disorder, but there was none here. No one pushed, no one spoke loud, no one took more wine than was good for him, or became curious about the contents of his neighbour's pockets. Women and children formed the majority. There may have been carabineers present, but I did not see them.

E. Martinengo Cesaresco.

(*To be continued.*)

JULY 1.—By the time these notes are in print both Salons will have closed their doors. In a chronicle like this, however, it is well that they should not be allowed to pass into history without a word. The movement that, ever since the split, has hitherto run in one direction, has been this, year modified. The first year of the Champ de Mars showed an improvement on the old exhibition in the Champs Elysées. A year later the gap was widened, and it became evident that the seceders had done wisely in getting rid of some of the restrictions of the older institution. Especially was this the case in regard to the rule which confined each contributor to a couple of exhibits in any one class. The Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts determined to accept as much from any *sociétaire* as he, or she, chose to send. The result was that many of the most famous painters of France were represented not by two isolated productions, lost often in a sea of mediocrity, but by a nest of their best work for the year. Carolus Duran, Alfred Stevens, Cazin, Dagnan-Bouveret, Gervex, Lhermitte, Boldini, to name only these, were thus enabled to give an *éclat* to the show with which, under its less generous rule, the Société des Artistes Français could not hope to compete. In the exhibition just closing this system has been less successful than in its two predecessors. None of the men just named, with one exception, were seen quite at their best. There was a look of pot-boiling about many of their contributions, and the exhibition suffered accordingly. Carolus Duran was the one exception. His ten contributions included two things in which his own peculiar gifts had worked marvellous results. One of these was the study of a woman, nude, seen from behind; *Lucica* he called it. The argentine tones of female flesh, over which French writers never weary of growing eloquent, have seldom been rendered with such power, such illusive truth. The other was the much-talked-of portrait of an American lady, disguised in the *livret* as *Mme. A——*. Here Carolus has set himself to force colour to its highest power. Crimson and scarlet were the notes, and their resonance was almost painful. The sitter's head—a head full of character—was almost lost in the blazing tints, and called up recollections of the image we formed in youth of Shadrach and his companions in the fiery furnace. The effect was won partly, if not wholly, by an unshrinking use of optical contrasts. The shadows of the flesh were so green that, if you covered the reds, they looked almost positive. Not the least interesting of the 'nests' were those for which Mr. Burne-Jones and Mr. Whistler were respectively responsible. Twelve studies by the former excited much interest among the visitors, and as we looked at the Whistlers our chief regret was that the *Miss Alexander* was not there too. After the *Mme. A——* of Carolus, nothing in the place was more talked of than M. Jean Beraud's *Descent from the Cross*, and yet it was an old joke, and one, moreover, in which there was never much wit. The idea was that Paris had crucified the Christ, and that, as they took Him down, the men and women of the people felt towards the city and its civilisation much what a mediæval monk felt towards a Jew. Three pictures by Mr. H. W. B. Davis held their own to admiration among the Frenchmen. The sculpture was scanty. We noticed a capital *cire perdue*, by Swan, and a curious thing, a sort of Gustave Moreau in plaster, by M. Jean Dampt—a winged hermaphrodite with a sword; by its expression it meant much that we, at least, could not decipher.

Perhaps the most comforting feature to an Englishman at the old Salon was the good front shown by the contributions from this side of the Channel; and not only the good front, but the signs of appreciation on the part of their hosts they were able to display. The decorative panel for which Mr. Reynolds Stephens, a pupil of the Royal Academy, received a medal and the commission to carry it out in Burlington House, has won honourable mention from the Paris jury. Still higher honour has been done to Mr. McLure Hamilton's portrait of Mr. Gladstone, for which, unhappily, we cannot claim a purely British origin. It has not only been *mentionné;* the French Government have bought it for the Luxembourg. The young Glasgow painter, Mr. Edward Walton, also carries off an 'hon. mention,' and so does Mr. Goscombe John for his *Morpheus*, a masterpiece of modelling. To Mr. Frank Bramley a second-class medal has been awarded for his child's funeral, to which the catalogue—keeping up its reputation—gives the mysterious title, '*Foogsach is the Kingdom of Heaven.*' Other English contributions to attract admiration were the *Soldiers and Sailors* of Mr. Stanhope Forbes, the *Portrait de mon Père*, of Mr. J. H. Lorimer, Mr. Lavery's *Une Equestrienne*, and Mr. Frank Brangwyn's *All Hands Shorten Sail.* It is easy to see by the places awarded, as well as by comparison with French premiated works, that the jury applies a higher standard to foreign contributions than to those of its own constituents. The French things to which tickets with 'Mention Honorable' are appended are, for the most part, of very little merit. But human nature is human nature, and, on the whole, the French artist knows how to be generous when he is brought face to face with art whencesoever it comes. The French part of the show marks a decline, even from the low standard of last year. In one way only is there an improvement. In spite of a few conspicuous exceptions, there was a notable decrease in things painted obviously for advertisement. The ghastly subjects, the unreasonably large canvases, the nudities which were meant to be indecent, were fewer than we have ever seen them before. Otherwise there was little to encourage one for the future. The serious studies of the nude—those studies which explain so much of what is finest in the general mass of French art production, were curiously few in number. The British matron may rejoice over this change, but to those who know what work from 'the life' means, it is full of depressing suggestions. Speaking broadly, the great artistic distinction between the old Salon and the new is in colour. Most of the good colourists have gone to the Champ de Mars. As Bonnat and Bouguereau are the presiding spirits in the one place, and Carolus and Puvis in the other, this was to be expected. Its effect on the general look of things in the Palais de l'Industrie is such that Doucet and Mme. Demont Breton look like colourists, and even Bonnat becomes tolerable. In its way, the most remarkable thing there was Bonnat's portrait of Renan. The most famous of living French writers has not an impressive appearance, and under Bonnat's scalpel of a brush he becomes less attractive than ever. The *médaille d'honneur* in the section of painting went to Maignan's thoroughly French apotheosis of Carpeaux. It is pretty safe to guess that it was given rather to the memory of Carpeaux than to the performance of Maignan. The sculpture is on the downward road. Never within recent years has it been so poor as on this occasion. M. Gérôme won a meretricious success with his *Pygmalion et Galatée*, a marble group in which colour was used with some skill, and not a little theatricality. One of the best things was a bronze, *Le Bon Vin*, by M. Guy de Kervéguen, commended by the jury.

Those to whom the Salons were a disappointment could find some consolation in the so-called exhibition of *Cent Chefs-d'oeuvre*, still open at the Galerie Petit in the Rue de Sèze. Here, instead of one hundred, there are one hundred and thirty-eight pictures, a very considerable proportion having no kind of title to be called *chefs-d'oeuvre*. But, among the rest, there is much to study and admire. The Barbizon school—or what goes by its name—is of course to the fore. Sixteen Corots, eleven Daubignys, five Diazes, five Duprés, five Millets, five Rousseaus, and six Troyons, are hung beside good examples of Delacroix, Décamps, and Fromentin, as well as of the still earlier English masters from whom the Frenchmen took their impulse. Two Boningtons are good. Unhappily, we cannot say as much of three Constables; of these one is not a Constable at all, a second belongs to the early, immature, and, though charming, the non-characteristic years of the master, while the third is a mere rub-in. M. Charles Yriarte, writing in the 'Figaro,' is too kind to these specimens of our great painter, and sets us wondering what he would say if Paris could have a real taste of Constable's quality. The other English pictures include two fine Gainsboroughs, *Wood Gatherers*, lent by Lord Carnarvon, and *A Lady of Quality*, from the

collection of M. de Hitroff; an excellent Raeburn, a lady's portrait; a pretty, vivacious Lawrence; a fine Hoppner; a Müller, and two Sir Joshuas—an edition of the *Laughing Girl*, and a portrait of *Lady Harcourt*, the latter from the collection of the French Marquis d'Harcourt. The 'old masters' include a fine woman's portrait by Frans Hals, two superb Hobbemas, one the picture formerly in the possession of Lord Rothschild, but now the property of M. Rodolf Kann, of Paris; a Moroni; four Rubenses; a good Terburg portrait; a curious picture of Amsterdam, by Van der Eyden and Van der Velde, and a very fine portrait of himself by Rembrandt. The last-named belonged, until recently, to Lord Caledon.

Among the more important art sales of the month at Christie's have been those of the Egremont pictures, the Drake water-colour drawings, the Leyland collection of pictures, porcelain, furniture, and tapestry; the Westmoreland portraits and miniatures from Apethorpe; the pictures and *objets d'art* of the late Mr. J. K. Wedderburn; the collection of old English plate made by Mr. H. C. Ellis; the collections of the Marquis de Foz, and various pictures from the collections of the late Earl Granville, the late Colonel Houlton, and Lord Charles Beresford. Messrs. Sotheby have also disposed of the famous prints by old masters collected by the late Mr. R. Fisher. The Egremont pictures (as distinguished from the Leconfield heritage at Petworth) formed part of the property which, on the death of the famous Earl of Egremont, went to a collateral branch of the family. They had been for many years hidden away in two unoccupied houses in Devon and Somerset, and were unknown even to connoisseurs of the present generation. Among the examples which excited most interest were three fine Gainsboroughs—a *portrait of Charles Frederick Abel, the violoncellist, with Gainsborough's favourite Pomeranian at his feet*, exhibited in 1777—it was bought by Mr. C. Wertheimer for 1400 guineas; a fine, though less attractive *Portrait of Signor Raphael Franco*, which fetched 840 guineas; and a beautiful full-length sketch of *A Youth* (or, perhaps, a girl) *in a Blue Dress, holding a Hat with Feathers*. The sitter is supposed by some to have been William Linley, the brother of Mrs. Sheridan. For this sketch the competition was very keen, and the prize was finally secured by Mr. C. Wertheimer for 1240 guineas. Several Sir Joshuas realised but indifferent prices, owing to their unsatisfactory condition, an exception being the fine and well-preserved *Portrait of the Hon. Mrs. William Frederick Wyndham*, mother of George, fourth Earl of Egremont. The portrait of Reynolds himself, painted for the Corporation of Plympton in 1778, fetched 280 guineas; the *Portrait of Mrs. Blake*, painted in 1764, 1000 guineas; a version of *The Laughing Girl*, 185 guineas; *Jacomina, daughter of Colonel Bellenden, second wife of Thomas Orby Hunter*, 100 guineas; while a *Marquis of Granby*, and a *Portrait of an Officer*, fetched respectively 96 and 55 guineas. The foreign pictures included an interesting Dirck Bouts, *Moses before the Burning Bush* and *Gideon and the Angel*, two volets of a triptych joined together to make one picture. It was bought by Mr. Martin Colnaghi for Mr. Crews, and has now been added to the exhibition of early Flemish pictures at the Burlington Fine Arts Club. A good Nattier, the *Portrait of Mlle. Victoire*, daughter of Louis XV., represented the French school, in company with the well-known *Portrait of Cardinal Dubois*, by Hyacinthe Rigaud, which was engraved by Drevet, and the artist's *Portrait of Himself*. Of the remaining lots the most noteworthy were a replica of a Rubens at Windsor, the *Portrait of Elizabeth Brandt*; a *Store-room*, by Snyders; a *Landscape with Riders*, by Albert Cuyp; and two fine examples of Cornelius Janssens van Ceulen, a pair of portraits of a Dutch naval officer and his wife, which fetched 600 guineas.

Sir William Drake's collection of water-colour drawings included examples of De Wint, Claude, Watteau, Paul Sandby, and Francis Wheatley, but no very high prices were obtained, the total proceeds of the sale being under 800*l.*

The dispersal of the famous Leyland collection excited much interest throughout the week it remained on view in King Street. The sale, apart from the fact of its including some of the best-known and most freely discussed examples of the particular school of which Mr. Leyland was a Maecenas, had a further interest, as determining for the moment the relative popularity of its acknowledged chiefs. It had been remarked that the works of Mr. Burne-Jones were steadily rising in market value, while those of Rossetti (loosely termed his rival) have proportionately declined. The Leyland sale entirely confirmed this impression, though the Rossettis realised on the whole higher prices than was expected. The collection included, among other typical examples, the *Lady Lilith*, the *Sea-Spell*, *Veronica Veronese*, *The Blessed Damozel*, and the *Loving Cup*, which fetched prices ranging from 1000 guineas for the *Veronica Veronese*, to 420 guineas for the *Sea-Spell*. Of Mr. Burne-Jones's pictures, the *Merlin and Vivien* fetched 3600 guineas, and the *Mirror of Venus* 3400, both being secured by Messrs. Agnew.

The examples of other modern masters included Mr. Whistler's portrait of a lady in Japanese dress, the *Princesse du Pays de Porcelaine* of the Peacock Room at Prince's Gate, which only reached 420 guineas; Sir John Millais' *Eve of St. Agnes*, which Mr. Val Prinsep bought for 2100 guineas; a fine and interesting example of an almost unknown member of the pre-Raphaelite school, William L. Windus; a *Chaucer at the Court of King Edward*, and an *Entombment*, by Mr. Ford Madox Brown. Of the works by the Old Masters, none were of very superlative quality, and the prices realised were proportionate to their merit. The most noteworthy things in this section were those bought by Mr. Martin Colnaghi for the Lyons Museum: a *Holy Family*, by Lorenzo Costa (? Francesco Bianchi), and the four famous Botticellis, illustrating the story of the cruel lady from the 'Decameron.'

The sale of the Westmoreland portraits and miniatures was one of the most curious lately held at Christie's. Most of the portraits were of no value, except as furniture, and brought correspondingly low prices. The fact that the majority of the personages depicted were ancestors of the family of no particular historical interest, and that their limners were not of the first rank, sufficiently explained the languor of the bidding. Yet Mytens, Janssens, and even Holbein were named in the catalogue. The *Henry VIII.* attributed to the last-named did not reach the price of 50*l.* The *Sir George Nevill*, third Lord Abergavenny, a marvellous little miniature by Holbein, fetched, however, 430*l.*, and some Coopers sold well. Colonel Houlton's pictures, chiefly foreign, were not of the first quality, and realised modest prices. An Adrian van Ostade, a Wynants, and a W. van de Velde headed the list.

Among the miscellaneous pictures included in various sales of this month were the famous portrait of *Mrs. FitzHerbert*, by Reynolds, the property of Lord Portarlington, which was bought in for 1650 guineas; *Penelope, daughter of Sir William Bowyer*, and *An Infant Academy*, by the same (?). A fine *Farmyard, with a Butcher Bargaining for Sheep*, by George Morland; a *Grand Canal, Venice*, by William Müller; and a *Woody Landscape, with a Cottage and Figures*, by James Stark.

The Fisher collection of ancient prints was of European reputation, and attracted many foreign *virtuosi*. The more important prints were all of the finest quality, though connoisseurs were surprised to find that in some instances examples considerably below the general average of excellence had been admitted. For Dürer's *Adam and Eve*, and Rembrandt's *Christ Healing the Sick* (the hundred-guilder print), a second state, the unprecedented prices of 410*l.* and 740*l.* respectively were given. The collection included, among its more important examples, a series by Marc Antonio, and fine examples of Dürer, Jacopo dei Barbarj, the Master of Zwolle, Zoan Andrea, Israel van Meckenen, D. and G. Campagnola, Lucas Cranach, Martin Schongauer, Mantegna, Rembrandt, A. van Ostade, &c.

## OVER THE BORDER

ETCHED BY C. O. MURRAY, FROM THE PICTURE BY J MACWHIRTER, A.R.A.

MR. MACWHIRTER'S picture, from which this etching is taken, represents the flight from vengeance of some border robber, or possibly a political offender. The desperate haste of the fugitive in what is plainly a race for life stands out in strong contrast to the peaceful and monotonous aspect of the surrounding country, though here, too, are indications of stormy periods in the broken trees and the distant walls of the border towers. The picture was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1877.

## ALESSANDRO BONVICINO, CALLED IL MORETTO DA BRESCIA

THE art of Brescia is manifestly more nearly akin to that of Venice than to any other phase of North Italian painting of the sixteenth century; and yet to describe it as a mere branch of the great Venetian school would be enormously to underrate its true position. True, Girolamo Romanino was in his beginnings almost exclusively Venetian, and adopted Giorgione, if not actually as his teacher, at any rate as his model, penetrating and mastering the secrets of his golden glow of colour, but hindered by a certain coarseness of artistic fibre, a certain superficiality, from bringing himself into true sympathy with Barbarelli's subtle, fascinating art, as did Sebastiano Luciani, Lorenzo Lotto, Torbido of Verona, and Titian in his first manner. But then Romanino in his maturity developed from his Venetian manner—with the aid, no doubt, of strong Lombard reminiscences—a splendid scheme of colour all his own, and which may be described as peculiarly Brescian. In this, masses of deadened silver drapery and passages of a peculiar dark, cool green calm down, while they contrast with, and add piquancy to, the glowing richness of the orthodox Venetian combinations. It is an open question, however, whether this peculiar Brescian silveriness may not rather have been originated by that strange and individual painter, Girolamo Savoldo, the elder, as it would appear, of Romanino by some few years. His sombre, brick-coloured, and mainly unbroken flesh-tones, sharply contrasting with draperies of slaty greyness rather than true silver sheen, and relieved against sunset and deep twilight backgrounds, entirely lack the magic of Romanino's transparent tints, although they make up a colour-chord which, if it cannot boast any sensuous charm, has yet its own particular impressiveness. What was, however, only one element—though a commanding one—in the art of Moretto's two predecessors and contemporaries at Brescia, became the keynote of his solemn and noble art. The silvery flesh-tints, the grey architectural

framings, the delicate atmosphere with which he harmonised and enveloped his gayest and most sumptuous local colours, are as characteristic of his art from one standpoint, as is from another that unfeigned *naïveté* and deep, if outwardly restrained, emotional character in which he differs so entirely from all other great Italian painters of the full Renaissance, and especially from those who in North Italy worked out, during the sixteenth century, each in his own way, the Titianesque ideal.

No greater mistake could well be made than to class Moretto as purely and simply a pupil and follower of Titian, painting in his atelier, as Carlo Ridolfi did in his *Maraviglie*. And still less should he be represented, as he has been in certain quarters, as an eclectic, undergoing, besides the natural influences of his master Ferramola, of his elder contemporary Romanino, and, to a certain extent, of Titian — that commanding force which, in the execution of the vast sixteenth-century altar-piece, no painter within the radius of Venetian attraction could well escape — those of Pordenone, 'the Palmesques,' Lotto, Raphael, and Sebastiano del Piombo, and in the development of his style showing 'a Veronese colour which foreshadowed the coming of Paolo Veronese.' Such an eclectic was Sebastiano del Piombo, passing in youth from Bellini and Cima to Giorgione, and then on to Raphael, and still on to Michelangelo. Such a one, too, though in a less striking degree, and less consciously, was Lorenzo Lotto; first a Giorgionesque of the most pronounced type, then in the next phase akin by sympathy to Palma and Correggio, and both influenced by and influencing them; then passing through a Bergamasque and then another Venetian phase. But the influences which may be traced in the art of Moretto are of a far less comprehensive, a far more superficial order, leaving as they do his artistic personality and the essential characteristics of his technique to develop themselves in a more normal fashion and with a more natural growth. While, on the one hand, it would be rash to deny that his style was built up on the basis of the Veneto-Brescian Romanino, and under the influence, less directly asserted, of Titian, on the other it may be maintained, without paradox, that he is through his master, the no more than second-rate Floriano Ferramola, a lineal descendant of the true Lombard school, headed by Vincenzo Foppa — himself, be it noted, by birth a Brescian — 'Brixiensis,' as he has signed himself on the little *Crucifixion* in the Municipal Gallery of Bergamo. The noble serenity of Foppa, and still more the touching *naïveté*, the deep though subdued pathos, the austere charm of his best follower, Ambrogio Borgognone, have had an important share in evolving the unique art of Moretto. For even genius the most spontaneous must be rooted in, must grow out of, something preceding it, and serving as its foundation and support. It is, also, if we mistake not, the ashen tone of Foppa's flesh-tints—already translated by Borgognone, in his finer performances, into a more delicate and harmonious tint, as of a grey pearl — that is the true parent of Moretto's famed silveriness already so often alluded to, and to which, at the risk of appearing tedious, we must again, in the course of these remarks, so frequently allude. But neighbouring Verona had, it will be said, its masters of the earlier Renaissance, such as Francesco Morone and the Veronese Raphael, Cavazzola, who were distinguished for the delicate grey tones of their flesh-tints; these were, however, obtained in different fashion, and were sharply contrasted with gay and uncompromising tints in the draperies. Those who compare, too, an altar-piece by Moretto with one by Paolo Veronese—which can be more conveniently done at the National Gallery than elsewhere — will readily perceive that the resemblance to which some biographers of the Brescian master have called attention is a much more superficial and accidental one than they would make out; one depending, indeed, rather on the use by both of enveloping and balancing masses of grey to sober down and bring into unity of tone clear and sumptuous harmonies and contrasts of positive colour, than upon any more intimate agreement either of conception or of execution.

Alessandro Bonvicino is one among many great artists whom we must perforce be

content to know entirely through their works, and at whose individuality we can only guess; of the particulars of his well-occupied, and, therefore, in all probability, uneventful life, we shall ever remain in ignorance. We may, if we choose, transfer in fancy from the works to the man that *naïveté* and perfect absence of self-consciousness which he alone among the Italians of the *Cinquecento* managed to commingle with the decorative sumptuosities of his mature Renaissance art. We may imagine his temperament to have been akin to that of the Brescian aristocrats, so noble and gracious in presence, over whose personality the master has contrived to throw the glamour of a melancholy in itself so attractive and so stimulating to the imagination of the beholder. But such inductions from a painter's works to himself are not always of the safest, as may be best seen when we compare the stormy and adventurous career of a Fra Filippo Lippi with the mystic tenderness and perfect repose of his creations, or in the presence of Perugino's finest performances seek in vain to reconcile their pensive calm, their fastidious disdain of the things of this every-day world, with his reputation as a keen man of business, more than sufficiently alive to the commercial value of art, and his evil repute, in the latter years of his life, in matters appertaining to religion.

*THE GLORY OF MARY AND ELIZABETH. FROM A PICTURE BY IL MORETTO IN THE BERLIN GALLERY.*

Bonvicino was born in 1498, according to one account in Brescia itself, according to another at Rovato, near that city. So much appears clear, that he was, as has already been stated, a pupil of the Foppesque painter, Floriano Ferramola, with whom he collaborated in 1518 in painting the organ-shutters of the Duomo Vecchio of Brescia, while he is accredited with a like share in his master's similar work at S. Maria di Lovere, on the Lago Iseo. Among Moretto's early works of this period are, besides a *Christ bearing the Cross* in the Municipal Gallery of Bergamo (1518)—there now, or lately, ascribed to Titian—a singu-

larly delicate and beautiful *Christ with the Woman of Samaria at the Well*, formerly in the collection of Giovanni Morelli (Ivan Lermolieff) at Milan, and a not less lovely *Virgin and Child between Two Saints*, which, from the possession of the Averoldi family of Brescia passed into the admirably well-chosen collection of Sir Henry Layard at Venice. There is nothing in these latter works to prove, but, on the contrary, everything to disprove, Ridolfi's apparently random statement that Moretto's youth was spent in the studio of Titian, for which, indeed, it has never been shown that there existed any solid foundation. It may be conceded that no North Italian painter of eminence, producing important altar-pieces during

*PART OF THE PICTURE OF 'SAN BERNARDINO AND SAINTS,' BY MORETTO, IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.*

the first half of the sixteenth century, was exempt from the all-pervading influence of Titian in his maturity; as in like manner Mantegna's art, and in particular his epoch-making *Madonna di San Zeno*, directly or indirectly influenced all the North Italian art of the latter half of the fifteenth century, whether Paduan, Ferrarese, Venetian, or Veronese. But as no one would assume from this unmistakable influence that Cosimo Tura, Bartolommeo Vivarini —leaving out of the question Mantegna's brother-in-law and fellow-pupil, Giovanni Bellini— Francesco Morone, Girolamo dai Libri, or the Piedmontese Macrino d'Alba, were pupils in the strictest sense of Mantegna, so, from a certain family resemblance of the noble altar-pieces of Moretto with those of Titian, we have no right to infer the relation of master and pupil, or, indeed, anything more than a legitimate influence, probably exerted not at first hand, but from a distance. Among the works which some German critics have attributed to this early time of Moretto is a gaily tinted, beautiful piece in the last room of the Poldi-Pezzoli collection at Milan, showing the Virgin and Child on a throne placed

in a finely wooded grove, above the canopy of which two Cupid-like angels hover in mid-air, holding over the Virgin's head a crown of gold and jewels. This has, however, by Giovanni Morelli, been attributed with much greater *vraisemblance* to Callisto Piazza da Lodi, the best pupil of Romanino, and a far closer imitator of his sumptuous art than Moretto ever was.

It was in 1521 that our painter first came forward as a master of definite and striking artistic personality, the opportunity being afforded by a friendly competition with his elder contemporary, Romanino, in the decoration of the beautiful little Corpus Christi Chapel in the Church of S. Giovanni Evangelista, at Brescia. Here, on the left wall, the latter master represented with a Giorgionesque glow, a frankness of presentation, and a dramatic power such as Bonvicino never commanded in the same degree—but also with a certain lack of refinement and a certain carelessness of conception which place him far below his younger rival—the *Resurrection of Lazarus* and *The Magdalene in the House of the Pharisee*, together with two *Evangelists* and two *Prophets*. On the left side of the same chapel Moretto depicted—not, as might be inferred, in fresco on the walls themselves, but on canvas fitted and framed into the wall spaces—a *Last Supper*, the *Gathering of Manna in the Wilderness*, *Elijah in the Desert of Beersheba*, *St. Mark and St. Luke the Evangelists*, and some figures of *Prophets*. The *Gathering of the Manna* is overcrowded and confused, but the *Last Supper* already reveals some of the fine qualities of the painter, while the *Elijah* is, in its massive grandeur and dignity, one of his noblest conceptions—worthy, indeed, to rank with the finest of those Church Fathers and weighty male saints with whom his succeeding altar-pieces are peopled. It is in certain portions of the young Brescian's work in this chapel, and more especially in the somewhat later *Massacre of the Innocents* which still adorns another altar in the same church, that Vasari and, following his lead, Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle, have with a certain amount of plausibility, described a phase of the master's youthful practice as Raphaelesque. Certainly this noble figure of the Hebrew prophet, and to a still greater extent, the *Gathering of the Manna*, and the unusually frigid and academic *Massacre of the Innocents*, recall somewhat the grand style of which the headquarters were the Stanze and Loggie of the Vatican. Still, the resemblance is not more than a superficial and limited one, and is emphatically not such as would authorise the christening of any phase of Moretto's career as Raphaelesque: North Italian and Veneto-Brescian he was, and remained throughout, in all the essential characteristics of style and execution. This same *Massacre*, the first idea for which may have been obtained from Marcantonio's famous print, is, notwithstanding the unusual finish of the draughtsmanship and the careful polish of the execution, one of the least engaging of Bonvicino's works. It shows pretty conclusively what is still further made clear by the later *Massacre of St. Peter Martyr*, in the Ambrosiana of Milan, that Moretto, with his melancholy, subjective temperament, and his leaning towards the more spiritual, the less positive side of humanity, was unequal to the presentation of scenes of violence or strong dramatic excitement. The *St. Peter Martyr* appears, it must be owned, in its effort at dramatic intensity almost coarse—with a coarseness such as mars the less worthy works of a Romanino, but without the breadth and vitality with the aid of which the latter was often able to disarm criticism.

It is curious to observe in two of the most gentle and pathetic among German masters belonging to the end of the preceding century, Martin Schöngauer and Hans Holbein the elder, a similar inability to depict, without a repulsive exaggeration, scenes of agitation and violence, such as more especially those crowning stages of the Passion which almost every Teutonic artist of that period found it a remunerative task to represent.

CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

*(To be continued.)*

# RIMINI TO-DAY

## II

WE made a friendship with a party of itinerant musicians—two Neapolitan instrumentalists and a Tuscan singer. The elder Neapolitan was a violinist, whose travels had already extended to New Zealand; his young brother, a harpist, who was now on his first tramp. This boy had one of those Murillo-angel heads that were perhaps left in Naples by the Spaniards—a type without intellect, but of how great charm! Playing his harp, he might have sat as model for the shepherd David. He played well, too, and had been taught for six months at some 'accademia' in Rome. How well he might have done if he had been taught for six years! It was pleasant to see the tender interest which the elder lad took in the younger; he thought nothing, in comparison, of his own violin-playing. He told us that they bought all the violins they could pick up, and sent them to a still older brother in New York, who sold them for good prices. In such a way a valuable instrument may now and then get into the market, of which the owner has sunk below the strata explored by the regular dealer.

The brothers did not profess to sing, and, in fact, had but little voice, but they gave their own airs as only Neapolitans can. Other Italians may keep the sing-song—the fun and flavour they fail to catch. Of course we had the inevitable 'La chiave mi do' sta?' 'Here's the key!' cried the youngest boy, snatching one from the nearest keyhole—a piece of bye-play not contemplated by the composer. All their songs belonged to the feast of Piedigrotta, the singing tournament which takes place every September in the neighbourhood of Naples, and at which the songs of the next twelve months are chosen by competition. Once it was a pure folk-meeting, now everybody competes, and it could hardly happen, as it has happened in past times, that a song like 'To ti voglio bene assai, E tu non pienze a me,' should go the round of Italy, and almost of Europe, without it being possible to discover the author. The Neapolitan boys did not know this famous song, nor yet the beautiful 'Window once lit which now no light displays;' indeed, they knew none but the most recent *canzoni*. It is the same everywhere. I asked the Tuscan if he remembered 'Addio, mia bella, addio,' which, first heard among the Tuscan olives, was sung by Italian soldiers on a thousand marches in 1859. But the young fellow was not born in the fifties, or even in the sixties, and other ditties have filled the olive groves since. He was a delicate-looking youth, as different as could be imagined from his robust companions. 'Once I had a nice voice,' he said, 'but this dreadful street-singing has spoilt it.' Yet his voice had still some particle of the sweetness of that rarest of things, a true tenor. This young man sang a new Tuscan lay, in which the purity of the language and the dismalness of the subject made the oddest contrast with the exuberant nonsense in the broad Neapolitan Doric. It had the burden:—

'Poverina ti è morta la mamma
Prega e piangi, ell' non torna più.'

One night, between ten and eleven o'clock, a carriage drove up, and we soon began to hear the plaintive strains of 'Poverina ti è morta,' &c. At the conclusion I looked out of the window and asked the tenor, for it was he, what had become of his companions. 'They have been in prison,' he said. 'Dear me, how was that?' I inquired. 'Nothing very bad,' was the answer. 'They would not pay the bill at the *osteria* because the host asked too

much; there was a scuffle, and they used their fists, so they have been locked up for a day or two. I am not going to join them again, but to-morrow I am going away, and that is why I wished to give you a serenade. You have been kind to me.' It was a dark-blue night, and I could not see the speaker, but there was pathos in his voice as he made his grateful little speech. So we bade one of the everlasting every-day farewells, which would seem strange if we were not so used to them, and the street singer drove off in his carriage.

A few days after our concert, Totano (who had listened on the stairs), said to me, 'You asked the musicians for a song they did not know; *I* know it:—

'Addio, mia bella, addio,
L'armata se ne va
Se non partissi anch 'io
Sarebbe una vilta.'

Totano is of the older generation; he remembers '59, nay, '48 as well. He remembers

*THE ROMAN BRIDGE, RIMINI.*

Padre Ugo Bassi when he came to Rimini preaching the crusade of freedom. 'And have you looked on *Bassi* plain?' was the way I felt as he recalled the traits of the Romagnol martyr-monk, whose life was cut short by Austrian bullets outside the gates of Bologna—the most pathetic figure in the Italian *Heldenbuch*.

But I forget that I have neglected to say who Totano is. He has been in his day the strongest swimmer on the coast, and it would be still dangerous to compete with him. To his skill in diving he owes his nickname of Totano, by which alone he is known, from a fish that stays mostly at the bottom. I was told (not by him, for he does not talk about it) that people have lost count of the lives he has saved, sometimes at great risk to himself. He learnt to swim as a child by jumping off the Roman bridge into the Marecchia, and he has passed a good part of his life in the water. Swimming, however, is only his avocation; his business is to act as custodian to the *Stabilimento*, and to superintend the laborious work of taking up in autumn and laying down in the spring the whole of the pier and bathing appurtenances, which, though extremely solid, would not bear the fury of the waves in winter. In Italy, more than elsewhere, there is the worship, if there is not always the obedience, of

'the great image of authority,' and Giuseppe Perazzini, as his real name runs, might affect to be a Person in a black coat, but he is content to remain Totano in his shirt-sleeves.

He often spoke of the Counts Ruggiero and Alessandro Baldini, who were the founders of the Stabilimento de' Bagni, and to whom half Rimini once belonged. They tried in every way to turn their wealth to the advantage of their fellow-citizens, and by attracting strangers to the forgotten little town they hoped to benefit all classes. Even now, when the number of visitors is not what it was at first, bad vintages, heavy taxation, and other evils having obliged most Italians to stay at home, there are many Riminese who live during the year on what they earn during the bathing season. The flourishing Infant Schools exist thanks to the Baldini, and there was not a good work at Rimini which they did not further. In the severe cholera visitations they were night and day in the Lazaretto. Totano was only one out of hundreds who were their debtors then. They also contributed munificently to every patriotic object. The end of it all is that the family is reduced to poverty; a decadence how much more honourable than many men's rise!

Alessandro Baldini is dead. 'At his funeral,' said Totano, 'every one who could walk joined the procession. Never was such a thing seen: Clericals, Moderates, Republicans, Socialists, all there!' Count Ruggiero still lives. 'When Umberto came to Rimini,' continued my informant, 'the first thing he asked was, "Where is Baldini?" At Rome there is no *anticamera* for him; they have orders to admit him at once.'

I do not think there was ever a prouder soul than Giuseppe Perazzini's. We were speaking one day of the discontent with which most people regard their position, whatever it is. 'As for me,' he said, 'I envy no one, nor have I ever wished to be or appear what I am not.' Then after a silence of a few minutes he added suddenly: '*Le dirò*, I will tell you whom I envy; those who die in their strength!' I had many talks with him as he used to accompany me in my daily swim in the Adriatic. At first he swam too, and amused me with many displays of diving and other tricks, but as the season wore on and the temperature got colder I made him stay in the *Innocenza*, the little boat which carried us through the nearly constant surf to the quieter blue water three-quarters of a mile out to sea. One day in mid-September he seemed so chilled that I gave him two *petits verres* of Maraschino as a restorative. Totano is no longer young. 'Oramai siamo vecchi,' said Rosa, his wife. It is true that an Italian woman of the people begins calmly to consider herself very old at forty-five.

I inquired about sharks, which are popularly believed to have increased since the cutting of the Suez Canal. It seems that the larger species avoid this shore because of the absence of big ships; their favourite resort is Trieste. A more real danger at Rimini is the outward current, which is so powerful that even with an ingoing tide a strong swimmer has difficulty in reaching land if there is the least sea; and if there is much sea, the strongest swimmer cannot reach it. Naturally, it is proportionately easy to go out. The current has an ally in the *libeccio*, the dreaded south-west wind, which here blows from inland. Neophytes ought to be acquainted with these peculiarities before they trust themselves to that incomparably gay and delightful water. When it is not perfectly smooth they should take a boat with them to bring them back. Some swimmers are afraid of dolphins, which charming creatures would not for the world hurt you intentionally, though they seem now and then to invite the swimmer to join in their games. With a little presence of mind it is easy to keep out of their way.

I wished to have a photograph taken of Totano and of Pasquale Luzzi, master of the *Giordano Bruno*, a fishing craft in which we went for long sails when the heat of the day was over. As Totano went with us when he had time, it was proposed that he and Pasquale should be photographed together on board the boat with the sea as background. But I found him unwilling to be taken at all. 'Those things,' he said, 'he had always left

to the *Signori.*' It was only when I asked it of him as a personal favour that he gave in. After he had conceded the point, however, he was entirely good-natured about it, and even agreed to be immortalised in his bathing suit, in which he looked so much better than in his Sunday best. When I went to the photographer to see the negative I asked him to accompany me. 'As your servant,' he said, preparing to get on the box of the carriage. 'No,' I interposed, 'as my friend.' The day was the 20th of September, and Rimini, always scrupulously clean, was brighter than usual, and gaily flagged in honour of the breach in Porta Pia which made Rome the capital of Italy. '*Che allegrezza*, what gladness there was this day twenty-one years ago!' said my companion. It is curious how

*ON THE SHORE AT RIMINI.*

conversation turns on much the same subjects whether you speak with Italian prince or *popolano.* Totano and I talked of what most people talk in Italy: the chances of war. 'I do not know what the generals are worth,' he said, 'but the soldiers would fight; they are *buoni ragazzi;* they knew how to die at Dogali.' For the first time it struck me that there was some use in that which had appeared to me a completely useless waste of life. It had touched the Italian people, had given them confidence in their young army—'they knew how to die!'

The pleasure of our sails in the *Giordano Bruno* was much enhanced by Pasquale's musical gifts. When we were well out to sea he would leave navigation to his mate, and, drawing his guitar from the hold, would sing by the hour with a depth of feeling and a delicacy not often equalled by public performers. He did not know how to write or read, and had taught himself the guitar. He sang all sorts of songs, picked up who knows how? A great favourite of ours was the 'Marinar:'—

'Marinar, bel marinar,
Non fuggir da questa sponda
Ferve il vento, irata è l'onda
Fosca luce manda il ciel.
Marinar, bel marinar,
La tua Lisa non lasciar!'

He added two other verses, which, though sung to the same fresh and catching tune, had not, as I readily perceived, anything to do with the first:—

'La biondina in gondoleta
L'altra sera l'ò menada
Dal piacer la povereta
La s'a in bota indormenzà.

'Fra le nuvole la luna
Gera in cielo meza sconta,
Gera in calma la laguna,
Gera el vento bonazzà.'

It happened that soon afterwards I discovered the history of these lines, which were written by a certain Lamberti for Mariana Benzon, the fair, if a trifle free-and-easy, lady who gathered around her the most amusing people in Venice at the time when the Countess Albrizzi was striving to make her *salon* the rallying-point of the learned and literary. Byron forsook the Albrizzi to—

'Bandy Venetian slang with the Benzon,'

at whose house it was that he met the Countess Guiccioli. It is characteristic of Italy that the *vers de société* of sixty years ago should be found on the lips of a fisherman who does not know his letters.

One day when Pasquale had been out fishing all night, I asked him if he was not too tired to sing. 'Singing does not tire me—it rests me,' he replied. 'I sing to amuse myself in the night. I take my guitar with me in all weathers, *è il mio compagno*—it is my companion.' His songs covered the gamut of fortunate and unfortunate love:—

'What were April without roses?
Without kisses, what were love?'

was the refrain of one. I remember the caressing quatrain:—

'O velvet locks, O locks with love afire,
Locks soft as velvet, black as raven's wing!
To kiss them just for once is my desire,
Then should I be an emperor or a king!'

And another stanza in a reproachful key:—

'Thou'rt no more thou! Well have I conned and read
The last sweet pages to deceive me sent;
Words take the place of fondness that is fled,
There's courtesy to spare, but love is spent.
In vain I seek the echo of a heart
That once was mine—was mine, but is not now:
To hide the truth thou usest every art;
Useless thy toil; no, no, thou'rt no more thou!'

The words seem trite, but Pasquale threw into them every shade of reproach, irony, and tenderness. The effect was produced by the simplest, that is, the most truly artistic means —no *tremulo*, no mouthing, no affectation of sentiment, but sentiment itself that seemed to burst forth unconsciously, because it could not be repressed. In the concluding verse of this song the last line is varied to—

'No, vita del mio cor, non sei puì tu.'

There was a concentrated passion in Pasquale's delivery of the words 'life of my heart' that must have carried with it the least impressible hearer. Once or twice he sang some rollicking Neapolitan *canzone*, but it seemed a profanation of his peculiar and altogether serious style.

When we left Rimini, Pasquale was on the point of giving up fishing, and of chartering with another man one of the large sailing boats carrying petty merchandise up and down the coast, and across to Dalmatia. Pasquale's vessel was to ply between Rimini and Venice. While a steamer is hardly ever seen, the port which is formed by the canalised mouth of the Marecchia is full of this minor, but far more picturesque, shipping. If the *libeccio* blows it needs skill to turn into the canal, though, when reached, the anchorage is perfectly safe. A prettier sight is not to be seen than the departure at sunset of a dozen of these craft. Each carries a dog, who considers himself an important member of the crew, and as the boats depart or arrive, at the moment when each rounds the extremity of the mole, the dog-captain suddenly emerges from some hole or corner where he lay hidden, and springing upon the prow, barks a glad hail or farewell. Nothing can be imagined more brightly expressive of 'Now we are off!'

*SAN MARINO.*

and 'Here we are!'—two hackneyed phrases, which yet embody all the passion of travel, all the emotion of home.

So the days passed 'under the roof of blue Italian weather,' halcyon days, weather almost mysterious in its beauty. While England was half submerged, and Naples and Milan were distracted by torrential rains, the sky of Rimini never lost its unbroken serenity. Dawn after dawn spread an amber mantle on the glistening sea—for amber is the dominant hue. Unlike the changeful glory of orange, blood-red, and purple of Mediterranean sunrises, here the splendour is calm and ample as the beatific vision :—

'Dell' alta luce che da sè è vera.'

The summer climate of Rimini is certainly one of the most beautiful in the world; in the winter the *bora*, even at this distance from its nursery in the north, makes wild work. One winter afternoon an officer left Rimini for Sinigaglia, where an opera which he wished to hear was to be played. He expected to take the mail train back, and to be at his post by daybreak, but after the opera he learnt, to his dismay, that the line was blocked, a train having been fastened solidly to the rails by ice formed of the sea-water which the wind dashed over them, and which froze the moment of falling.

With a sea so tempting, one seems to care less for inland excursions; but of these there is no lack. A near object for a drive or walk is the chapel of the Madonna della Colonella, at the end of the winter promenade of the Riminese, when the wind sends them away from the shore. The chapel commemorates a miracle which is, perhaps, worth relating. The miraculous is at a discount in these parts. In the town, for instance, at Santa Chiara, a pictured Virgin began to wink its eyes within the last half-century, and has since attracted much attention from the faithful. But the miracle of the Colonella is less commonplace. A certain pilgrim was bound for Rimini, when he saw, at the foot of a little column surmounted by an image of the Virgin, a wounded man who was at the point of death. The pilgrim gave him what assistance and consolation he could, and afterwards proceeded on his way. Unfortunately his cloak was stained with the murdered man's blood, the result of which was that he was charged with the crime, and condemned to death. The place of execution in those days was a little beyond the site of the present chapel, but when the pilgrim and his guards had reached this exact spot, he took root, and no power on earth could move him. The phenomenon was the same as those attributed to the 'living magnets' of recent discussion. It impressed all spectators with a profound belief in the pilgrim's innocence; his bonds were loosened, upon which he recovered his mobility, and the authorities, who now offered him a handsome apology, raised the chapel to commemorate the edifying incident.

Most visitors go to the Sanctuary *delle grazie*, on a near eminence, with an enchanting view of the sea over a foreground of soft grey olives. The castle of Verucchio, eyrie-cradle of the Malatesti, is among the more distant points of interest, but of these the one which cannot possibly be neglected is the Republic of San Marino. The Republic is within three hours' drive of Rimini, and is no longer, as in Addison's time, approached by 'excessively bad ways,' though it still looks almost inaccessible from the shore. The road, which not very long ago ceased at Borgo, or the lower town, is now carried up to the very threshold of the castellated capital. Like everything else in the Republic, it is in excellent order.

Addison's remark that 'the commonwealth of Marino may boast at least of a nobler origin than that of Rome, the one having been at first an asylum for robbers and murderers, and the other a resort of persons eminent for their piety and devotion,' puts in a concise form the story of the foundation of the little Republic, which is in its fifteenth century. Marino, a Dalmatian stonemason, took up his abode here as a hermit, and having won the fame of sainthood, received from a lady of Rimini, by name Felicissima, a grant of the then barren rock and of the land, rich in blue thistles, around it. His statue in the principal church represents him holding an open book inscribed with a word which on this rock has never lost its meaning, never become a mockery—*Libertas*. The constitution is wise and simple. The fathers of families, who alone have the suffrage, elect a council of sixty, who hold office for life. Every six months the Council chooses two Regents—one of whom is taken from the nobility, or as we should say, the upper classes; the other from the people. The Regents cannot offer themselves for re-election till three years have elapsed since they were last appointed. The two judges are foreigners, which is a relic of the rule that obliged the *Podestà* in the Italian communes of the Middle Ages to be of foreign (*i.e.*, non-local) origin. From eighteen to sixty years of age every citizen is liable to be called upon to defend the State were it attacked. The Regents have a quiet yet dignified dress in the Spanish style which they wear on official occasions. I saw only one thing that did not please me in San Marino; it was a writing on the wall, 'Vogliamo il voto!' Universal suffrage would not be a safe experiment on Mount Titanus.

The Sammarinese value their independence to a degree that makes them sensitive about purely imaginary infringements of it. Some officers rode from Rimini to witness the interesting ceremony of the installation of the new Regents. They were politely received, and it never

*Würzburg.*

struck them to take off their swords before entering the Council Hall. A few weeks later the Prefect of Rimini was surprised by a terrible protest from the authorities of San Marino against the appearance of *armed* Italian officers at the civic functions. A threat was made of complaining directly to Rome, but this extreme measure was not resorted to. The Prefect expressed his sincere regret, the colonel of the regiment disclaimed in the name of his officers the slightest disrespectful intention, and the honourable Republic declared itself satisfied.

It is easy to smile at these little exaggerations, but on the whole he must have no love at all of freedom in whom this State of twenty square miles and some nine thousand souls does not inspire a feeling akin to reverence. It was a kindness of fate to put it in the power of the Republic to render an incalculable service to the tardy liberties of Italy. In 1849 the Sammarinese, hemmed round by Austrians, harboured Garibaldi in his retreat from Rome. It is not doubtful that by doing so they saved the hero's life, and thus, without this handful of mountaineers, who alone of Italians had never worn chains, the Thousand would never have sailed for Marsala, Palermo and Naples would never have welcomed their liberating conqueror, and a King of Italy might not now occupy the Quirinal.

E. Martinengo Cesaresco.

## WÜRZBURG

BY S. PROUT. FROM A WATER-COLOUR PAINTING IN THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM

APART from the beauty of its site, lying, as it does, at the foot of vine-clad hills with the Main winding through the valley, Würzburg possesses the additional charm of many fine buildings, whose great number is explained by the fact that for more than a thousand years the city was an ecclesiastical principality, ruled by a line of bishops who were princes of the empire and exercised great influence in Germany.

## PYROGRAVURE

THE art of engraving on wood and other substances by fire—that is, with pieces of metal more or less in the shape of pencils, and heated red—has been known in all ages and almost in all countries. It is even familiar to half-civilised and savage races that employ it for the decoration of various objects, and many amateurs in Europe have used red-hot skewers or pokers for burning decorative drawings in wood panels. The practical difficulty is, or used to be, the necessity for frequently heating the metal and the inequality of its temperature, that there was no means of regulating. When just removed from the fire, it was often considerably too hot for the work required from it, so that, unless employed with great precaution, it was sure to burn too deeply, and as it afterwards rapidly parted with its small provision of heat, it became too cool for the work to be done, so that to avoid loss of time the artist required an assistant to look after the heating of his irons. The consequence was that pyrogravure, or engraving by fire, was not in favour amongst artists, a class of people easily put out by any little material difficulty or technical inconvenience, and it was so little practised by those who really understood the technical qualities of the fine arts that the merits of it were almost unknown. Some years ago experiments were made with needles heated by an electric current, and not altogether unsuccessfully, as the heat supplied was continuous; but the greatest impetus to this

art has been given by M. Manuel-Perier by his invention, or application, of a continuous burner, easily regulated in the degree of its heat, and not requiring the help of electricity. The tool used is a platinum point, in shape something like an agate burnisher. This is first heated in a spirit lamp, and the heat is afterwards maintained by a current of air charged with spirit vapour, which passes through a minute tube in the porte-crayon in the draughtsman's hand. The current may be procured either by a pear-shaped indiarubber ball pressed occasionally by the left hand, or else by air under pressure in a receptacle constructed on the principle of a gasometer, or, again, from a light ball charged like a child's balloon. What is essential is that the current of air passing over the incandescent point should be continuous, easily regulated, and carbureted. This last condition is attained by making the air pass over a mineral essence in a closed phial on its way from the reservoir to the point. The current of air is easily maintained as so little is required. If the balloon reservoir is used, it can be charged in two minutes, and lasts three hours or more.

The substances used for working upon are chiefly wooden panels and leather, but there are many other substances more or less favourable to pyrogravure. Amongst woods, poplar is the best for the opposition between the line and the ground, and amongst leathers nothing seems better than calf. The quality of the line differs with the material employed. On poplar it is extremely like the etched line, especially as printed with a slight degree of *retroussage;* more *retroussage* may be very easily imitated by holding a broader burner at a little distance from the wood which it singes. The colour of the burnt line is very like the sepia printing inks used for some etchings. The lines in calf-leather appear more as if they were clearly cut out, and they are so like woodcut that when a severe mediaeval design for book-binding has been reproduced from the burnt leather and printed along with type it might be taken by anybody for a reproduction of an old wood-engraving. Tints of various kinds are employed in many cases to complete the scheme of decoration; but even without the use of colour, mere singeing produces grounds of the finest quality on which the lighter parts may be left in relief. For example, suppose the case of a wreath designed on leather, and intended to show light on a dark ground. The outlines would all first be burnt in, which can be done with extreme sharpness and definition, then all the ground intended to be dark would be more or less browned with what the inventor calls the *pinceau*, that is, the burner which is not a point, and as the leaves would be left of the natural colour of the leather we have already three most valuable elements—line, light spaces, and dark spaces. But there is much more than this, as the line may be used with considerable freedom, and of the most various depth and thickness, whilst the shades admit of every variety of gradation. In a word, it is a complete artist's process, full of technical qualities and satisfactions. Some of the results obtained are both charming and surprising, and it is evident that the variety of them may be practically unlimited. The advantages of pyrogravure are the complete absence of technical impediments, great rapidity for any skilful draughtsman, and applicability to all kinds of decorative uses. It is easy to sneer at pyrogravure as an amusement for idle amateurs of both sexes, but the simple truth is that the greatest etchers and engravers of past times would have seen nothing contemptible in an art by which they could have expressed all their knowledge. And, in fact, it has already been warmly recognised by several of the leading artists of the present day.*

EDITOR.

* We had thought of illustrating this paper by means of reproductions, but they look so exactly like reproductions from woodcuts when the original is severely drawn, or from etchings when it is picturesque in the quality of the burnt line, that it seemed useless. The exact qualities of pyrogravure, like those of most other arts, can only be seen in the originals. M. Manuel-Perier's address (I give it for the convenience of readers of a practical turn) is 1 Rue Pleyel, Paris.

# THE INNS OF COURT

## VIII.—*Middle Temple and Lincoln's Inn*

Great Lawyers—The Norths—Jeffreys—Blackstone—Eldon—Vandalism at Lincoln's Inn—The Old Gate—The Old Hall—Thurloe—New Square—Stone Building—The Drill Hall—The 'Devil's Own'—The New Hall—The Arms—The New Library—Scott's Work—The Old Library—Picturesque Aspect of Lincoln's Inn.

HE Middle Temple has not been so fruitful in great lawyers as its companion Inn. There are many reasons for this fact, and we must remember that it only contains thirty-three separate houses, as compared with forty-two in the Inner Temple. Another reason is, perhaps, that there are many students here annually from Ireland and from India, men who come in order 'to eat their dinners,' and go on to practise elsewhere. It is rare to meet an Irish barrister who has read in the Inner Temple. Lincoln's Inn and the Middle Temple absorb them nearly all. Still, the number of great lawyers is sufficient to afford much that is of interest to the general reader, and the Inn of the Norths, Plowden, Lord Chancellor Clarendon, Lord Chancellor Somers, Lord Chancellor Cowper, Sir William Blackstone, Lord Chancellor Eldon, his brother Lord Stowell, Lord Ashburton, and Judge Talfourd, can show a goodly list of celebrities, to say nothing of the Prince of Wales and, until the 14th of January last, the Duke of Clarence, his eldest son, whose loss has been an occasion of such general mourning.

The North family need hardly be mentioned here, the celebrated 'Lives' being so well known. Francis North, second son of Dudley, fourth Lord North, was called to the bar at the Middle Temple in June, 1661, became a bencher in 1668, was reader in 1671, and was made Lord Guilford in 1683. Roger North, his younger brother, describes him as of low stature, but of an amiable, ingenuous aspect. He died two years after attaining the peerage. His grandson succeeded a cousin in the old barony of North, and became the first Earl of Guilford. The well-known Miss Marianne North, whose drawings of tropical flowers form such an attraction at Kew Gardens, was directly descended from Roger. The family, in fact, has produced a remarkable number of eminent people, including another great lawyer under Henry VIII., a general under Marlborough, a Bishop of Winchester, a First Lord of the Treasury, a Governor of Ceylon, and others of less note.

Lord Chancellor Hyde, earl of Clarendon, is also too prominent a character in history to require more than a mere statement of his connexion with the Middle Temple, which was but slight. He entered as a student in 1625, and was called on November 22nd, 1633. Of one of his immediate successors we do not know even so much as this. The famous or infamous Lord Chancellor Jeffreys was a law student here, but was called to the bar at the Inner Temple in 1668. His advancement was rapid, and he is said to have been the first Chief Justice who was created a peer. Blackstone, another legal luminary of this Inn, was devoted to poetry in his early years, or, in the phraseology of the day, he sacrificed to the Muses. He also wrote a treatise on architecture, which was never published. These lighter studies were interrupted when he took seriously to business, and composed a 'Lawyer's Farewell to his Muse.' He was called in 1746, made a judge in 1770, and died in 1780. Another great Middle Templar was Cowper, who was called in 1688, and became Lord Chancellor and an earl. He was grand-uncle of the poet. The great Lord Chancellor Eldon was called to the bar at the Middle Temple in 1776, and became a bencher in

1783. He resided, however, in his early years, with his beautiful wife — previously Bessie Surtees, the daughter of Aubône Surtees, a north-country squire—in Carey Street, and a very dramatic scene is described by his biographers as having taken place at the time of the Gordon riots. He had barely time to go home and bring Mrs. Scott from their house, and lodge her safely within the Temple, when the mob was upon them. His wife's dress was torn off and her bonnet lost, but the admiring young barristers protected her from further insult, and no doubt were none the less anxious to befriend her because her beautiful ringlets were waving in the wind. 'The mob have your hat,' said her husband, 'but they have not got your hair.' Did he, perchance, imagine that they were going to scalp her?

In a former chapter I had something to say about the origin of Lincoln's Inn. As it is now, there is much to admire and much also to deplore. The chapel has already been described, as well as the frightful Vandalism to which it has lately been subjected. But Lincoln's Inn has another claim on the attention of lovers of the picturesque. It is well known that many of the authorities of the Inn would like to get rid of the curious and ancient gate. Lord Grimthorpe, who has gone on a crusade against everything ancient at St. Albans, and who is chiefly responsible for the alterations to Lincoln's Inn Chapel, although he is said to have entrusted the actual work to a Mr. Salter, is leader of the movement. He has stated, in answer to the objection that the old gate is connected with many historical events, that 'there could hardly be any old street or square in which somebody or something did not live or happen.' The exact bearing of this conclusive argument on the question of the preservation of an ancient monument is not very apparent. Built in 1518, and bearing that date, it is one of the very few examples left in London of the Gothic school, and ranks with the Rolls Chapel, the Chapel of St. Peter in the Tower, what is left of the old Savoy, and the more ancient portions of St. James's Palace, as a relic of a very interesting transitional period in the history of architecture. The old Gothic had not quite gone out, the new Palladian had not quite come in, and the rare buildings which remain to us should, as it has been well remarked, be preserved under glass—relics, easy to destroy, but impossible to replace. The gate was built while Cardinal Wolsey was Chancellor, and his successor, Sir Thomas More, must often have passed through it while it was still new.

The gate consists of a massive tower rising four storeys above the ground floor. The brickwork is diversified by darker or vitrified bricks in diagonal lines. The groining under the arch has been removed, but the front still bears the arms of Henry VIII. with the garter, having on the dexter side the purple lion of Lacy, earl of Lincoln, and on the sinister the arms and quarterings of Sir Thomas Lovell, who built the gate when he was a bencher of

Lincoln's Inn Hall.
Hubert Railton
June 1892.

this Inn. He had twice been reader in the reign of Edward IV. The wood used in constructing the building was brought by water from Henley-on-Thames, but the bricks were made in the Coneygarth, where is now New Square, formerly called Searle's Court, from a bencher of that name who held a lease of it in the reign of William III.

The old hall is even older than the gate, but has been so often renewed and altered, plastered and painted, that it now presents few features of antiquity. The registers of the Society contain entries relating to the turret. 'The Loover or Lanthorn set up in the sixth of Edward VI. and the charge accounted for carpenter's work and timber 45$^{s}$ smith for the vane 8$^{s}$ the gilding thereof 11$^{s}$ plumber's work 7.10. glazier's work 31$^{s}$.' There was an image of St. John in the hall before the Reformation, and a light burning before it, for we read that a certain student was expelled from the Inn for taking away the light and hanging up a horse's head 'in despite of the saint.' The hall is 71 feet long and 32 wide, and was stuccoed by Bernasconi in 1800. The Chancellor and other legal luminaries used to sit in it before the building of the new Law Courts, under a picture by Hogarth of *St. Paul before Felix*, painted in 1750. Adjoining the hall to the south was the library, but the building is now let out in chambers. At the opposite corner of the court, the south-east, is an old turret, and here lived Thurloe, who was Secretary of State to Oliver Cromwell. A tablet stating the fact is on the outer face of the building in Chancery Lane, an honour Thurloe hardly deserved. Many greater and better men have lived in Lincoln's Inn and are uncommemorated. There was, however, for some time a memorial of the Treasurership of William Pitt in 1794 in the shape of a sundial, now gone.

New Square, or Searle's Court, has already been mentioned. Formerly, another sundial stood in the centre. It was supported on a Corinthian column surrounded by Tritons, which formed a fountain, and was said to have been designed by Inigo Jones. An empty basin marks the place now.

In addition to this green space, the gardens northward and westward are extensive, but in 1843 the splendid new hall and library were built on them, cutting off the southern

half of the view into Lincoln's Inn Fields. From Stone Building, however, the view is still delightfully green, and would be more open only for an unsightly wall which marks the boundaries to the westward of the territory of the Inn. Stone Building was part of an attempt to rebuild the whole Inn, made in 1780. The attempt was abandoned, and for sixty years and more the Stone Building was incomplete. In 1845 Hardwick, who was then carrying out his fine Gothic design for the hall, completed the façade commenced by Sir Robert Taylor, and the incongruity of the fine Corinthian pilasters of freestone with the red-brick buildings nearly opposite, to my mind at least, conduces to a picturesqueness very pleasant to see. A good part, but less than half, of the so-called Stone Building is of brown brick. The library was placed here on its removal from the smaller building near the old hall in 1787. I think the rooms assigned to it were in No. 2, where there is now a Common Room. Opposite this Common Room is a dingy building used as a Drill Hall by the Volunteers, and here in November, 1891, Sir Frederick Pollock gave a lecture on 'The History of the Sword,' which was very highly appreciated at the time, the various points being illustrated in the course of the lecture by such accomplished swordsmen as Mr. Egerton Castle, Mr. Walter Pollock, and others.

There have been many Volunteer associations connected with the Inns of Court, and various memorials of them are preserved in the Drill Hall. As far back as the time of the Spanish Armada a force was raised among the barristers and officers of the Inns. At the commencement of the great Civil War, too, a regiment was mustered here 'for the security of the Universitie and Cittie of Oxford.' At the time of the Scottish Rebellion in 1745, Chief Justice Willes organized a force 'for the defence of the King's person.' A still more famous regiment was commanded by Lord Erskine, who had served in the Royal Navy before he took to the law. This was the corps on which George III. conferred the title of 'The Devil's Own,' which has cloven to the Inns of Court Volunteers ever since.

By far the most conspicuous of the Lincoln's Inn buildings are those already mentioned as standing on the western side of the garden. This garden is said to be the actual scene of Ben Jonson's labours as a bricklayer, when, as Fuller says, he had a trowel in his hand and a book in his pocket. The walks under the elms which he celebrated have disappeared, but there are plenty of trees, and the great green expanse of Lincoln's Inn Fields, the scene of Lord Russell's death, is beyond. The new hall was designed by an architect of the first rank, Philip Hardwick. He built the classical portions of Euston Square railway terminus, and, as we have seen, completed the stone building in a Palladian style. There can be little doubt that a training in the severe rules of proportion necessary to the classical styles was not lost when a competent architect had to design a Gothic building. The want of it among our younger school of modern architects leads to the erection of such monstrosities as the new churches at Hammersmith, Stamford Brook, Palace Gardens, Bayswater, and many other places in the suburbs, where an unhappy architect, unacquainted with proportion and forbidden for lack of means to plaster on meaningless ornaments to conceal his helpless ignorance, has been obliged to rear up what is not only ugly, but can never be improved. At Lincoln's Inn, Hardwick came to his work understanding thoroughly what was expected of him, and how he could attain to it. I should not like to say the new hall is the only successful building erected under the influence of the so-called 'great Gothic revival,' but it would be hard to find another equally good of the same size and importance. It contrasts admirably with the New Law Courts, built also in the Gothic style, but, except in the great hall and one or two other features, absolutely inferior in charm to Hardwick's building.

It stands on a lofty terrace, and we can approach through the gate which leads from Lincoln's Inn Fields, observing as we pass the heraldic devices with which it is adorned. The arms of the Inn consist of fifteen golden *fers de moline*, or mill-irons, on a blue ground, and, forming what heralds call a canton, the shield of Lacy, 'or, a lion rampant,

purpure.' What these arms, which have a very Elizabethan look, may mean, except in so far as they relate to the great Earl of Lincoln, I am unable to determine; but the student of law who frequents the new hall and the library has little chance of forgetting them, as they meet his sight everywhere, in stone and brick, in metal-work, in wood-carving, and in stained glass. High up in the gable are the initials of the architect and the date of the foundation, 1843. Two years and a half sufficed for the completion of the building, which is of banded brick, like the old gateway, with stone dressings. The great south window is justly admired, not for its size only, but for its proportions. It is divided into seven principal lights.

The hall consists of six bays, including a great projecting window near the north end, wrongly called an oriel in most of the books. The variety of outline of the several parts does not disturb the dignity of the whole composition. The interior is extremely gorgeous with carving and stained glass, the great southern window containing the Queen's arms, by Willement. In the eastern bay window at the other end is a collection of stained glass from the old hall. The screen is of carved oak, and the sides are panelled in the same material to about twelve feet from the floor. The roof, which rises to a height of sixty-two feet, is elaborately carved, both colour and gilding being also used to enhance the effect. A fresco by Mr. George Frederick Watts, R.A., is above the daïs. Like most London frescoes, it suffered from the atmosphere. An account by Professor Church of the process of cleaning it appeared in these pages in March, 1891. The picture is entitled *The School of Legislation*, and represents an imaginary assembly of great law-givers, from Moses to Edward I.

Adjoining the hall is the library. Mr. Spilsbury has written an account of it in his little book on Lincoln's Inn, and asserts that the first library here was the first of the kind in London. Mr. Brabrook, whose account of the Inn, read before the London and Middlesex Archaeological Society, contains the best modern description of the buildings, has also a good deal to say about the books and manuscripts stored here. Mindful of the difficulty, or, indeed, the impossibility, of obtaining admission to the libraries of the Temple, I made no attempt at Lincoln's Inn. It is curious here to read some remarks of Herbert, who was librarian at the Middle Temple about the beginning of the present century. He says of the books in his charge that strangers 'find a ready access during term-time.'

Since it was altered by Scott in 1873 the library is one hundred and thirty feet

long, a length altogether out of proportion to its width, which is only forty feet, and making it into a gallery or corridor. It seems odd, when the extension was determined upon, that Scott offered no scheme by which the width might have been doubled or trebled and the proportions of Hardwick's building interfered with as little as possible. Scott, however, had little or no eye for proportion, and probably did not know to what an extent he injured the design of his predecessor, and Lord Grimthorpe, who was in some way associated with him in the design, was not calculated to help him in such a question. He thought mainly of the details, and here he succeeded, for it would be impossible, much as the outline differs, to distinguish between his mouldings and carvings and those of Hardwick. Another reason against increasing the length of the building was that it shut out the view northward, one of the best in Lincoln's Inn.

The first library in the Inn dates back to the time of John Nethersale, a member of the Society, who, in 1497, bequeathed forty marks, to be partly spent on the fabric of the building and partly on masses for the repose of his soul. Subsequent libraries have existed, as we have seen, in Old Square before 1787, and in Stone Building. In 1608 an ordinance was passed by the benchers as to laying out ten pounds in books, and prescribing how they should be bound, 'with bosses, without chains.' Mr. Spilsbury tells us that many of the volumes in his charge 'still retain attached to their covers the iron rings by which they were secured.' He quotes Dugdale as to the Middle Temple: 'They now (1680) have no library, so that they cannot attain to the knowledge of divers learning, but to their great charges, by buying of such books as they lust to study.' In 1642 an order was made as to certain books bequeathed by Robert Ashley; but in forty years, apparently, 'it was at the last robbed and spoiled of all the books in it.' It is evident that learning flourished more at Lincoln's Inn than in the Temple, and, naturally, the pursuit of chancery or equity business necessitated a reference to records and precedents; but it is curious to ask how even the least enlightened of the Inns of Court would fare now without its collection of law books and books of reference.

The library of Lincoln's Inn being, as we have seen, thus constantly kept alive from the fifteenth century, was, of course, the recipient of many valuable gifts and bequests. Ranulph Chomeley's books, given in the reign of Elizabeth, are still preserved, as are others of William Rastell, a relative of Sir Thomas More, of William Prynne, and of Sir Matthew Hale. To these the later additions have been numerous, and Lincoln's Inn has occasionally offered a sporting price, as it is called, for a desirable volume—as, for instance, when they bought the 'Introduction' to Prynne's 'Records' for 335*l.*

There are many legal manuscripts in the library, some of them of great age. We shall have occasion to notice a few of them when we come to enumerate the eminent members of this Inn. It is as well to conclude this brief general summary of the more remarkable features of a place which, in spite of the untiring efforts of the recent authorities, still retains many reminiscences of old times and much that is of pictureeque beauty as well. The view out towards Lincoln's Inn Fields from within the western boundary wall is not exceeded by any other in London. The contrast of red brick and green grass and trees makes in itself a charming picture, and the visitor who has leisure will find it well worth his while, after emerging from the gate, to turn sharply to the right and walk up the slope northward until he is well within the narrow lane called Great Turnstile, and then turn back to look round at the group of trees and buildings framed into a picture by the tall houses on either hand. The name, Great Turnstile, with its corresponding Little Turnstile at the other end of the square, has a delightfully old-world sound about it, and reminds us of the time when these really were fields, and the Turnstiles admitted pedestrians to a pathway under the wall of the Inn, and afforded a short cut to the Strand.

W. J. Loftie.

# SCARBOROUGH CASTLE

THE position of Scarborough Castle is one of such exceeding strength — of far greater importance, indeed, than any other on the Yorkshire coast — that we cannot doubt that even the Celtic inhabitants had a camp upon its crest, and certainly — though visible traces have been destroyed by the later works — we may feel sure that the Romans, who seized upon Eston Nab, Dunsley, and the Peak, as points of vantage, had a stronghold also here. Scarborough was, in fact, a 'scar,' with a 'burgh' upon it long before history has record thereof. The existing castle—as we learn from William of Newburgh, the Yorkshire Augustinian, whose chronicle covers the period from 1154 to 1198, in which he lived — was built, in Stephen's days, by William le Gros, Earl of Albemarle and Lord of Holderness, a grand-nephew of the Conqueror, and a comrade of Walter l'Espec at the Battle of the Standard. 'Seeing this to be a fit place to build a castle upon,' says the chronicler, 'helping nature

*SCARBOROUGH CASTLE.*

forward with a very costly work, he closed the whole plane of the rock with a wall, and built a tower within the very strait of the passage.' This powerful noble and abbey-builder, however, was constrained, after a siege, upon the accession of Henry II., *diu haesitans, multumque aestuans*, to give up his castle into the king's hands, who thereafter fortified it anew, and built 'a great and splendid keep.'

It was at Scarborough Castle in 1312 that Piers Gaveston, the gay, scoffing Gascon, was taken by the furious baronage. He fled thither with the king from Teignmouth by sea, but Lancaster 'the Actor,' Pembroke 'the Jew,' and Warwick 'the Black Dog,' at whom he had jeered, were resolved he should sway the royal counsels no more. Pembroke therefore besieged the castle, and, failing to capture it by assault, reduced it by famine, and Gaveston came forth, despite the terms of his capitulation, to his beheading at Blacklow Hill. In the terrible incursion of the Scots in 1318, the Black Douglas came wasting and slaying through Yorkshire, and, having given Northallerton and Boroughbridge to the flames, he

reduced Scarborough also, and Skipton, to ashes; but the town seems to have soon regained much of its importance, and the castle probably did not suffer.

None of the main features of the building are of later than Edwardian times, the keep itself being of the reign of Henry II. The height upon which it stands is roughly lozenge-shaped, and the descents are very precipitous—in many places absolutely sheer—on three sides, the fourth or landward side, on the south-west, having a steep grassy slope. It is upon this face of the hill that the keep, the curtain wall, the fosse, and the dike are found. The fosse, which cuts off the height from the mainland, is exceedingly deep, and has beyond it the castle dike as a further protection. The sole approach to the castle is by a narrow, ridge-like causeway across the fosse, a steep ascent, with a barbican, repaired in the seventeenth century, at its foot, and shut in between massive zigzag walls, with the bases of flanking Edwardian towers, which, as Leland puts it, must be passed 'or ever a man can enter *aream castelli*.' A writer, whose technical description of the castle works is the most thorough that has appeared, and is based upon a close study of mediaeval military architecture, describes this narrow causeway as cut through at its deepest part; 'and in the cut is built a lofty pier, which appears to have carried a tower and a gate, from which probably bridges dropped either way to guard the causeway. These seemed to have worked, as at Dover, between parapets spanning the bridge-pits, so as to steady the pier, and to protect laterally those using the bridges.'*

As we ascend the causeway, the shattered shell of William le Gros' keep frowns above, presenting its broken side toward the steep. It stood, as was often the case with early castles, upon the curtain wall, overlooking the point of danger, and in a very commanding situation. It is square, and the seaward side is perfect, while parts only of the north and south walls still stand, and the western side has disappeared altogether, the destruction having mainly been wrought by gunpowder after the siege of 1645. The extreme height is about eighty feet, and the width some fifty feet, the keep thus being smaller than that at Rochester, to which it bears a resemblance. Externally there is, except on the south side, a deep plinth, and the angles had shafts, as at the Peak Castle in Derbyshire. The keep was divided into three stories. The entrance was on the west side, and there are evidences that it was protected by a square barbican with a machicoulis. The inner doorway was seven feet wide, and had a segmental arch, and in the thickness of the wall, there nine feet six inches, is a staircase leading to the next floor. Early castles were often divided transversely by a wall rising to the floor of the uppermost story; but at Scarborough its place seems to have been taken at the base by a round arch rising from corbels in the wall. There was a chamber in the south wall, and on the east side a fireplace with a round head. The chief apartments were above, and the next floor had two mural chambers and a fireplace, while the uppermost story seems to have formed one large room. The windows have two lights, divided by a shaft, beneath a semicircular arch, enclosing a plain tympanum, and there are evidences of doorways and machicoulis in the walls. The rugged curtain wall, which probably belongs to various periods, extends from the keep on the south-western face, and has drum turrets at intervals, and the hill has been escarped below it. There are traces of other works adjacent to the keep. The castle yard, or garth, has now an area of about seventeen acres, but much of it has crumbled away. There is from it a magnificent view northward along the coast, and as far southward as Flamborough Head, as well as of the inland country. From the seaward edge we look down to the chaos of rugged, weed-grown rocks that lie at the foot of the precipice, the evidences of its progressive downfall.

JOHN LEYLAND.

* 'Scarborough Castle,' by 'C.' 'The Builder,' Dec. 16, 1886.

AUGUST 1.—The second Exhibition of the Society of Portrait Painters is, speaking generally, a great improvement on the first. Last year the pictures were hung in 'nests,' each man with a panel to himself. The result was unhappy. A system that does very well when subjects and sizes vary is ill-suited to an opposite case. Recollections of the Grosvenor in its early days, when the principle of segregation promised so well, no doubt induced the members of the new body to give it a trial. However that may be, one attempt has been enough, and, if the Society flourishes, we are unlikely to see the experiment retried. Taking them as they hang, the most striking things are:—Mr. Edwin A. Ward's *Portrait of Miss C. B——*, a study in reds; Mrs. Merritt's *Colonel Sir Colin Scott Moncrieff;* Mr. Pettie's *Mrs. Woolf Harris;* Mr. James Paterson's *Portrait of the Artist*, a capital example of the young Scottish school; Mr. Lockhart Bogle's daring and, on the whole, successful full-length of Lord Lorne in kilts; Mr. Percy Bigland's *Mrs. George Rhodes;* M. Léon Comerre's *Portrait of a Child;* M. F. Roybet's *Portrait of a Lady;* and two whole-lengths in the style of which Mr. Whistler is the chief exponent. One is Mr. Greiffenhagen's *Portrait of a Lady*, the other M. Mouat Loudan's *Miss Nora Williamson.* The latter is a courageous exercise in green, scarlet, and blue. It is the first of many contributions by M. Loudan, who, taking him all round, interests us more perhaps than any other contributor. All these portraits are in the first room. In the second, the best things are Mr. James Guthrie's *The late Rev. Andrew Gardiner, D.D.*, which, if our memory is to be trusted, had a success last year or the year before at the Salon; Mr. Collier's *Sir William Henry Wyatt;* Mr. Blake Wirgman's *Vicary Gibbs, Esq., M.P.;* Mr. J. J. Shannon's *W. W. B. Beach, Esq., M.P.;* Mr. S. J. Solomon's *Lieut.-Colonel Goldsmid;* Mr. Hubert Vos's *W. J. Twigg, Esq.;* Mr. J. H. Lorimer's *Lady Chalmers and Son;* and Mr. Guthrie's *Miss Spencer.* The east gallery begins with a very fine child-portrait by M. Mouat Loudan, called *Isa.* It is a scheme of black on grey, and has an additional fascination in the skill with which M. Loudan has brought out his little sitter's individuality, in spite of his strictly pictorial conception. The contrast between such work as this and the Latin hardness and glitter of Señor Domingo's *Portrait of a Boy* is great. *Miss Kit*, a child with a branch of white blossom, is a capital study by Mr. J. J. Shannon; and M. Mouat Loudan is again delightful in a *Kitty*, whom we may guess to be identical with *Miss Kit.* Madame Lemaire is brilliant, French, and disagreeable, in a pastel of *Coquelin* (*cadet*) looking out of a whirl of blue and green greys; M. Boutet de Monvel's *Miss Beatrice Rogers* has a curious charm; Mr. John Lavery has never done better than in a *Portrait of a Lady* in the broken shadows under a tree, unless it be in a second *Portrait of a Lady*, which hangs close by. Very clever is Mr. George Henry's *Miss Terry;* very sweet and harmonious M. Loudan's *Mary Schomberg*, in which the sitter's name, writ large across the canvas, is a note in the harmony; very bold Mr. Archibald Stuart Wortley's *Ven. Archdeacon Blakeney*, in his robes, in the forefront of a Gothic nave. Among these things, the products, more or less, of the year, the committee has hung a number of portraits already famous, which add enormously to the interest of the gathering. When we say that this latter class includes Sir John Millais' *Sisters* and *Mrs. Bischoffsheim;* Sir Frederick Leighton's *Sir Richard Burton;* Mr. Orchardson's *Master Baby;* M. Bonnat's *Barye;* Mr. Watts's *Duke of Argyll* and *P. H. Calderon, Esq., R.A.;* Signor Boldini's *Verdi;* Mr. Whistler's *Princesse du Pays de Porcelaine;* Mr. Alma Tadema's *L. Lowenstamm, Esq.*, and *Miss Anna Alma Tadema;* and Mr. Ouless's *Cardinal Manning*—it will be seen what a treat awaits all those who pay their shillings to the Society of Portrait Painters.

MANY new pictures have been hung in the National Gallery since we last wrote. The most remarkable is the great Reynolds bequeathed by Lady Hamilton. We have already described it, so nothing remains to be said except that it looks very well in its place. It has been hung as a pendant to the *Lord Heathfield*, with the Montgomery group between the two. With this *Lady Cockburn*, or *Cornelia and her Children* as it is also called, Lady Hamilton bequeathed a number of other portraits of her ancestors. These are mostly anonymous, so far as the painters are concerned, but they include examples of Richard Wilson, the great landscapist, who began with portraits, of Pompeo Battoni, of Zoffany, of A. W. Devis, and of A. Morton. Another to which no name has been given may be recognised as the work of Jervas. The director has placed the fine picture he secured at the Wyndham sale in the small room with the other Hogarths. Through the assistance of Mr. Austin Dobson it has been identified as a group—if a picture all heads can be called a group—of Hogarth's servants. Among them the most casual observer cannot fail to recognise the originals of more than one character in the neighbouring *Marriage à la Mode.*

THROUGHOUT the week, June 20th to 25th, during which the ninety-one pictures from the collection of the late Earl of Dudley were on view at Messrs. Christie's, the interest they excited was extraordinary, and made it evident that the sale itself would be an event unprecedented in the annals even of the famous firm in King Street. Amateurs of every degree passed in and out in a continuous stream each day, the crush being more like that of a private view at the Academy than the ordinary gathering of *dilettanti* in an auction-room. The announcement of the sale had brought over from the Continent the most distinguished connoisseurs of Europe, while the directors of British galleries, private collectors, and the principal English and foreign dealers were all on the spot in quest of possible prizes. We regret to note, however, that the prices realised by the gems were so high as to put them out of reach of the national collections. Nothing was secured for any of our public galleries, though Sir Frederic Burton made a good fight for the fine Early Flemish example, No. 29 in the catalogue. The works offered for sale did not, as will be remembered, include the entire collection, a certain number having already been sold privately, among them the famous little Raphael, *The Three Graces*, bought by the Duc d'Aumale, and the *Portrait of a Lady*, by Velazquez, which was secured by the Berlin Museum. Certain French pictures, too, of the eighteenth century, and others, still remain at Dudley House. But the rest were of such an order that these plums picked from the pudding detracted but little from its high average of excellence. The sale opened with the examples of the Dutch and Flemish schools. No. 4 was a large and important example of the latter master, *A Grand Landscape, &c.* Its condition, however, was not unimpeachable, and it was knocked down to Mr. Charles Wertheimer for the moderate price of 1800 guineas. *Milking the Goats*, by N. Berchem, and a *Portrait of Abraham de Notte*, by Karel Fabritius, preceded the magnificent Hobbema, *A View in Holland, étoffé* by Adrian van de Velde, one of the works as to whose future destination discussion had been most rife. It was bought from Lord Hatherton, for whose ancestor it is said to have been painted. The price paid by Lord Dudley, 4000*l.*, was in its day considered a sensational one. The bidding started at 2000 guineas, rose amidst great excitement to 7000, and finally reached 9000—a price which, though unprecedented, was not in excess of popular expectations. Two less beautiful examples of the same master followed, which fetched respectively 1900 and 2300 guineas, and soon afterwards another pearl of the collection was put up. This was the famous *Chevalier Amoureux*, by Frans Mieris, No. 44 in Smith's Catalogue Raisonné (Supplement). It was bought by its late owner for 3675*l.*, and now fell to Mr. Vokins for 3400 guineas. The *Portrait of a Lady in a black dress*, and a couple of *Fruit and Flower* pieces, by J. van Os, led up to the two fine Adriaen Ostades, an *Interior of a Kitchen*, and *An Interior, with peasants and hurdy-gurdy player.* The first brought 2500 guineas; the second, 1400; an Isaac Ostade (*Scheveningen*) which followed was knocked down for 1000 guineas. The wonderful Rembrandt, a *grisaille* of many small figures, *St. John preaching in the Wilderness*, did not quite reach the 2800 guineas it had attained in the Fesch sale. Of this, however, it only fell short by 300 guineas. No. 22 was the famous Rugsdael known as *The Ruin*, No. 44, in Part VI. of Smith's Catalogue, which has passed through various collections, and has been several times exhibited in England. It fetched 1400 guineas. *The Christ*

*crowned with thorns*, by David Teniers, formerly in the Le Brun collection, and a curious scene by the same master, *An old woman seated in a courtyard with a cat, a swarm of mice round her*, excited less interest than an exceptionally brilliant example of a master not of the first rank. *Scheveningen, with fishing-boats and group of fishermen*, by Simon de Vlieger, which was bought by Herr von Carstanjen, of Berlin, for 730 guineas. The fine and important Wouvermans *Halt of a Sporting Party*, though somewhat damaged in parts, was the subject of a brisk competition, and was only secured by Mr. Wertheimer when the bidding had reached 3500 guineas.

The Flemish School was represented only by the beautiful work of an unknown primitive before mentioned, and two examples of Rubens. The first of these three was lent just before the sale to the Burlington Fine Arts Club, and formed part of the collection of pictures by the early Netherlandish masters exhibited this season at Savile Row. It is the shutter of a dismembered triptych, the central panel of which has disappeared; the companion, however, is in possession of Lord Northbrook. The Dudley volet, *St. Giles saying Mass*, a brilliant work in perfect condition, found a host of admirers. All sorts of rumours had been afloat as to the price likely to be realised for this work, and its probable destination. The bidding, after rising rapidly to 2500 guineas, was taken up by Sir Frederic Burton, perceiving which, the other competitors, with the exception of Messrs. Vokins, withdrew. The firm having apparently been instructed by their client to hold their ground against all comers, the prize was finally knocked down to them at the high price of 3400 guineas. The immense Rubens, *Juno transferring the eyes of Argus to the tail of the Peacock*, from the Durazzo Palace, excited no special enthusiasm, and fetched only 1500 guineas. The Spanish school was represented by the two Murillos, the characteristic picture 'from the gallery of Don Sebastian Martinez,' known as *La Vieja*, which was bought by Herr Carstanjen for 1800 guineas, and a *Saint Anthony of Padua with the Infant Jesus*, a replica of the picture in the Berlin Museum, which fell to Mr. Agnew for 1600 guineas.

The Italian pictures included many fine and important examples, though modern criticism had decreed that some must be considered rather as studio pictures than actual productions of the great masters whose names they bore. The first was No. 38, the *Marys at the Sepulchre*, by F. Albano (140 guineas); then followed a *Virgin and Child*, by Fra Angelico (800 guineas); a *Virgin and Child*, by Andrea d'Assisi (100 guineas); a *Virgin and Child*, by Fra Bartolommeo (510 guineas); a *Holy Family with St. Catherine*, by Marco Basaiti (830 guineas); *A Portrait*, ascribed to Giovanni Bellini, said to be of himself (410 guineas); and several more examples of the Venetian school. No. 51 was a superb Bellotto—it brought 1950 guineas (Agnew); while its inferior pendant was sold for 2100 guineas (Carstanjen). The fine Credi, which was at the Old Masters in the winter, was knocked down to Mr. Vokins for 2400 guineas, and then came a sharp contest for the Crivelli, the *Virgin and Child with Saints*. It was acquired for the Berlin Museum at the sufficient price of 7000 guineas. The smaller Crivellis went cheap, the *Pietà* at 330 guineas (Crawshay), and the *Entombment* at 105 guineas (Agnew.) Two Francias sold for 410 and 500 guineas respectively, the better fetching the smaller price. Several Venetian pictures came next, none of them of very great interest or value; then a so-called *La Simonetta*, ascribed to Filippino, brought 1600 guineas; and was followed by a Luini, a portrait of a *Lady as Venus*, which Dr. Richter obtained for 225 guineas. The four beautiful illuminations ascribed to Andrea Mantegna were sold for 320 guineas, and then good prices were bid for the five predella pictures by Perugino, or perhaps, Lo Spagna. The *Nativity* brought 720 guineas; the *Baptism*, 900; the *Resurrection*, 260; the *Noli me Tangere*, 510; the *Christ with the Woman of Samaria*, 1000. The culminating point was reached when the great Raphael was put up. The bidding lay between Mr. Herbert Cook, acting for Sir Francis Cook, and Dr. Richter, acting for Mr. Ludwig Mond. The hammer fell in the latter's favour at 10,600 guineas, and there was a round of applause when Mr. Woods announced that the picture would remain in England. After this the end soon came. *La Vierge à la Legende*, a Raphael painted by Giulio Romano, went for 3050 guineas; the *Finding of Moses*, by Salvator, for 450 guineas; Andrea Del Sarto's *Holy Family* for 525 guineas, and a *Pièta* by the same hand for 945. Tintoretto's *Adam and Eve* was cheap at 610 guineas; Mr. Mond acquired a late but very beautiful Titian at 2400 guineas; and, lastly, an important altar-piece by Perino del Vaga was bought by Sir Charles Robinson for 470 guineas. The total was 101,320*l.*, the largest sum ever realised at Christie's in one day.

The other great sale was that of the Magniac collection of *objets d'art*. Since the disposal of the Fountaine collection some years ago, no such gathering of miniatures, enamels, ivories, ecclesiastical plate, pottery, glass, armour, &c., had been offered for public competition. During the week before the commencement of the actual sale, Christie's rooms were again crowded with amateurs from all over Europe, and the prices finally realised were correspondingly large. The prospects of a still greater sale in the near future did not discourage buyers, and the results of the eleven *vacations* must be comforting for those interested in the Spitzer collection. The first day's sale consisted of historical portraits from the sixteenth century, chiefly small in size. Their attributions in the catalogue were of the most sporting kind, and buyers, presumably, were not guided by them in their operations. The most remarkable things, and the best prices, were as follows:—*Mary Stuart*, a small portrait from the St. Seine collection, 350 guineas; a *Portrait of Lucas de Heere by himself*, 105 guineas; *Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey*, ascribed to Holbein, 170 guineas; a small replica of Holbein's *Sir Henry Wyatt*, 305 guineas; *Marguerite de Valois*, school of Clouet, 470 guineas; *Mary Tudor*, 390 guineas; *Francis I. on Horseback*, by Janet, 870 guineas; *Henry II.*, ditto, 870 guineas; *Charles IX.*, ascribed to F. Clouet, 280 guineas; portrait of a gentleman unknown, 430 guineas; and the life-size half-length portrait of *Lorenzo de' Medici*, called a lost picture by Raphael, which was knocked down at 540 guineas. It is one of several repetitions from a design by Raphael, but has no claim to be considered a work of that master. The total of the first day's sale was 11,072*l.* The second day was also devoted to pictures and miniatures. The more notable lots were: a portrait by Nicholas Bel of two children of Louis XV., 1060*l.*; Hans Schopfer (?), *A View in Rome, with numerous figures*, one of a series the rest of which are in the Munich Gallery, 257*l.*; *Ecce Homo*, called early Flemish, but in reality a capital example of Jerome Bos, 210*l.*; *Henry VIII.*, a miniature by (?) Holbein, 220*l.*; *Katherine of Aragon*, by Holbein, 173*l.*; *Lord Verulam* (?), by Isaac Oliver, 79*l.*; *Lady Hunsdon*, by the same, 288*l.*; and two illuminated pages from Flemish manuscripts which brought respectively 262*l.* and 273*l.*

The sale of the enamels began on the third day. The highest prices were given for a pair of portraits, twelve inches high, of Charles IX. and his Queen, Elizabeth of Austria, which were knocked down for 3150*l.* A second pair, representing the Cardinal de Guise and his mother, Anne d'Este Ferrari, brought 3045*l.* On the fourth day the principal lots were the famous horn in Limoges enamel, which fetched 6300 guineas; and the specimen of 'Henry II. ware,' otherwise 'faïence d'Oiron,' otherwise 'faïence de St. Porchaire,' which was knocked down, for Paris, at 3800 guineas. The only other lots in the sale which need be chronicled here were a circular silver medallion, Flemish, engraved with scenes from the book of Esther, and signed with the monogram DC., 903*l.*; a fine suit of Spanish armour, 861*l.*; a suit of English armour, studded with brass nails, which brought 200*l.*; and a superb Hispano-Moresque vase of the fifteenth century, which was sold for 670 guineas. The grand total for the eleven days was just over 103,000*l.*

The remarkable show of early Netherlandish pictures at the Burlington Club is not to be dispersed without a permanent record. The club is about to print a catalogue *de luxe* of the collection, on the same lines as those of the *miniature* and *bookbinding* exhibitions. It will have some five-and-twenty photographic reproductions of the best things. Subscriptions can only be received through members of the club and contributors to the exhibition.

Morelli pinx.

Photogravure J. Löwy Vienna

# ALESSANDRO BONVICINO, CALLED IL MORETTO DA BRESCIA

## II

UNDOUBTEDLY the finest work of Moretto's earlier time, and on the whole his masterpiece—as it is, we hold, one of the masterpieces of the Italian Renaissance at its zenith—is the *Coronation of the Virgin* in the church of SS. Nazzaro e Celso at Brescia. The upper part of the canvas shows the Virgin, in a glory of angels, kneeling to the seated Saviour, who is about to place the celestial crown on her head; while below St. Michael transfixes the Dragon, and St. Joseph, St. Francis, and St. Nicholas appear in varying attitudes of prayer or contemplation. The whole canvas is one sheen of pearl-grey and silver, serving to focus and harmonise local tints and tones of exquisite beauty. Here, above all, the strange androgynous figure of St. Michael stamps itself on the memory, as in its captivating beauty unlike anything else in art. It is no realisation, certainly, of the militant archangel and saint, leader of the heavenly hosts, but stands forth a gentle, exquisite creation of a fairness befitting rather an Orpheus than the vanquisher of Lucifer—a fairness, too, still further emphasised by an almost feminine wealth of golden hair and the adornment of rich myrtle-green robes. The conception is, however, saved from a Pagan sensuousness by its perfect simplicity, its mystic serenity and tenderness. The little church of S. Clemente in the same city—sometimes called the Moretto Temple, because it contains in its nave the master's burial-place, and on its altars five canvases from his brush—deserves its celebrity chiefly in virtue of two works, the magnificent *Virgin and Child with Saints* which adorns the high altar, and the less remarked but equally beautiful *St. Ursula.* In the former piece the Madonna and the infant Saviour, enthroned under a stone arch made gay with garlands, look down upon a number of angels—or rather sacred *putti*—sporting among the leaves and fruits, while in the lower section appears St. Clement giving the benediction in the presence of St. Dominic, St. Florian, St. Catherine, and St. Mary Magdalene. The splendid group of the Madonna with the infant Christ and the jocund angels, filling the upper part of the canvas, has what is for Moretto an unusually mundane aspect, the Saviour being at first sight hardly distinguishable from his robust little playmates. The *St. Ursula* shows, with a reticence and simplicity which are an integral part of a conception of singular purity and tenderness, the royal saint absolutely fronting the spectator, backed and surrounded by her numerous company of virgin martyrs. The holy calm, the hushed aspect of the scene recall rather certain productions of the German and Flemish schools of the fifteenth century than a work of the maturity of Italian art, although in colour-harmony as in execution the picture is thoroughly Italian and characteristic of its author. To the year 1530 belongs the noble *Glory of St. Margaret*, in which the saint, depicted as victorious over the dragon, is supported on either side by St. Jerome and St. Francis. This adorns a side altar in the church of S. Francesco at Brescia, the central ornament of which—glowing jewel-like behind the altar—is Romanino's radiant masterpiece of colour, the great *Virgin and Child enthroned and adored by six Franciscan Saints.*

Rather later comes the *Enthronement of St. Anthony of Padua between St. Nicholas of Tolentino and St. Anthony the Abbot*, now again restored to its right place in the church of Sta. Maria delle Grazie, at Brescia. Here the unusually powerful chiaroscuro, and the not less unusual golden glow of the colour, make the work an exception among the altar-pieces of Moretto, and prove that on this occasion the example of Titian and the Venetians proper has stimulated him to step somewhat out of his usual independent path, and to enter upon a direct rivalry. Our master has produced nothing lovelier or more characteristic than the *Sta. Giustina*, formerly in the Belvedere, and now among the treasures of the Imperial Picture Gallery, which is the latest addition to the architectural splendours of Vienna. This picture, which was long, in the dark ages of criticism, given alternatively to Giorgione or to Pordenone, shows the fair saint wearing rich robes, fashioned much after the mode of the painter's own time, and standing erect, with the unicorn — that favourite emblem of chastity — couchant at her side; at her feet kneels in adoration a not less richly-clad figure, which has very generally been interpreted as that of the donator — to all appearance a Brescian nobleman. A few of the master's more imaginative admirers have preferred to recognise in it the vanquished and adoring Cyprian of Antioch, whose love for Justina and league with the Prince of Magicians Calderon was, in the next century, to embody in one of his most famous dramas, 'El Magico Prodigioso.' It is not easy, in the absence of all guiding information on the subject, to place a too-little-known altar-piece of the master, the *Conversion of St. Paul*, effectually hidden in one of the apsidal chapels, or rather niches, of S. Maria presso Celso at Milan — the same ornate Renaissance church which contains Paris Bordone's masterpiece in religious art, the *St. Jerome before the Madonna*, and Gaudenzio Ferrari's *Baptism of Christ*. The *Conversion of St. Paul* shows only the life-size horse of the overthrown warrior, prancing in exultant freedom, while Paul himself lies prone on the earth, gazing upwards at the sky with a countenance radiant with unquestioning faith. This noble figure may be taken as showing at the same time the strength and the weakness of Moretto's art. From the dramatic point of view, this calm conviction of the future Apostle in so tremendous a moment is premature and untrue; yet no contemporary of the Brescian master, like himself equipped with all the technical mastery of the full Renaissance, could have conceived with so entire an absence of self-consciousness, or in so reverent a spirit, a figure of this simplicity and beauty. Far more realistically than in the two last instances, yet with the fullest measure of reverence, did the artist proceed in the altar-piece executed in 1539 for the curious church of Sta. Maria dei Miracoli, at Brescia, but last summer temporarily removed from its altar there to the Tosio section of the Municipal Gallery. Here we have the Virgin enthroned on the pedestal of a side altar, with the infant Christ on her knee; she points towards St. Nicholas of Bari, who advances reverently, recommending to the divine protection three sturdy, rosy-cheeked boys, frankly habited in the costume of the day, and apparently portrayed direct from the living model, without any effort at idealisation. A human tenderness is the key-note of this beautiful picture, which is pre-eminently harmonious and of a satisfying richness, although less markedly silvery than usual. Here we find one of the numerous examples of Moretto's peculiar technical excellence in the rendering, with all due differentiation of fold and texture, of various draperies and garments of silk, of velvet and silken brocade, and of wool.

In the church of S. Giorgio in Braida, at Verona — the same which contains Paolo Veronese's incomparable *Martyrdom of St. George* — is an altar-piece by our painter, showing the Madonna enthroned and accompanied by four female saints, Cecilia, Agnes, Agatha, and Lucy (1540).

A very noble example, too, of the master's power in his maturity is the *Christ with his Disciples at Emmaus*, now removed from the Tosio section of the Brescia gallery to the Palazzo Martinengo, which by operation of a munificent bequest has become the property of the town. In 1541 Moretto painted for Fra Bartolommeo Averoldo, abbot of the

Umiliati at Verona, the large *Glory of Mary and Elizabeth*, which since the year 1841 has been in the Berlin gallery; and to this same year belongs the somewhat awkward and over-crowded *Christ in Glory between Moses and David*, still to be seen in its place in SS. Nazzaro e Celso at Brescia. To this time belong also two other important altar-pieces—the *Virgin and Child with the four Fathers of the Latin Church* in Sta. Maria Maggiore at Trent; and the magnificent composition of very similar subject, but vastly superior execution and preservation, which from the church of San Carlo al Corso at Rome and the Fesch collection passed into the Staedel Institut at Frankfort-on-the-Main. The latter is one of the finest extant examples of Bonvicino's wonderfully decorative silveriness; the local colour is extremely rich—especially in the magnificent robes of the Church Fathers, St. Gregory the Great, St. Jerome, St. Ambrose, and St. Augustine—but it is equalised and, as it were, wrapped in a silver mist by the peculiar magic of the painter's brush. This great canvas, placed as it is in the very centre of the gallery at the end of a long vista, produces a really astonishing effect. Less brilliantly effective, though in its way hardly less interesting, is the important altar-piece in our National Gallery, in which the Virgin and Child, with St. Catherine and St. Clara, appear in the clouds above, while below stands the sempiternal S. Bernardino of Siena, with St. Jerome, St. Francis, St. Joseph, and St. Nicholas of Bari. Here the decorative scheme is necessarily a much more sober one, but the types of the adoring saints are of an unsurpassed gravity and dignity, tempered by that characteristic charm of unquestioning *naïveté*, in the expression of which Moretto knew no equal at this moment, when the Renaissance was fully ripe, and already, indeed, nearly over-ripe. Both this altar-piece and that which is the envied possession of the Staedel Institut illustrate, however, one of the great Brescian's chief weaknesses, the monotony and conventionality which in the majority of instances mar his conception of the Madonna, and indeed most of his female types. This mannerism is especially evident in the drawing of the eye, but more or less also in the modelling of the head and the figure generally. This same peculiar defect, or limitation, extended itself to the master's greatest pupil, the Bergamasque Moroni, of which we have a curious instance in the early *Portrait of a Lady* by the latter in the National Gallery—a striking contrast in its timidity and hardness to the genial and brilliantly executed male portraits in the same collection.

To the year 1544 belongs one of Moretto's vastest and most important canvases, the *Christ in the House of Simon the Pharisee*, now in the Church of Sta. Maria della Pietà, on the Riva dei Schiavoni at Venice. This great performance (engraved in Sir Henry Layard's edition of Kugler's 'Italian Schools of Painting') has often been compared—chiefly, no doubt, on account of the palatial splendour of the Renaissance architecture in which the figures are framed—with the decorative masterpieces of Paolo Veronese, based on similar subjects. A certain silveriness of general tone, a certain splendour of *mise-en-scène*, a certain modernity of treatment are common to both. Yet beneath the surface we cannot help thinking that the differences are more marked than the similarities. In the first place—we have said so already—the gleaming argent of Moretto is not Veronese silveriness, but purely Brescian and his own, while nothing can well be further from the weighty dignity, the pathos of his conception, than the facile brilliancy and changeful sparkle of Veronese, who, although on occasion he proved himself in his renderings of sacred scenes capable of the most intense passion, almost invariably assumed in such vast machines as these a purely decorative standpoint. Moretto betrays, too, in this fine performance a certain stiffness and want of flexibility in the handling of his figures, though this drawback makes itself felt in a far less degree than in those subjects in which it is sought to express violent dramatic action. The canvas bears at the base of one of the columns in the foreground the signature, 'Alexander Morettus Brix. F.,' while its companion bears, in the same place, the date 'MDXLIIII.'

Closely related to this work in design, but much darker in tone, and altogether far less

important, is the *Magdalene at the Feet of Christ* in the Church of Sta. Maria Calchera at Brescia, to which it would be rash to assign an exact date.

Of the painter's mastery in one great branch of his art London is now in a better position to judge than Brescia, or, indeed, any city, Italian or foreign, since the National Gallery contains certainly the two finest of his extant portraits. We refer, of course, to the *Portrait of Count Sciarra Martinengo Cesaresco* acquired for the nation as far back as 1856, and to the impressive full-length *Portrait of an Italian Nobleman,* obtained from the Casa Fenaroli at Brescia, in 1876. These works—both of them among the brightest jewels of the Venetian gallery at Trafalgar Square—are too well known to need any description; they must be placed in the front rank among the veritable masterpieces of Italian portraiture. Especially the presentment of the melancholy Sciarra, a Hamlet in his sad reverie and his subtly indicated aspiration for vengeance on the slayers of his father—still further accentuated by the curious Greek inscription, 'ΤΟΥ ΛΙΑΝ ΠΟΘΩ' on the cap—is unique as uniting all that is most distinctive in the style and the technical execution of the artist. In the delicate grey tones of the flesh, in the tempered and duly subordinated splendours of the young patrician's magnificent costume, we recognise the rarest qualities of Moretto's brush, while the tinge of reflective melancholy which he casts as a thin veil over the whole individuality so attractively presented to the beholder, without thereby impairing the realistic truth of his rendering, is not only characteristic of the sitter, but in the highest degree of this noblest and most pensive of Brescian masters.

*PORTRAIT OF AN ITALIAN NOBLEMAN. BY IL MORETTO. NATIONAL GALLERY.*

The following portraits have also been very generally ascribed to Bonvicino, but the correctness of the attribution has, in each case, been challenged by Giovanni Morelli in his work, 'Die Galerien Borghese und Doria-Panfili:'—The striking presentment of a physician, or, perhaps, botanist, in the Brignole-Sale gallery at Genoa, bearing the initials 'A. B.' and the date 1533; the portrait of a Brescian gentleman in a black silk cloak contrasting with a slashed vest of scarlet satin, in the Tosio section of the municipal gallery of Brescia; the large equestrian portrait at the Casa Martinengo in the same city; and the male portrait (No. 639 in the Uffizi), attributed by Morelli to the early time of the Cremonese eclectic, Giulio Campi.

In the Martinengo Palace is, moreover, a chamber (not seen by the writer), entirely decorated in fresco, from the crown of the vault to the skirting of which Sir Frederick Burton, in the latest edition of the National Gallery catalogue, speaks in terms of the highest praise. There Moretto has—as he records—depicted 'in the most charming landscape surroundings, eight beautiful women of the Martinengo family, two on each wall; the

effect being as bewitching as the conception is original.' In the Alte Pinacothek, at Munich (No. 1123 of the new catalogue), is the very fine portrait of a black-bearded ecclesiastic wearing a biretta, which is, on the authority of many German connoisseurs, attributed to Moretto, although, before coming into the gallery, it passed as a Moroni. We must, however, incline to the opinion of the late Giovanni Morelli—who on such a point speaks with peculiar authority—that the portrait should be taken from our master and restored to his famous pupil. It betrays the style of Moroni in the peculiar drawing and modelling of the hands, and in that closer realism and higher vitality, that lower and less spiritual order of conception, which belong to the Bergamasque as distinguished from the Brescian painter At the same time it must be owned that it comes nearer to the style of Moretto than does any extant example of Moroni's art as a portraitist, combining as it does with its undoubted realism and unaspiring simplicity of conception, a measure of the master's dignity, though without his tendency to generalisation. To Morelli's fearless criticism we owe it that the late and very inferior copy of Moretto's *Madonna di Paitone*, long exhibited in a post of honour in the Dresden gallery as an original masterpiece of our painter—and, strange to say, very generally accepted and admired as such—has been dethroned from its exalted place, and relegated to an obscure situation in the gallery, where its fancied beauties can no longer be more than obscurely discerned. The famous original, showing the Madonna as, in the habit of a nun, she is believed to have appeared in August, 1533, to a shepherd-boy gathering blackberries, is still in the mountain church of Paitone, near Salò, on the Lake of Garda. The acceptance of the Dresden picture is all the more curious, seeing that in the very inscription which it bears is strong evidence of its spuriousness; the name of the village near which the miraculous apparition is supposed to have taken place being erroneously spelt 'Caitone,' in lieu of Paitone. It is greatly to the credit of the erudite director of the Dresden gallery, Herr Karl Woermann—himself a writer on art of the highest reputation—that he has in this, as in many other crucial instances, accepted, and openly endorsed in his admirable catalogue of 1887, the view expressed as far back as 1879 by Morelli. The latest picture of Moretto, bearing a date, is the *Pietà*, in the Frizzoni collection at Bergamo—a large and imposing canvas dated 1554, showing the dead Christ bewailed by the Maries and male disciples. In this may be traced a certain waning of the great artist's powers, not unnatural, seeing that he died in the following year (1555), at which date he had, however, reached the not very advanced age of fifty-seven.

Almost the only occasion on which we come in contact with Moretto the man—as distinguished from Moretto the artist, seen or divined through his works—is that of his correspondence and temporary connexion with Aretino, as recounted by Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle in their 'History of Painting in North Italy,' after Bottari's *Pittoriche*, and the notorious Aretine's own letters. Here we see for the only time our painter adopting a course which the splendid and luxurious Titian did not disdain to make the rule of his prolonged career, and condescending to pay court to the man whose moral vileness did not diminish, but rather enhanced, the vast influence which he wielded in Italy as humanist, connoisseur, and adviser of princes in matters aesthetic. All that appears certain from the correspondence is, however, that Moretto painted the Aretine, that the portrait reached Venice in the autumn, of 1544—passing through the hands of another member of the Venetian triumvirate, Sansovino—and that, in furtherance of some *combinazione* of the intriguing publicist, it was by him forwarded to the Duke of Urbino, together with a judicious eulogy of the great painter. What advantage, if any, Moretto, then at the apogee of his artistic power, derived from his momentary connexion with Aretino is not clearly shown, for until the end of his busy career he would appear, with some few exceptions which have been already noted, to have worked for his native city and its territory. Outside this limited circle of influence, his fame was, during his lifetime, by no means as widely diffused over North Italy as

might have been imagined, considering the commanding position which he occupied at home.

The following are some further works of the master which it has not been possible to consider in detail in the foregoing remarks:—

Two exquisite panels in the Louvre, the one showing St. Bernardino of Siena with St. Louis of Toulouse, the other St. Buonaventura with St. Anthony of Padua—in which Moretto appears as the worthy successor of Foppa and Borgognone.

A much-restored *Madonna with two Saints* in the Pinacoteca of the Vatican.

The noble *Faith* in the Hermitage at St. Petersburg.

A silver-toned and highly characteristic *Madonna and Child* in the Royal Gallery of Turin.

The capital little *Christ at the Column* in the Museo Nazionale of Naples.

The *Virgin and Child with Two Saints*, presented to the National Gallery in 1884 by Mr. Francis T. Palgrave (No. 1165); a late work, the conspicuous inferiority of which may possibly be due to the co-operation of a pupil.

The *Madonna between St. Anthony and St. Sebastian* in the Staedel Institut at Frankfort-on-the-Main.

The statement, so often made and so generally accepted, that Moretto can be adequately studied only in his native city of Brescia has in the course of this study been shown to be an erroneous or, at any rate, a highly exaggerated one. It is true only in a modified sense, much as it is true that Sodoma can still be best studied at Siena, Luini at and near Milan, Tintoretto at Venice, Rubens at Antwerp. It is emphatically not true in the sense in which it may be laid down that Carpaccio cannot be understood out of Venice, that Gaudenzio Ferrari must not be judged otherwise than in the cities of Piedmont and the Milanese, or Cavazzola out of Verona; seeing that both London, Venice, Milan, Vienna, Frankfort, Berlin, and the Louvre possess important and typical works by our master—not a few of them to be reckoned among the masterpieces of his brush.

CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

# THE INNS OF COURT

## IX.—*Lincoln's Inn*

The Great Men—Sir Thomas More—William Rastell—John Donne—Egerton—Cromwell—Lambarde—Prynne—Hale—Murray, Bathurst, and Brougham—Miss Brougham's Grave and Monument—The Preachers—Bishop Heber.

THE legal luminaries of Lincoln's Inn have been very numerous. The list of great chancellors and statesmen begins early and continues late; and though no Charles Lamb 'was born in her,' the catalogue of great men has been swelled by the perennial eminence of the successive chaplains. Butler was at the Rolls and Hooker was at the Temple, but Donne, Tillotson, Warburton, Hurd, and Heber are among the chaplains of Lincoln's Inn. Literary celebrities are fewer, but Horace Walpole was entered as a student in 1731, and Mackintosh gave his celebrated lectures on the law of nations in the old hall. Of Sir Thomas More we think as a writer rather than as a lawyer; yet in his own day he had a great legal reputation, and earned a large income at the bar, before he became Chancellor. What with his attainments, his wit, his literary skill, his consistent if mistaken opinions, and the tragedy of his death, his figure is unquestionably one of the most interesting in any review of the worthies of Lincoln's Inn.

More's father was a lawyer and a judge, and the future Chancellor was born in 1478, in Milk Street, Cheapside—'the brightest star,' says Fuller, in his quaint way, 'that ever shone in that *via lactea*.' He went to Oxford at fourteen, but in 1494, while still a mere

boy, he became a law student at New Inn, and in 1496 entered at Lincoln's Inn. At Oxford he was attracted by the new learning, and his father, who feared that Greek might interfere with the old scholastic teaching then thought necessary for a lawyer, withdrew him before he could take a degree. He must have been called to the bar about 1500, and, in addition to lecturing on Augustine at St. Lawrence's in the Old Jewry, he became reader at Furnival's Inn, and a little later a Member of Parliament. Meanwhile his practice as a lawyer grew and increased, and he was already earning a good income. But, opposing the high-handed measures of Dudley, the extortionate minister of Henry VII., he deeply offended the King, who learned with disgust that 'a beardless boy had disappointed all his purpose.' Soon after, More's father was sent to the Tower, until he had paid an arbitrary fine, and young Thomas had to withdraw from the active practice of his profession.

Gateway to Lincoln's Inn.

After the death of Henry VII. in 1509, More returned to public life, and rapidly rose in favour with the young King. But in proportion as he became more and more eminent in political life, his connexion with Lincoln's Inn became more and more slender. By 1515 he was permanent Under-Sheriff of London, a Commissioner of Sewers, and a barrister whose practice brought him a sum which Mr. Seebohm ('Oxford Reformers') estimates as equal to 4000*l.* a year of our currency. In May of this year he was employed on an embassy to Flanders, and two years later he was sent in a similar capacity to France, and his life becomes henceforth a part of the history of his country.

We have nothing tangible to connect More with any residence in Lincoln's Inn, and, from the time of his marriage, he lived in Bucklersbury and at Chelsea. Two Lincoln's Inn worthies of very different kinds were descended from the More family. William Rastell, More's nephew, has already been mentioned, and his collection of Acts, from Magna Charta to the middle of the sixteenth century, is a well-known book, formerly very useful. Rastell is not to be confounded with John Rastell, his father, who printed an abridgment of the Statutes in 1519. William, whose mother, Elizabeth, was More's sister, rose to be Chief Justice, but probably died in exile during the reign of Elizabeth, as he had adhered to the old religion on the death of Queen Mary.

But a still greater man was John Donne, whose connexion with Lincoln's Inn was of a double character. His mother was a daughter of Judge Rastell. He was early entered here as a law student, and after he took orders he was preacher to the Inn. His life has been delightfully detailed by Izaak Walton, and connects him, through the romantic episode of his marriage, with another great man of the Inn, Lord Keeper Egerton. Walton makes a mistake in calling the Lord Keeper's wife Lady Ellesmere. She died before Egerton was made Lord Ellesmere and Chancellor by James I. To him Donne was secretary for five years, and he married, but secretly, Lady Egerton's niece, Anne, daughter of Sir George More, of Loseley, Chancellor of the Garter and Lieutenant of the Tower. When the marriage was discovered, Donne was for the time being ruined. The Chancellor gave him his dismissal, and Walton tells us that 'he sent a sad letter to his wife, to acquaint her with it, and, after the subscription of his name, writ: "John Donne, Anne Donne, Un-done."' The pair lived long with a relative in Surrey, and afterwards in Drury Lane with Sir Robert Drury. Sir Robert and Lady Drury took Donne with them in 1612, when they went to see the coronation of the Emperor Matthias. They were assigned no official place at the ceremony, and left Frankfort without seeing it. At Paris Donne was found by his friend 'in such an ecstasy and so altered in his looks as amazed Sir Robert to behold him.' He had seen a vision, or ghost, of his wife carrying a child. A servant was sent off at once to Drury House, who returned in twelve days to report that she was alive, but ill, and that a dead child had been born the day and hour Donne had seen the vision.

Eventually Donne took orders at the direct instance of King James, and was made a royal chaplain. Very soon after Mrs. Donne died, and Nicholas Stone sculptured a monument to her for the church of St. Clement Danes, where she was buried. About the same time 'he was importuned by the grave benchers of Lincoln's Inn, who were once the companions and friends of his youth, to accept of their lecture.' That Donne was eloquent there can be little doubt from the reports of his contemporaries, but his writings which are extant hardly bear out their praises. The authorities of Lincoln's Inn welcomed him warmly. 'The love of that noble Society was expressed to him in many ways,' says Walton; 'for besides fair lodgings that were set apart and newly furnished for him with all necessaries, other courtesies were also daily added.' He continued there about two years, 'he preaching faithfully and constantly to them, and they liberally requiting him.' After this he became a kind of English chaplain to the Queen of Bohemia, and remained abroad for fourteen months, when we find him back at Lincoln's Inn, where he ministered till the King made him Dean of St. Paul's in 1621. Before he left the Inn he had laid the foundation-stone of a new chapel, and when it was consecrated—on Ascension Day, 1623—Donne preached a sermon on the text, 'And it was at Jerusalem, the feast of the dedication, and it was winter.' The concourse of hearers was so great that 'two or three were endangered and taken up dead for the time with the extreme press and thronging.' Donne recorded his laying of the stone in a book still in the library, which he presented to it—the great six-volumed treatise of Nicholas de Lyra on the Bible. Donne's personal popularity in his own time seems to have been unbounded. For us his chief claim to immortality rests in the fact that Izaak Walton included him among the number of those whose lives he wrote. One can but be sorry that Walton—who, by the way, lived at the southern end of Chancery Lane, close to Lincoln's Inn and the gate Lord Grimthorpe wants to pull down—did not write the lives of many other great folk, for really only Hooker, of all he has described for us, was a character of first-rate importance. But just as a family becomes eminent because its ancestor was mentioned, even disparagingly, by Shakespeare, so Walton conferred celebrity on whom he would.

Among the lawyers, none is more interesting now than Donne's early patron, Egerton. The modern investigators who have so much that is absolutely certain to tell us about

hereditary genius would probably call Thomas, the son of Alice Sparke, a sport. They call Napoleon Buonaparte, Lord Byron, and Deeming, sports. Sir Richard Egerton, who was so kind as to allow the son of Alice to call himself Egerton, and who paid for his education and introduced him into what we call 'Society,' came of one of the most ancient families in England. Yet up to 1540 no sign of genius had appeared among them. The late Mr. Shirley, himself no credulous antiquary, could hardly over-estimate the antiquity of the Egerton family in Cheshire, a county with which he was well acquainted. But, except that one of them won the red Scottish lion to add to his arms as a reward for services rendered to Edward I. or Edward II., they attained to no degree of eminence until poor Alice Sparke produced her boy; and from that time on the Egertons are earls and dukes, great men themselves and patrons of other great men, until, having conferred enormous benefits, material and intellectual, on their country, they became extinct, and, to use the Scottish phrase, 'What cam' wi' a maid went wi' a maid.' The earl who 'commissioned' Milton to write 'Comus,' the duke who 'commissioned' Brindley to make the Bridgewater canals, and that odd clerical pluralist, the last man of the race, whose legacy enabled Bell to publish his 'Treatise on the Hand,' and Whewell his 'Astronomy,' and Chalmers his 'Adaptation,' and Buckland his 'Geology,' are not folk of whom England need be ashamed; yet all were descended from the 'sport,' the *filius nullius*, the man of 'venerable presence,' the 'very comely proper man in person,' whom Queen Elizabeth preferred to keep her Great Seal in spite of the opposition of the omnipotent Burleigh himself. The 'maid' with whom the race, fulfilling its motto, *Sic Donec*, ended, married an Egerton of the original uncontaminated stock, and the present Lord Egerton is her descendant.

A very charming characteristic of Lord Keeper Egerton was his gentleness to young barristers. Francis Bacon acknowledges, almost with enthusiasm, his 'fatherly care.' He did his best to save the headstrong, brilliant young Essex, and on that fatal Sunday, already mentioned, when the unfortunate Earl precipitated his fate by his disastrous ride into the city, he left Egerton, who had come in vain early to remonstrate, locked up in a room of his house in the Outer Temple. Egerton occupied a kind of official residence as Lord Keeper at York House, further west, in the Strand, and there, later on, had to perform the painful task of examining Essex.

In York House, in 1617, after James I. had occupied the English throne for fourteen years, during all of which Egerton, now become Ellesmere, was his Chancellor, he fell ill unto death. The brilliant judgment he had delivered on the once famous and still important *post nati* question, by which he settled it that children born in Scotland after James succeeded to the English throne are English subjects, probably did as much as anything else to smooth matters between two, up to that time, antagonistic nations. The King's visit was too late to revive the dying Chancellor. In vain the King promised to make him Earl of Bridgewater, a promise promptly fulfilled to his son, Milton's friend; and on the 15th March, 1617, at the age of seventy-seven, the son of Alice Sparke, the sport and glory of the Egerton race, breathed his last in his palace by the Thames. And 'surely,' wrote Fuller, 'all Christendom afforded not a person which carried more gravity in his countenance and behaviour than Sir Thomas Egerton.'

A tradition exists that Oliver Cromwell had chambers for a time in or near the Gate House of Lincoln's Inn, but it probably originated in the fact of Thurloe's residence in Old Buildings, or in Richard Cromwell's name being in the list of students in 1647. William Lambarde, the Kentish antiquary, belonged to this Inn, where he was a bencher, and had chambers allotted to him without payment. He was keeper of the records in the Tower, and his remarkable share of personal beauty won Queen Elizabeth's admiration. He sent her his calendar of State papers by the hands of Lady Warwick, but the Queen insisted that he should

present it himself, saying, 'If any subject of mine do me a service, I will thankfully accept it from his own hands.' Prynne, one of Lambarde's successors at the Tower, was also of Lincoln's Inn, and lies buried under the chapel. Another prominent man of the Commonwealth period was Lenthall, reader in Lincoln's Inn in 1638, and afterwards, as is well known, Speaker of the House of Commons. He became Master of the Rolls, and one of the Commissioners of the Great Seal, as was also Oliver St. John, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas. Glynne, Fountaine, and others had to make their peace at the restoration of Charles II., but during the last years of Charles I. and the rule of Cromwell, Lincoln's Inn seems to have been the headquarters of the Republican party. Thurloe, Cromwell's Secretary of State, has already been mentioned as living in Old Buildings.

Another very interesting character connected with Lincoln's Inn is Sir Matthew Hale. He came of a good old Gloucestershire stock, his mother being one of the Poyntz family, whose younger branches so greatly distinguished themselves against the rebels in the north of Ireland. The Poyntzes have disappeared both from Iron Acton and the county Armagh, but the towns of Acton and of Poyntz-Pass commemorate their Ulster achievements. Hale's father, Robert Hale, had been a barrister of Lincoln's Inn, but was living on his estate of Aldersley, in Gloucestershire, when Matthew was born. The future Chief Justice was at first intended for the Church, and with that view entered at Magdalen College, Oxford, in 1626. Two years later, however, he relinquished this idea, and entered his name as a student at Lincoln's Inn on the 1st September, 1628. He had the courage to offer himself as counsel for Charles I. at his trial in Westminster Hall, but as the King denied the jurisdiction and constitution of the High Court of Justice, Hale's offer came to nothing. During Cromwell's rule he submitted himself to the existing government, and earned special praise from Thurloe. Nevertheless, at Cromwell's death he took an active part in the negotiations which led to the restoration of Charles II., and within a few days after the King's return he was made Lord Chief Baron. After the Great Fire of 1666 he was a member of the court for adjusting claims and promoting the rebuilding of London, and, invidious as the duty must often have been, he contrived to give satisfaction. The court sat till 1672, but in 1671 Hale was made Chief Justice. In 1676, finding his health and faculties failing, he resigned, though the King was willing that he should only take a long leave of absence. At Christmas he died at Aldersley, where he had been born, and, more enlightened than many of his contemporaries, he expressly forbid his executors, by his will, to bury his body within the church.

Hale's friends were numerous, and many of them were men of eminence. He was Selden's executor. With the divines connected with Lincoln's Inn in his time he was on terms of the warmest intimacy. Among his manuscripts bequeathed to the Library are writings of Archbishop Ussher, who was preacher in 1647. He also corresponded with Bishop Wilkins of Chester, and was a friend of Tillotson, who was appointed preacher of the Inn in 1663. Isaac Barrow and Stillingfleet were also of the number of his friends. His name is connected, but in a different way, with that of another great man. On one occasion at Norwich two women were prosecuted before him for practising witchcraft. Both were condemned, sentenced to death by Hale, and the sentence executed. The chief witness against them was the great Christian moralist, the exposer of vulgar errors and *Pseudodoxia Epidemica*, Sir Thomas Browne. What would Hale and Browne have said of our modern Spiritualists?

We must pass by many tempting names. Murray, afterwards Earl of Mansfield, was a student here in 1724, and was called to the Bar in 1730. He lived in 1 Old Square. Henry Bathurst was another scion of a noble family who studied and was called in Lincoln's Inn. He became Lord Chancellor in 1778, having already succeeded his father as Earl Bathurst. Lord Campbell also belonged to this Inn, as did Sugden, afterwards Lord St. Leonards. Another famous lawyer was Brougham, created Lord Brougham and Vaux in 1830. When his only daughter, Eleanor Louisa, died, at the early age of eighteen, in 1839, Brougham with some

difficulty obtained leave to bury her under the chapel, and expressed his intention of leaving his own body to be buried with hers. He died, however, at Cannes, and is buried there. A tablet to his daughter's memory is inscribed with a Latin epitaph by the Marquis Wellesley:

'I, pete celestes, ubi nulla est cura, recessus!
Et tibi sit nullo mista dolore quies!'

Canning and Perceval were both barristers of this Inn, and the latter is commemorated by a tablet in the porch of the chapel, placed there by the Treasurer and the benchers.

The list of Preachers comprises many great names besides those already mentioned. Herring, appointed in 1726, was made Bishop of Bangor in 1738, Archbishop of York in 1743, and Archbishop of Canterbury in 1747. He made himself remarkable at York, and earned the higher step of promotion by his adroitness and zeal in opposing the rising of the Jacobites of his diocese in the '45. Another Archbishop of York who was preacher at Lincoln's Inn was William Thomson, promoted from Gloucester in 1862, and not very long dead. Another Bishop of Gloucester was Warburton, who became preacher in 1746, and in 1768 founded the Warburtonian Lectures, annually delivered in the chapel, on 'the truth of Revealed Religion in general and of the Christian in particular.' Bishop Hurd, of Worcester, first held this lectureship, and wrote the biography of the founder. William van Mildert, the last of the earl-bishops of Durham, was preacher at Lincoln's Inn from 1812 to 1819. At his death, in 1836, the old palatine jurisdiction of the bishops ceased to exist.

I have by no means exhausted the list of bishops who were preachers of this Inn, but one name more, in some respects the most remarkable of all, must be mentioned. Reginald Heber was here for one brief year, before he was appointed first Bishop of Calcutta. Heber had to contend against circumstances which would have damped the ardour of a less resolute and active-minded man. He was born to an old estate, and was what is sometimes termed a 'squarson' for sixteen years. Some critics deny him poetical genius, but it is to be wished that some of our acknowledged poets had his power of melodious versification. His Newdigate prize poem, 'Palestine,' is one of the few examples of those compositions which

have lived. The famous hymn, 'From Greenland's icy mountains,' was written at Wrexham, where his wife's father, the Dean of St. Asaph, was rector. It was in the year 1819, when royal letters had been issued authorising collections to be made in all churches for the eastern operations of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. Heber had come from Hodnet to hear Dean Shipley preach. On Saturday the Dean asked him to write some appropriate verses to be sung in the morning, and in a very short time he produced the hymn. In the first draft the 'savage in his blindness' figures instead of the 'heathen.' There is an interesting account both of the hymn and of Heber himself in Mr. Julian's 'Dictionary of Hymnology.' Brief as was his stay at Lincoln's Inn, the influence he exerted was deep and abiding, and his sudden death, three years later, was a cause of almost universal grief.

Legal and religious associations like these rendered the old Chapel of Lincoln's Inn a very sacred place. The marauders who undertook in 1882 to remodel it seem to me to deserve the reprobation of all right-thinking people. There is not very much that is ancient left in Lincoln's Inn, but what there is should be jealously guarded from profane hands. There is no reason whatever why the old gateway should be destroyed. Any competent architect could make it, without alteration, perfectly sound, weather-tight, and inhabitable. Prior to experience, it might have been thought a thing incredible that the benchers, some at least of whom must be considered educated men, should contemplate any other course of action.

W. J. Loftie.

## ETCHINGS ON THE CLYDE

BY MR. D. Y. CAMERON

THE subject of this notice is a series of etchings on the well-known river and estuary of Western Scotland, of which the accompanying view of Arran is an example. The plates vary a little in dimensions, and are very various in subject, as the artist has not avoided either the most populous or the most solitary places. The view of Arran has been selected because it deals successfully with a kind of landscape, and especially of landscape effect, that one much more rarely met with in the work of etchers than picturesque river-side towns with their wharves and shipping. Subjects like this, with effects of this transient character, have been common in the works of modern English and Scottish painters, especially when they have worked in water-colour; but etchers have usually avoided them from a belief that an art dependent mainly upon line, and less competent to deal with tone, would not be favourable to the treatment of distant atmospheric phenomena. Mr. Cameron has overcome the difficulty quite sufficiently to convey to our minds the complete impression that he had received from nature. Writing as one who has himself often seen the Isle of Arran from the Clyde, and always with the interest that comes from a keen delight in scenery of that character, I may say that Mr. Cameron's etching has fully revived in me an old enjoyment of that rugged island, whose purple peaks, cloud-haunted, and often dimmed and made grey with showers, are seen so grandly across the broad and restless waters. I do not even miss colour in Mr. Cameron's work, for no one who knows the Western Highlands well can ever imagine them without colour. And I think that he has fully succeeded in conveying the character of life and motion which belongs to that class of scenery where the changes are so rapid that the same place offers an endless succession of pictures. The love of this kind of landscape is entirely modern; there is nothing of it in the old masters, and amongst modern nations the French, who pass for being so learned in the fine arts, have least of it.

Having begun with landscape I will go on with it, and reserve the town subjects for

the latter part of this notice. The *Source of the Clyde* is not in itself a very interesting subject, except because we know that it is the origin of an important river; but Mr. Cameron has made all that could be made out of the rushes in the spongeous little hollow (the sort of place where a pedestrian is sure to wet his feet), the quietly undulating land, wave behind wave of it with contrasts of light and dark to a remote distance, above which a few clouds are sketched lightly but with ease and skill. There is a quality in Mr. Cameron's treatment of lowland landscape that deserves especial praise. He does not attempt to sublimate the low hills till they lose their natural character and become mountains. For example, in the *Upper Clyde Valley* the sun is just going to set behind a not very interesting slope of high ground, and on the opposite side of the composition another slope rises rather more abruptly, and between them is a distant low hill. Many artists would not only have raised these to twice their height, but would have given them more variety and incident of line, whereas the true character of such scenery is not ruggedness, but very gentle and subtle modulations in curve, as in Mr. Cameron's etching. He has trusted for a contrast to the flatness of the plain, and this is amply sufficient for the purpose. The intelligence with which he treats a very simple subject may be seen in his *Ailsa*, where the well-known island crag rises pale in the distance beyond the wide calm water, and the only other objects are a schooner with her sails dark against the light and two cutters far away. If an effect of calm is chosen, I doubt whether it would be possible to treat the subject with more taste or so as to make us feel the singularity of Ailsa more completely, though this plate is remarkable for an extreme economy of labour. Mr. Cameron has not been quite so happy in his treatment of Culzean Castle, one of the most romantic subjects on the Ayrshire coast. The effect chosen is prosaic, and the character of the cliff is not quite successfully interpreted. The artist was more happily inspired in his *Dumbarton*, with the sun setting behind the castled rock under a fine sky, the rock itself in *silhouette* losing all details but those of outline, and the foreground half land, half water. Another very good example of treatment is the *Kilbrannan and entrance to Loch Fyne*, with a number of boats crowding together in the distance on the 'waters wan' under the darkening sky. It is, I think, to be regretted that Mr. Cameron has not more frequently dealt with trees. There are plenty of noble sylvan subjects on the upper Clyde, but the river takes another character as it approaches the sea. The three etchings, *Tillietudlem*, *Bothwell*, and *Symington*, contain examples of tree-drawing that are either rich, or graceful, or both at the same time. These are quite enough to show that Mr. Cameron has truly what may be called the sylvan sense, and it is not given to everybody. At the same time he feels the poetry of those desolate places, so common in Scotland, where there is not a tree to be seen. The *Lochranza, Arran*, with its old castle, its fleet of fishing-boats, and its dreary shore, is an impressive example.

Glasgow, Greenock, and Ayr supply the town subjects. Glasgow Cathedral is not by any means an easy subject to deal with in an etching, but Mr. Cameron has given it much life and variety by the choice of his point of view, which enabled him to get a bridge and some trees into his foreground, and some buildings as a distance beyond the cathedral which are picturesque as he has treated them. The same view was given by Sir George Reid in his drawings of the Clyde, and it is interesting to compare the two interpretations. Several etchings of the river at Glasgow give us the bridges and wharves with shipping, and the views of Govan and Ayr are of the same character. All these etchings are strikingly truthful, but do not call for special comment, as this class of subject has so often been dealt with by etchers that all its possibilities have become familiar. We know quite well that masts and cordage, and the details of things on a jetty or a quay, are all fit material for linear interpretation with the etching-needle, whilst a clever etcher will easily put a great bridge behind them in closer shading and a paler tone, and he will get a distance of warehouses or habitations on the other side the river. This has been done so often, and done so well, that

an artist is successful if, like Mr. Cameron, he awakens no feelings of disappointment and suggests no comparisons unfavourable to himself. His view of Greenock, with the two towers, one of them so lofty and poetical that we suspect the artist of some Turnerian idealisation, is one of the most interesting and successful plates in the whole series. This is really the poetry of tower-building, with its rich variety of architecture, as the transition is made from the square to the circular form, finishing with a colonnade and a dome. The Eiffel Tower, notwithstanding its immense elevation, is less impressive simply from the absence of architecture—in fact, it is only a lighthouse.

Whilst examining these etchings with more pleasure than usually falls to the lot of a critic, I have constantly been haunted by reflections on the peculiarity of artistic fame. Mr. Cameron's work is far superior in some qualities of observation to the best work of the old masters. I feel quite sure, for example, that Claude would never have understood the navigable part of a Scotch river, nor Ruysdael the sylvan part, so well as Mr. Cameron understands them, whilst in everything that appertains to the technical craft of etching Mr. Cameron is now quite sure of himself, and either makes no failures or is prudent enough not to publish them, whereas there are glaring instances of failure in the works of the old masters. Still they are famous, they are called great men, and an artist of Mr. Cameron's knowledge and ability may think himself fortunate if, in these days of extreme coolness in criticism, he attains to a modest reputation. I believe the reason to be that we, consciously or unconsciously, deduct from an artist's qualities much of what he has obviously learnt from others: as, for example, Norblin was an etcher of accomplished skill and ability, yet he is not considered a great artist, because his power came from the study of other men. Mr. Cameron is very observant and intelligent, and possesses much manual skill, but it is easy to trace all through his choice of subjects and methods of execution the influence of various artists, principally modern. There is no harm in this, as nobody can do anything really by himself, and still, whilst we respect the talent that learns and assimilates what it has learned, we reserve our louder applause for the genius that creates. An engraver said to me lately, in speaking of a famous painter, 'He has learned everything that can be learned.' With due restriction to the narrower art of landscape etching, one might say almost as much of Mr. Cameron.

P. G. Hamerton.

## EARLY NETHERLANDISH PICTURES AT THE BURLINGTON CLUB

In spite of a touch of impromptu in the method of its birth, the exhibition which is still open as I write in Savile Row gives a fair *aperçu* of the Early Flemish school as a whole. The Van Eycks and their followers are shown as painters of altar-pieces, as makers of portraits, as landscape painters, as masters of *genre*, and as would-be classics. And in a large proportion of cases they are so shown in pictures which may fairly be called first-rate works of art. In the present article I propose to notice some of the more remarkable items in the catalogue.

The earliest picture in the collection to which a positive date can be given is Jan van Eyck's small *Virgin and Child*, from Ince-Blundell Hall. The inscription upon it runs: 'Completum anno Domini MCCCCXXXII per Johannem de Eyck Brugis. Als Ikh Kan.' It was in 1432 that the great *Adoration of the Lamb*, at Ghent, was also completed and set up in its place. The Ince-Blundell picture is so well known that nothing more need be said about it here. A few excellent old copies exist. The best, probably, is that in the Duca di Verdura's possession at Palermo, which is scarcely to be distinguished, Dr. Bode tells

me, from an original. The name of JAN VAN EYCK has been given to four other pictures in the collection. The only case in which the baptism has any sort of justification is that of Sir Francis Cook's *Holy Women at the Sepulchre*, and here it is rather the hand of HUBERT than of JAN that is suggested by the Van Eyckish parts, such as the angel upon the tomb. The minute *Virgin and Child*, lent by Lord Northbrook, is clearly the work of ROGER VAN DER WEYDEN. The red and blue draperies are not in their original state, or, I fancy, the ascription would never have been contested. The painting of the Gothic carvings above the Virgin's head, the modelling of her face, her breast, and her hands, and of the Child's head, all point unmistakably to ROGER. A panel of the same class, but slightly larger, exists in the Vienna Museum, where it was formerly given to HUBERT VAN EYCK. It forms a link between Lord Northbrook's picture and the master's larger works, such as the two *John-the-Baptist* triptychs at Frankfort and Berlin.

Much closer to JAN VAN EYCK are the two portraits by PETRUS CRISTUS and the *St. Jerome* of ANTONELLO DA MESSINA.

For me the works of CRISTUS have a peculiar fascination. His sincerity excels that of JAN VAN EYCK. Before this *Edward Grimston*, or the unknown youth beside him, or the lady at Berlin who is now believed to be Grimston's wife, or the *Marco Barbarigo* in the National Gallery, one feels as if one were peering through a keyhole into the fifteenth century. The man's conscious passion is for truth. His art, considerable though it is, is of the sort that comes of itself. VAN EYCK has a touch—a mere touch, of course, but still a touch—of pose; CRISTUS is absolutely single-minded. I am speaking here of his portraits. The two at the Burlington Club mark different stages in his development. The *Grimston* is considerably earlier than the other. It is dated 1446, two years after CRISTUS had been made free of Bruges. The *Barbarigo*, in the National Gallery, and Lord Northbrook's panel, were painted most likely a few years later. The affinity between them is great, and it was only in 1449 that Barbarigo acquired the address which CRISTUS, with characteristic minuteness, has inscribed on the paper he holds.

The *St. Jerome* has a very chequered history. It may be identical with one mentioned by Vasari as the work of JAN VAN EYCK. According to Morelli's *Anonimo* it had borne the names of JAN VAN EYCK, of MEMLINC, and of one JACOMETTO—perhaps JACOPO DE' BARBARI—as well as of ANTONELLO DA MESSINA. The authorship of Antonello is confirmed by the conception, by the quality of the paste, by the general tone, and by such details as the folds of the saint's robes. Of all the artists affiliated to this school, the only two of any importance whose methods seem identical with those of JAN VAN EYCK are CRISTUS and ANTONELLO. The criticism which would disconnect the trio will have to prove its case very thoroughly.

The finest MEMLINCS in this country, and two of the finest in the world, are the *Enthroned Virgin with St. George*, in the National Gallery, and the *Triptych* lent by the Duke of Devonshire to the present exhibition. The former is a work of his maturity, free in conception, gem-like in colour, fat in impasto, and decisive in execution. The latter may almost be called a youthful production. It is the earliest MEMLINC we can point to with any confidence. It bears no year, but its date can be fixed approximately by various pieces of internal evidence. These are all noticed by Mr. Weale in his life of Memlinc, and recapitulated in the Burlington catalogue, so that here I need only state their results. The picture must have been painted between 1461 and 1467, not in MEMLINC's first youth, but when he was between five-and-twenty and five-and-thirty years of age. In conception it shows the *naïveté*, and in arrangement the careful ponderation, of the inexperienced artist. In sweetness, purity, and sincerity, it is excelled by no MEMLINC in the world; indeed, I doubt whether, in those matters, any other picture should be allowed precedence. All its parts, too, are equally fine. The wings are as perfect as the central panel, and their reverses, in *grisaille*, are worthy of the rest. Familiarity with such a picture is a liberal education.

Beside the MEMLINC hangs the picture reproduced in our plate. It represents *St. Victor with a Donor*, and is probably the left wing of a diptych. Some connoisseurs see in it the truncated wing of a triptych. That notion does not recommend itself to me. The surface, as it now exists, is so happily filled that I find it hard to believe its felicity an accident. The positions of the heads upon the panel, the way they are balanced by the saint's shield and pennon, the pattern of the colour, the arrangement of the landscape with its high horizon, all seem to exclude the idea of a fragment. In colour this is the finest thing in the collection. In spite of certain touches of modernity—the painting of the saint's cuirass, the fashion of his lance-rest, the extraordinary knowledge shown in the heads—the workmanship as a whole resembles that of HUGO VAN DER GOES, the fourth of the great Flemish quartet.

Of the numerous Flemings who have left reputations and nothing else, not the least interesting is GERARD VAN DER MEIRE, of Ghent, to whom many pictures have been given at one time or another, but always on disputable evidence. Van Mander (Vol. I., p. 62 of Mr. Hymans's translation) says of him: 'Shortly after Van Eyck, there was at Ghent one GERARD VAN DER MEIRE, whose manner was very fine. An amateur of Ghent, Liévin Taeyaert by name, brought a work of his into Holland. It was a *Lucretia*, most carefully executed, and afterwards became the property of a worthy collector of Amsterdam, one Jakob Ravart.' It has been suggested that this *Lucretia* is identical with a picture in the Vienna Gallery, at present ascribed, I believe, to QUENTIN METSYS. Another version of the same subject, in the Gallery of Buda-Pesth, has also claims to be considered the lost picture of VAN DER MEIRE. It bears the name of LUCAS VAN LEYDEN. At one time the *Exhumation of St. Hubert*, in the National Gallery, was widely accepted as a work of this master; and so, even now, is a *Crucifixion* in St. Bavon, at Ghent. And yet practically all the evidence we have as to GERARD'S style is contained in the sentence of Van Mander here quoted. At one time he was thought to be the same as the 'GERARD OF GHENT,' who painted in the Grimani Breviary; but that Gerard is now believed to have been GERARD HOREBOUT. Speaking generally, Van Mander is to be trusted as a witness to character, and so I for one should not look among third-rate pictures for the lost *oeuvre* of VAN DER MEIRE. Such a picture as the Dudley *Mass of St. Giles* would be worthy of him, and as we have some difficulty in fitting it into the work of any one of the few other painters of the first rank whose doings are as obscure as his, it may be guessingly ascribed to GERARD VAN DER MEIRE.

The *Card Party*, from Wilton House, and the *Decollation of St. John the Baptist*, lent by M. Léon Somzée, are first-rate examples of LUCAS VAN LEYDEN. The latter is the finer of the two on the score of quality. The landscape, the saint's severed head, and the whole figure of Salome, are exquisitely painted. Lord Pembroke's players at *vingt-et-un*—as the game seems to be—are more broadly handled, and, moreover, they have a peculiar interest as the fathers and mothers of such a long Dutch posterity. But among them they can show no passage quite so fine as those I have referred to in M. Somzée's panel.

Another loan from the same collection has a peculiar interest for us, as it helps to throw light on two of the most debated pictures in the National Gallery. Nos. 658 and 653 in Trafalgar Square are now ascribed severally to the German and the Flemish schools. They used to be given to MARTIN SCHONGAUER and to ROGER VAN DER WEYDEN the younger. No. 658—it is a *Death of the Virgin*—is clearly by the same hand as M. Somzée's picture, and so almost certainly is No. 653, *Portrait of a Man and his Wife*. Still more magnificent examples of the same hand are the tall panels in the Staedel Institute at Frankfort, a *St. Veronica* and a *Virgin and Child*. All of these show a strong affinity to the later work of ROGER VAN DER WEYDEN, and may for the present be ascribed merely to his school.

ADRIAN VAN YSENBRANT is a discovery of Mr. Weale's, on whose authority the Gerard-David-looking *Holy Conversation*, numbered 49, has been so ascribed. If Mr. Weale is right,

*S^t Victor with Donor.*

then a large *Marriage at Cana* in the Louvre—not the Paul Veronese!—is by ADRIAN also. Until lately it has been given, with true Gallic audacity, to HANS MEMLINC.

Passing the beautiful little BOUTS lent by Mr. Willett, Mr. Kenneth Mackenzie's PATINIR, and Mr. Alfred Morrison's large triptych, we must pause for a moment before Captain Holford's

*PORTRAIT OF A MAN. BY MABUSE.*

superb *Portrait of a Man.* MABUSE in this vein comes almost within hail of HOLBEIN, whose work he must in fact have studied. In conception this portrait, like others of the same period, is thoroughly Holbeinesque. A large and splendid MABUSE in Berlin figured until lately under the name of the German master. In execution, however, there is a gulf between the two men. Holbein's hand was lighter, his eye clearer, his intellect far more various and subtle than GOSSAERT's; and so his pictures have a richness, a variety, and a brilliancy that we find in no MABUSE. GOSSAERT is often crowded, but seldom rich; he is always changing, but seldom various; he sparkles frequently, but seldom shines. A sound craftsman and a

most laborious artist, it is only in his portraits that he rises now and then to the level of the leaders of his school. Lord Northbrook exhibits excellent examples of his work in the two pictures numbered 39 and 44, but a third, that numbered 41, is in reality a beautiful specimen of the master who painted a *Mater Dolorosa* at Bruges, a painter in whom most connoisseurs have agreed to recognise the Dutchman, JAN MOSTAERT.

JOST VAN CLEEF is sufficiently like MABUSE to put him in here. He never painted better than in the famous portrait of himself, from Althorp. Visitors to the Tudor Exhibition will remember a fine *Portrait of Sir John More*, called a HOLBEIN but really a MABUSE, which was there exhibited. JOST seems to have had that portrait in his mind when he painted this. It must be allowed, however, that in the 'charms of the palette' he outstrips MABUSE. His work is richer, fatter, more sympathetic and Venetian. As a pendant to it hangs another portrait which was at the New Gallery three years ago. Its owner, Mr. G. P. Boyce, has been persuaded into calling it a JOST VAN CALCAR, but it seems too rich in tone and too luscious in impasto for him. Whoever it is by, it is one of the finest productions of the school.

The German side of the Flemish school is illustrated by a small but most interesting group of pictures. The best are Lord Spencer's *Portrait of a Lady*, once called a HOLBEIN; Mr. George Salting's *Male Portrait*, by BARMHEL BRUYN, and his *Virgin and Child*, by the MASTER OF THE DEATH OF THE VIRGIN. The Althorp picture is perhaps the masterpiece of NICHOLAS LUCIDEL, or NEUCHATEL, a painter little known in this country, but familiar enough between Munich and Buda-Pesth. The girl's portrait in the National Gallery, which used to be given to ANTONIO MOR, is a fine example of his work. LUCIDEL was born in Hainault about 1525. He studied in Antwerp under PETER COECKE, of Alost. He settled in Nuremberg, where he died probably after 1590. His early work betrays a close study of HOLBEIN, but in later years he painted in an emptier and more modern style. Lord Spencer's picture dates probably from rather before 1560. The portrait in the National Gallery is dated 1561, a date which reappears on the *Neudorfer* in the Munich Pinacothek. It is only in general conception that LUCIDEL resembles HOLBEIN. In treatment of detail they are distinct enough. More especially is this true of their hands. HOLBEIN's hands are so persistently characteristic that by them alone a picture can be identified as his. Pull off your kid glove, pulling it by the finger-tips, and then blow into it: you will have what might be the cast of a HOLBEIN hand. LUCIDEL's notion is very different. Each joint of Anna Botzheim's fingers has its *entasis*; each finger shows a delightful alternation of plumpnesses with clean articulations. The Botzheims were a well-known Nuremberg family. This Anna seems to have sat to LUCIDEL in her twenty-fifth year, for the inscription on the medal at her waist can hardly refer to the middle-aged individual whose head it encircles. The arrangement of her hands allows us to conjecture that she was unmarried, otherwise the wedding finger, with its ring, would surely have been in evidence. Any way, she was rich and well dressed, and has earned a vicarious fame.

Not vastly inferior to the LUCIDEL in quality is the small portrait of a man by BARTHEL BRUYN, lent by Mr. Salting. It shows BRUYN at his best moment, while he was still a Fleming in essentials, and long before he was bitten with the Italianising mania. The red undertone of the flesh is thoroughly characteristic.

Lastly, a word has to be said about the picture reproduced in our Fig. 2. It is a small but first-rate example of the painter known as the MASTER OF THE DEATH OF THE VIRGIN. His pictures are common enough abroad, but rare here. A very fine one was lent to the Guildhall Exhibition, just closed, by Mr. Charles Weld Blundell, under the name of MEISTER STEPHAN, of Cologne; and a good *Virgin and Child* hangs above Mr. Salting's at the Burlington Club. This comes from the collection of Mr. Holford, where, in the old days, it was called a Van Eyck! The picture from which this master takes his name is in the

Munich Gallery. Like nearly all the rest of his works, it suffers from an almost total absence of the faculty for selection and control. The parts are beautifully executed, but they have no organized relation to each other; the colour is pure and clear, but it forms no pattern; the drawing is well understood, but it scarcely amounts to design; the modelling

*VIRGIN AND CHILD. BY THE MASTER OF THE DEATH OF THE VIRGIN.*

is so elaborate that things are modelled away. The head of the Virgin in Mr. Salting's picture has suffered from constant kissing; otherwise the panel is in capital condition.

A few examples of the thinner and more gaudy art which represents the French response to the great Flemish development have been hung. Mr. Willett's *Virgin and Child* has nothing to do with FOUCQUET, to whom it has been ascribed, but is a charming picture, while the portrait of (?) Floris, Count of Egmont, lent by Mr. Percy Macquoid, would be remarkable anywhere for its wonderful glow of colour.

WALTER ARMSTRONG.

# THE SANDBYS

A SMALL book suffices to hold nearly all that has come down to us of the brothers Sandby,* who held no undistinguished position — social and artistic — in their lifetime, and have left behind them works which will cause their names to be remembered in any history of British art. The elder, Thomas, long time Deputy Ranger of Windsor Forest, the architect of Freemasons' Hall, the creator of Virginia Water; Paul, the younger, the father of the English school of water-colour painting, and with Wilson and Gainsborough one of the founders of the British (indeed, of the modern European) school of landscape painting, the first of the distinguished drawing-masters of England, the introducer of aquatint, the limner and caricaturist: neither of these men needs any apology on the part of their descendant, Mr. William Sandby, for being accorded the honours of biography. That descendant, already well known to literature as the author of the 'History of the Royal Academy,' has done well to insist upon the title-page on their claim to the title of Royal Academicians, giving them not the ordinary initials (R.A.) but the full words after their names. For doubtless it was in no small measure due to their exertions in the cause of the art of their country, aided, no doubt, by the royal patronage which they were fortunate to enjoy from their boyhood, that the divers more or less futile endeavours to found an Academy of Art in England were at last crowned with success.

Zealous, however, as Mr. Sandby has been for the fame of his ancestors, this volume is a model of restraint and modesty. With a punctiliousness which seems to belong to a remote age, he has deemed it unbecoming to sing with his own voice the praises of his family, standing aloof from criticism or comment, and presenting such a picture only of them and their doings as may be constructed out of such records of fact and statements of opinion as could be gathered from the works of others. His book is therefore of the nature of a mosaic, his principal art consisting in the arrangement of the *tesserae*. That he has done this self-repressing task well, and that his style is always clear and terse, is all that need be said as to the literary merit of the book. He has searched high and low for scraps and fragments of information, he has ransacked the magazines, the diaries, and the letters of the period, and he has consulted the most recent works, including Mr. Roget's valuable history of the 'Old' Water-Colour Society. Not a reference in Antony Pasquin, or Horace Walpole, or the 'Magazine of the Fine Arts,' or the 'Library of the Fine Arts,' has escaped him; he has picked John Pye and scraped J. T. Smith, and has produced a book which not only places what we knew before in a more succinct form, but does something to add to and fill out the somewhat meagre chronicle of his family. On the whole, however, there is cause for surprise, if not for disappointment, that so long and faithful a gleaning has not yielded a fuller sheaf, for they were men of some prominence, with many friends, and Paul, at least, was for a long time the centre of a literary and artistic society.

The early history of the brothers until they came to London and obtained employment in the Drawing Department in the Tower of London (probably the Survey Office) is still somewhat obscure. As Mr. Sandby says, the statement that they had previously established a drawing academy at Nottingham seems improbable, as in 1741, the year when they left that city for the Metropolis, the elder (Thomas) was only twenty years of age; but after this the facts are plainer. It was no ordinary fortune for this young man to be selected

* 'Thomas and Paul Sandby, Royal Academicians. Some Account of their Lives and Works.' By William Sandby. With portraits and other illustrations. (Seeley & Co.)

two years afterwards to fill the post (or posts) of private secretary and draughtsman to H.R.H. William Augustus, Duke of Cumberland. Nor was it probably a bad thing for the young secretary that the Duke was also young—the two having been born in or about the same year. At all events the connexion thus begun ceased only with the Duke's death. Thomas Sandby accompanied him in his campaigns in Flanders and Scotland, was present at the battle of Dettingen and perhaps at Fontenoy, and in 1745, when acting as draughtsman to the Chief Engineer for Scotland, was the first person to convey to the Government the intelligence of the landing of the Pretender. In the following campaign, ending with the battle of Culloden, Thomas also accompanied the Duke, and in the library of Windsor Castle may still be seen a sketch of the battle drawn by his hand. There, also, and at the British Museum, are other drawings by him of scenes in the campaigns in Scotland and the Low Countries, and the Museum contains drawings of Scotland by his brother Paul belonging to the same period, for fortune followed both the youths, and the younger was appointed in 1746 draughtsman to the Survey of the Highlands. Nor was fortune in this instance fickle, for in the same year Thomas was appointed Deputy Ranger of Windsor Great Park, and took possession of the pretty lodge which he was to inhabit for the next fifty years. A charming view of this building and its garden, with groups of children in the foreground, which we borrow, was drawn by Paul. And when the Duke died and his place as Ranger was taken by another Duke of Cumberland, Thomas still retained his position as Deputy. It would appear that after Paul's return from Scotland, he, too, took up his residence in Windsor Great Park, and that for some years he employed himself principally in etching the drawings of himself, his brother, and others, and in making views of Windsor and the neighbourhood. He engraved some of Thomas's views illustrating the works at Virginia Water and many of his own of Scotch scenery and the principal towns of Scotland; he engraved David Allan's illustrations of the 'Gentle Shepherd,' and some of John Collins's illustrations for Tasso's 'Jerusalem Delivered.' So, though he received no valuable permanent appointment like his brother Thomas, he found plenty of patronage, and no doubt as a landscape-painter and an engraver gradually improved his position, until in 1765 he became one of the twenty-four artists named in the charter of 'The Incorporated Society of Artists of Great Britain,' and in 1768 one of the first forty Royal Academicians. In this year he was appointed Chief Drawing Master at the Royal Military College at Woolwich, a position which he retained until the end of 1796, when he was granted the pitiful pension of 50*l.* a year. Indeed, it seems that the appointment was a very poor one, and, though he had only to attend once a week, the journey from London to Woolwich was a much more arduous and dangerous one than we can well imagine now. Blackheath, which had to be traversed twice, though now a name

*THE DEPUTY-RANGER'S LODGE, WINDSOR GREAT PARK. FROM A DRAWING BY PAUL SANDBY.*

associated with peace and prosperity, was then one of ill omen indeed. No doubt the position was of some use to him, and it enabled him to make many friends who were a pleasure if not a service to him afterwards; but the fact that he kept it so long would seem to be a testimony to a constant need to work hard for his living.

With regard to his worldly means we are not very well informed, though we know that he lived in a good house in London (still existing as 23 Hyde Park Place) and saw a good deal of society; but it would appear from a passage in one of his letters that he never had more than was sufficient to meet his modest expenses. On the other hand, there is no sign that he was ever pinched, so that we may gather that he spent his days without any undue anxiety, loved and respected by all who knew him, and died at a good old age, after a life of unusual happiness, well deserved.

The records of the Sandbys have been hitherto scattered in so many places that it is somewhat difficult to decide what are the new or the newest things that Mr. William Sandby has added to the history. In this instance, perhaps, the author's modesty is to be deprecated. In such cases, where the material of a volume is compounded to a great extent of published material from many sources and a certain amount of original matter, it is clearly desirable that the author, in spite of his own blushes, should indicate in the preface his personal contribution to our knowledge. If not 'new' at least 'well found' are the extracts from various books which he has brought together relating to the history of the Sandby family, from which it would appear that Thomas and Paul sprang from a good old Nottinghamshire stock of possibly Dutch origin. Of special interest to students of art are the descriptions by Colonel Gravatt of Paul Sandby's processes of painting in tempera and oil colours, of the difficulties he experienced in obtaining pigments for water-colour and the curious experiments he made with divers substances. The account which he gives of Paul Sandby's caricatures is also interesting, and might have been extended to advantage. Although they scarcely rank among his most successful efforts, they are comparatively unknown. Some specimen or specimens of his attacks upon Hogarth might have been included in the illustrations, especially as Mr. Sandby speaks of them with praise, and justifies his ancestor's attitude to Hogarth by quoting John Nichols' ill-natured remarks about him. If Hogarth really resisted efforts made 'to elevate the profession,' and did it from narrowmindedness and jealousy, as Mr. Sandby suggests, he surely deserved all the flogging Paul Sandby had power to administer. We are told that Paul withdrew the caricatures 'from the public eye on seeing the inimitable paintings by Hogarth of the *Marriage à la Mode*.' 'Such a man,' he observed, 'should not be made the subject of ridicule or burlesque.' As the prints of this series were published in 1745, and he did not begin to caricature Hogarth till 1753, and did not leave off till 1762, his repentance seems a little out of date. It is true that Mr. Dobson did not deem them of sufficient importance for notice in his admirable book on the great pictorial humourist, but what might be properly neglected from the Hogarth side may be of no little interest from that of Paul Sandby.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

SEPTEMBER 1.—The event of the month has been the purchase of the Spencer Library by Mrs. John Rylands, and the subsequent announcement that it is intended to form a part of the monument to her husband's memory which that lady is preparing in Manchester. So much has now been written, however, about this most comforting occurrence that we need only chronicle it here.

BY the thirty-fifth annual report of the National Portrait Gallery it appears that the Director, Mr. George Scharf, C.B., has been awarded a retiring allowance of 500*l.* per annum by the Treasury, who have at the same time authorised the temporary retention of his services with an additional 250*l.* per annum during such retention. The Gallery now includes 475 purchased portraits, of which sixteen have been acquired during the past year. The most important are: a drawing of *Lord Nelson*, by Edridge; a *Wycherly*, after Lely, by Lawrence Crosse; *Admiral Edward Vernon*, by Gainsborough; *Girtin*, by Opie; *Lord Castlereagh*, by Lawrence; *Thomas Killigrew*, by Van Dyck; *John Leech*, a water-colour drawing by Sir J. Millais; *John Constable*, by himself; and the *Duke of Marlborough*, by Sir Godfrey Kneller. The total number of gifts now amounts to 477; of those received during the period covered by this report, the most interesting are: *Flaxman*, by Guy Head, given by Mr. T. H. Wilkinson; *Francis, second Earl Godolphin*, by Jonathan Richardson, given by Lord Chichester; *John, Earl Russell*, painted and given by Mr. G. F. Watts; and *Tom Paine*, by Aug. Millière, given by Mr. Henry Willett. Meanwhile, the new home for the collection is rapidly taking shape at the back of the National Gallery. A delay in its completion will be caused by the necessity for modifying the scheme to meet the objections of the National Gallery authorities. Mr. Christian's original design included a tower rising forty feet above the roof of the galleries at the angle opposite the new Town Hall of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. Such an erection would have cast a shadow upon the Gallery skylights; and desirable as it might have been from the point of view of street effect, it would have been quite out of place on a museum. Some substitute had to be found for it, and this keeps back the finishing of the angle in question. The rest of the building will be complete early in 1893. So far as we can judge from what has already been done, Mr. Christian has overcome his many difficulties with no little skill. He has carried the motive of Wilkins's design along the flank of the National Gallery to the point where the slope of the ground demanded some change, and there he has made a new departure which is at once bold and—putting aside its alien inspiration—effective. Some people may object, and perhaps we are of them, that the Charing Cross Road is not the Via Tornabuoni; but, after all, a Florentine palazzo looks better in London than in Munich, and Mr. Christian has studied the Palazzo Strozzi to at least as good a purpose as Klenze.

SINCE his appointment to the Directorship of the National Gallery of Ireland, Mr. Walter Armstrong has bought the following pictures for that collection:—*An Interior, with Players at Tric-trac*, by Pieter de Hooch; *An Interior, with Figures*, by Pieter Codde; *An Interior, with Men and Women drinking*, by the rare Dutch painter, Willem Cornelisz Duyster, a pupil of Pieter Codde, who, with less individuality perhaps than his master, became a more accomplished artist. Two examples of Duyster are in the Amsterdam Museum, one signed, the other ascribed to Jan Lijs, but elsewhere his works are most scarce. Antonij Croos, another rare master of the second rank, seldom painted better than in a *River Scene, with a Castle, and a Boatful of Men fishing*, bought by Mr. Armstrong at the last sale of the season at Christie's. Many pictures by Croos are ascribed to Jan van Goyen, to Solomon Ruysdael, and others. Another purchase is a portrait by Hans von Kulmbach (Hans Suess), the painter of a fine triptych in St. Sebald's at Nuremberg, and of a scarcely less excellent *Adoration of the Magi* at Berlin. The new portrait is signed with the painter's monogram, and dated 1515. A small David Cox was bought at the Murrieta sale. It represents *Harborne Churchyard, near Birmingham*, where Cox is buried. Besides this picture, drawings by Constable (two), Thomas Collier, Maclise, Isaac Fuller, and Francisco Zurbaran have been acquired.

THE great Francia of the National Gallery, the *Virgin and Saint Anne Enthroned, with Saints*, has been transferred with complete success from panel to canvas. After transference pictures always look a little hard and surfacy, while the cleaning involved by the process is also apt to do them no good. At present the Francia seems rather gaudy, especially as the untouched lunette hangs close by it. But time will do something to cure this, and, in any case, the panel was in such a state that the operation so carefully performed by Mr. Morrill was an absolute necessity.

MR. SIDNEY COLVIN has made a purchase for the British Museum on which he is to be congratulated. It consists of a series of sixteen German and Netherlandish drawings. These, when he bought them, were bound up into a volume in a style traditionally associated with the great Earl of Arundel. The binding, too, was dated 1657. The series consists of twelve drawings ascribed to Lucas van Leyden, most of them portraits, of two attributed to Hans Schäufelein, of one by some master of the Augsburg school, and of an unascribed sketch for an Annunciation.

THE annual national competition of Schools of Art throughout the kingdom, held at South Kensington, was this year remarkable for the high average of excellence achieved in studies from the nude. No less than seven from among the twelve gold medals awarded fell to competitors in this branch. The winners were Miss Margaret Giles, with a female figure modelled in low relief (No. 538); William Unwin, with the back view of a recumbent youth (No. 540); Alfred Wakeman, with a model in the round of a man with uplifted hands (No. 8); and Frank Wood, with a boy holding up a fish, also in the round (No. 541); Miss Laura Fisher and Miss Annie Henniker, both of the Clapham School of Art, with drawings from the nude model (Nos. 4 and 5), and William Smith, of the Leicester School of Art, with a series of small time sketches from the life (No. 7). Of the remaining five gold medals, four were carried off by female students, Miss Gertrude Bradley and Miss Winifred Smith contributing to the supremacy of Birmingham among the provincial schools by their excellent designs for book illustrations (Nos. 1 and 2) and Miss Gertrude Roots gaining the award with a design for a mosaic pavement (No. 3). The other gold medallist is Mr. Charles M'Intosh, of the Glasgow School of Art, who is to be congratulated on an excellent architectural drawing of a domed chapter-house. The total of medals awarded this year was 268—gold medals 12, silver 67, bronze 189—and book prizes to the number of 442. The examiners included Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, R.A.; Mr. Onslow Ford, A.R.A.; Mr. Frederick Shields; Mr. Frank Dicksee, R.A.; Mr. T. G. Jackson, A.R.A.; Mr. Lewis Day; Mr. Brewtnall, R.W.S.; Mr. E. Crofts; Professor Aitchison, A.R.A.; Mr. H. Armstead, R.A.; Mr. T. Brock, R.A.; Mr. Alan Cole; Mr. A. Gow, R.A.; Mr. H. Graham Harris, M.I.C.E.; Mr. G. D. Leslie, R.A.; Mr. William Morris, Mr. J. Stevenson, Mr. W. F. Yeames, and Mr. T. Armstrong, the Art Director. Besides the more notable examples specially mentioned, specimens of students' work in decorative modelling, designs for wall papers, tiles, carpets, pottery ornamentation, woven and printed materials, lace, cut linen, wrought ironwork, and studies of historic architecture and antique remains, &c., were included in the various sections. The works were displayed in the Limoges Enamels Gallery, and in the ground floor of the iron sheds erected in 1856. In a classification of the competing schools, according to the highest average of awards gained, we find that Birmingham comes first after the training class of South Kensington, which must be considered *hors concours*, consisting as it does of picked students from the whole kingdom, Leicester comes second, and Manchester third.

THE discovery of 'treasure' in the Parliament Fields at Hampstead, and the holding of a 'crowner's quest' to decide upon its ownership, is a quaint passage in our life of to-day. The things found were two large scent-bottles, a cup, and three fragmentary candlesticks. The marks upon them showed that they belonged to about 1672 to 1680, the bottles being of French manufacture. Mr. Reed, of the British Museum, and other experts believe them to have been long buried in the Thames mud before being taken to Hampstead to be hidden. Judging by what has been published

respecting them, their probable value is very considerable. Their weight is about sixty ounces.

Sir Henry Layard's edition, as we may call it, of Giovanni Morelli's 'Italian Painters' is rather a tribute of affection than a judicial performance. It begins with a notice of Morelli's career, which may be forgiven for its onesidedness in consideration of the frankness with which the writer confesses his partisanship. Sir Henry attacks Dr. Bode under a misapprehension of facts which he might easily have verified had he chosen, but otherwise his performance is in good taste. The translation of Morelli's letterpress has, on the whole, been done very well by Miss Constance Jocelyn Ffoulkes, whose few mistakes, so far as we have discovered them, are due to an imperfect acquaintance with the technical meaning of certain terms, such as glazing and scumbling, and by no means to faults in German. The illustrations are true to the Murray tradition of extreme inadequacy, but otherwise the volume is well got up. As for Morelli's part of it, it is such a curious *mélange* of acuteness with perversity, of critical independence with what looks sometimes like aesthetic blindness, that its value as a whole is not easily estimated. Morelli's strong points were his erudition, his memory, and his courage in face of authority and tradition. By the use of these qualities he was enabled to rehabilitate various half-forgotten artists, such as Francesco Bianchi, Ambrogio di Predis, Bernardino de' Conti; and to dethrone a picture or two, such as the Dresden *Reading Magdalen*, which had posed too long as masterpieces. One of the most interesting, if not the most unerring, of his attempts to re-create is contained in those pages of the present volume which deal with Francesco Bacchiacca. To him Morelli was the first to ascribe the portrait of a youth leaning on his hand, in the Louvre, which used to be given to Raphael. Morelli's weak points lay in a frequent inaccuracy, due often to reliance upon photographs, and in a natural inability to distinguish between different men by their *conceptions*, by their art as distinct from their mechanism. This latter defect caused him to treat what he called aesthetic judgment with indiscriminating contempt, and led to such amazing pronouncements as that in which he declares the *St. Sebastian between SS. Roch and Demetrius*, of the National Gallery, to be a Garofalo! As for his inaccuracy, his treatment of the Raphael sketch-book question, in his book on the German galleries, and his statement in the present volume that the National Gallery Leonardo is a copy of the *Vièrge aux Rochers* of the Louvre, are samples. Speaking as broadly as possible, his chief service to connoisseurship has been the widening of its bases.

The chief drawback to Mr. A. S. Murray's 'Handbook of Greek Archaeology' is again the poorness of the illustrations. At this time of day, when reproductive methods have been carried so far towards perfection, it required some courage to issue such a plate as that at page 284, after the British Museum *Demeter*, or the plates, nearly as bad, after the Parthenon *Fates* and the bronze statuettes from Athens and Paramythia at page 290. The typographical illustrations are in many cases even worse, and we can only express a sincere regret that a volume possessing such authority as must attach to everything written by Sir Charles Newton's successor on such a theme should be so disfigured. As for Mr. Murray's own share of the work, that, of course, is excellent, although, equally of course, many of his interpretations will recommend themselves rather to the man of letters than to the man of art. The volume is divided, practically, into nine sections. The first deals with the primitive periods of all the arts, the other eight are devoted, successively to vase-painting, incised bronzes, gems, sculpture in relief, sculpture in the round, terra-cottas, painting, and architecture. Nearly a hundred pages out of a total of four hundred and seventy-three are given up to what must, in great part, be a conjectural discussion of antique painting. This proceeding Mr. Murray justifies on the ground that 'this branch of study has not yet received the attention it deserves in this country.' We venture to think that in the present absence of data, an unwillingness to formulate opinions on ancient painting is commendable. Nothing is more impossible than to imagine the really vital characteristics of an art from written descriptions. Mr. Murray's best chapter is that on vases, which is natural, seeing what a collection he has under his charge. His discussion of the Parthenon marbles is less satisfying, while his chapter on architecture is perforce more elementary than those which precede it. We may, perhaps, be allowed to look on this as a volume to be gradually developed and perfected, rather than as a definitive handbook. The illustrations will certainly have to be improved before it can take the place it otherwise deserves.

The publication of the fourth volume of the Spitzer Catalogue brings us near to the completion of what is likely to remain, for a long time to come, the most ambitious enterprise of its class. The sixth volume was published some months ago, so that only the fifth is now wanted to complete the book. The present instalment includes the Italian majolica, the marble sculptures of the Renaissance, with the terra-cottas, bronzes, medals, and *plaques* of the same period. The letterpress is partly from the pen of M. Emile Molinier, partly from that of Dr. Bode. The latter connoisseur, to whom the Renaissance sculptures have been assigned, ascribes the famous 'Lombardi Reliefs' to Antonio Lombardi, an artist who is known to have worked at Venice and Ferrara during the early years of the sixteenth century, and the arguments with which he supports his opinion will seem conclusive to many. The illustrations are up to the usual very high level.

It speaks well for the national taste that already a second edition has been called for of Mr. Layard's 'Life and Letters of Charles Keene'—'of "Punch,"' as he, perhaps superfluously, qualifies his hero. For of all the draughtsmen of our time, Keene was the most essentially artistic, the most entirely free from captivating prettinesses, the most vigorous and selective in his expressive processes. To find a parallel to Keene's freedom from the insignificant, one must go either to artists who are unpopular or to those whose aim is to flatter the human animal. Crévin was severer than Keene in his way, but his object, after all, was to suggest Woman as we like to see her, and so his popularity was inevitable. It is difficult to see how Keene's work can please any but those who have some artistic perception, and so the welcome given to his biography is a pleasant sign. It is well and most sympathetically written. The bagpipes take up too much space, perhaps; Mr. Layard seems to have thought they should loom as large in his pages as they did to Keene himself. The long discussions by letter between the enthusiast and his stimulators become very wearisome to the conscientious reader—which every reviewer is, of course. The illustrations are mostly excellent, and our gratitude is lively for the drawing turned out of 'Punch' at page 351. But why has Mr. Layard been content with an apology for an index?

A bronze bas-relief of the first importance has lately been added to the Renaissance collections of the Louvre. It is a bust portrait, almost life-size, of Francesco, Cardinal of Pavia, Legate at Bologna in 1508 and 1510, at which period the painter, goldsmith, and medallist, Francesco Raibolini, better known as Francia, was Director of the Mint of Bologna. It is suggested that this circumstance, taken in conjunction with the fine quality of the work, points to Francia as its author.

M. Emmanuel Frémiet has been elected to the chair of the late M. Bonassieux at the Académie des Beaux-Arts.

At the recent *concours* of the Académie des Beaux-Arts the successful competitors for the *Grand Prix* were, in painting, M. Lavergne, a pupil of MM. Jules Lefebvre and Henri Lévy, and in sculpture M. Hippolyte Lefebvre, pupil of M. Cavelier. The subjects treated were respectively *Job and his Friends* and *Adam Expelled from Paradise*.

The obituary of last month includes the names of Herr Luitpold Müller, director of the Academy of Fine Arts, Vienna, a *genre* painter of merit; of his compatriot, the Austrian landscape-painter, Herr E. Schindler; of M. Gustave Custan, a Swiss landscape-painter and pupil of Calame, whose death was caused by a fall from a staircase in the ruins of Crozant on July 31st; and of Mr. Robert Glassby, a sculptor of some repute. The death is also announced of Mr. Felix Joseph, the well-known collector, connoisseur, and benefactor of various provincial museums, especially that of Nottingham.

ROSA TRIPLEX

# ROSA TRIPLEX

BY DANTE G. ROSSETTI

ALTHOUGH it is a nearly constant fashion with those who talk, and still more so with those who write about the artistic works of Rossetti, to assume that there must needs be something symbolical or mysterious in everything he produced, it is quite certain that no mysteries cling about the noble example of his skill and passionate love of beauty of which the reader here receives an excellent transcript. Its secret is simply the mystery of loveliness incarnate in womanhood at its finest pitch and in its choicest strain. In this respect, unlike *Beata Beatrix* and *Astarte Syriaca*, of which THE PORTFOLIO has already given similar copies, *Rosa triplex* is no bodily presentment of a spiritual idea, but neither more nor less than a study in three different views of the face and bust of Alice Wilding, who was one of the most charming models the master ever employed; she it was whom he immortalised variously as *Sibylla Palmifera*, *Veronica Veronese*, *The Roman Widow* (otherwise *Dis Manibus*), and *La Ghirlandata*, as well as *The Sea Spell*, and one or two more pictures and drawings which are hardly less lovely and luxurious than these. The charm of her beauty continued to affect Rossetti's studies from the early part, I think it was, of 1864, until at least ten years later, and, in regard to her form and air, he never adopted a more exquisite type of womanhood *per se*. Far more aptly than later, less choice, and imaginative models, her peculiar form, instinct with grace and the sentiment of culture as it is, may be said to be characteristic of his art at its finest. As a type she succeeded Miss Ruth Herbert, one of the most delightful and fairest actresses of her time, and to the best of my knowledge she in 1864 first sat to Rossetti for a very fine and finished study in crayons for *Sibylla Palmifera*, which belonged to the late Mr. Valpy; Mr. G. Rae has the finished version in oil with this title which was begun in the last-named year. *The Roman Widow*, otherwise called *Dis Manibus*, the picture which belonged to Mr F. R. Leyland, was finished in 1874, and I have often fancied some of that pathos of declining beauty which so subtly inspired this work was due to the fading charm of the model who sat for it. But neither instance is simply a portrait. I need hardly say that the physical and psychical aspects of this beautiful woman were unknown till Rossetti painted, or created, them.

There appear to be not fewer than four, if not five versions of the design of *Rosa triplex*. (1) The original of that before us, which is now in the National Gallery, a bequest of the late Mr. John James Lowndes of Chelsea Embankment, who died at the end of last year. It is a drawing on white paper, and mainly in red chalk, outlined and slightly worked in black chalk, the lights being indicated in white chalk. The heads are about half the size of life, or a little more than that. The execution of the example is almost perfectly represented in the print before us, which, as the reader will see, is signed with the well-known monogram of

'D. G. R.' and dated '1867.' I presume it is the original work, expressing the primary intention of Rossetti in regard to the great beauty of his model, and that it is the '*Three Roses* called also *Rosa triplex*' alluded to in Mr. W. Rossetti's abstracts of his brother's correspondence* as having been offered to Mr. W. Graham in 1868, the year after the date it bears, as embodying the subject of a painting the painter was willing to execute for his client. It appears that the latter preferred a version of *Dante's Dream*, or of *Magdalene at the Door of Simon the Pharisee*. From a further passage in the same authority, p. 85, it is plain that 'the heads of Miss Wilding (who sat for the heads of *Sibylla Palmifera*, and of *La Ghirlandata*, and for various other pictures)' was, in 1873, with other drawings, in the possession of Mr. L. Valpy, a solicitor of Bath, and a noteworthy collector of Rossettis and Samuel Palmers. According to Mr. W. Rossetti's catalogue of his brother's works, 'Miss Wilding's three heads' is No. 291 of that list, and, with 1871 as the conjectured date, said to be in the possession of Mr. Valpy when that list—see the note below—was published in 1889. As Mr. Valpy died in March, 1884, this statement refers, of course, to that gentleman as—within the writer's knowledge—the last possessor of the drawing. It was not included in the collection of Mr. Valpy when sold by Messrs. Christie in 1888. To the Burlington Club exhibition of Rossetti's works, 1883, Mr. C. J. Pocock contributed No. 122A, 'A photograph from the crayon drawing of *Rosa triplex*, supposed to have been lost.' (2) The next *Rosa triplex* in Mr. W. Rossetti's list is No. 252, and described as a water-colour drawing, in the possession of Mr. W. Graham, who, according to that writer's text, bought it of the artist in 1869. This seems not to be the example which Mr. C. W. Mills lent to the Academy Exhibition of Rossetti's works, 1883, as No. 252, which was dated 1874, and had a background of roses. (3) No. 295, in the same list, is described as a crayon drawing, with the date 1871. (4) No. 330 in the list, was dated 1874, and the property of Mr. Craven, to whom it was sold, says the artist's brother, as above, p. 75, for 236*l.*; p. 93 mentions *The Triple Rose* as bought by the same collector for 196*l.*, and as being a triplicate version of a young lady sitter very different from the stately and beautiful Alice Wilding. (5) This instance is represented in a very good plate published in the 'Magazine of Art,' 1883, from a drawing then in the possession of Mr. Crawford Pocock, and far inferior to that now in the National Gallery, and radically differing from it in the design of the right hand of the figure on our left of the composition which, in Mr. Pocock's version rests, not upon the parapet before the group, as in the print before us, but, the elbow being bent, is raised so as to touch the throat of the lady. Minor differences mark the distinct character of each version. My conviction as to the original of the print in the 'Magazine of Art' is that not only is it unworthy of Rossetti, but not due to his hand. Its inspiration and motives are inferior to its execution. Mr. C. Pocock was quite aware that the drawing in his possession and engraved in the 'Magazine of Art' was not the original of the photograph he lent to the Burlington Club in the year (1883) of the publication of his own version. This enumeration attests that, if the most authoritative list is trustworthy, there cannot be fewer than four versions of Rossetti's tribute to the charm of his noble model, the type of *Rosa triplex* in her manifold aspects.

In all these cases the artist worked, so to say, simply as a devotee of Beauty in one manifestation of that divine element, but with no distinct intention to develop the spiritual essence of his ideal by imparting to the luxurious and refined physical aspect of the person in question those mystical impressions which pervade *Sibylla Palmifera*, the romantic inspiration of *Veronica Veronese*, the spirituality which, to the heart of it, is Italian of the sixteenth century, or *La Ghirlandata's* dreamy amorousness, the spell of which she is weaving in the notes of the harp whose strings her fingers caress slowly and daintily. The rapture of her deep blue eyes attests the secret of the throbbing music which loses itself amid the foliage of her myrtle bower; so

* See 'Dante Gabriel Rossetti as Designer and Writer,' by W. M. Rossetti, p. 64. (Cassell & Co., 1889.)

intense is the impression of the picture. Nor, in depicting *Rosa triplex*, was Rossetti seeking to express

'In Venus' eyes the gaze of Proserpine,'

which was the poetic motive of his *Pandora*, instinct with mysterious trouble. *Dis Manibus* is, as I have said, full of sorrow.

So many differently inspired versions did Rossetti give us of the beauty of Alice Wilding. Nevertheless, I dare say, not a little of her charm existed mostly in the passionate heart of the painter; yet I well remember that nothing he drew of her, diverse as the delineations were, seemed less than an exact likeness. Of course one saw her through, so to say, the mood of the artist, and it has sometimes appeared to me that the ardent poem he called 'The Portrait' referred, however generally, yet chiefly, to her, when he described how when 'my lady's picture' was finished he exclaimed—

'Lo! it is done. Above the long, lithe throat
The mouth's mould testifies of voice and kiss,
The shadowed eyes remember and foresee.
Her face is made her shrine. Let all men note
That in all years (O Love, thy gift is this!)
They that would look on her must come to me.'

Here is what he wrote of *Sibylla Palmifera*, that intensely spiritualised version of this often-painted and beautiful type. It presents *Rosa triplex* in an impressive light, and the artist himself, characteristically as the devotee of that intellectual beauty which Shelley named

'The awful shadow of some unseen power.'

SIBYLLA PALMIFERA.

(*For a Picture.*)

'Under the arch of Life, where love and death,
Terror and mystery, guard her shrine, I saw
Beauty enthroned; and though her gaze struck awe,
I drew it in as simply as my breath.
Her's are the eyes which, over and beneath,
The sky and sea bend on thee,—which can draw,
By sea, or sky, or woman, to one law,
The allotted bondman of her palm and wreath.

'This is that Lady Beauty, in whose praise
Thy voice and hand shake still,—long known to thee
By flowing hair and fluttering hem,—the beat
Following her daily of her heart and feet,
How passionately and irretrievably,
In what fond flight, how many ways and days!'

The palm-bearing sibyl sits under an arch of stone, part of a sort of niche or canopy, while a sculptured Cupid, crowned with roses, and a stone skull, bound about with poppies, are one on each side of her, and she holds a palm branch. The brooding eyes, earnest, concentrated, and almost superhuman in their intense abstraction, are among the marvels of Rossetti's art.

F. G. STEPHENS.

# THE INNS OF COURT

## X.—*Gray's Inn*

Origin—A Faulty Theory—Dugdale's Account—The Chapel—The Ground Plan—Opening to Holborn—The Hall—Attacks of 'Restoration'—Chaplains and Preachers—The Arms—The Masque of Flowers—Eminent Members—The Cecils—The Bacons—The Gardens.

THERE are two widely differing accounts of the first foundation of an inn for lawyers in the old house of the Lords Grey, or Gray, of Wilton. In some sense both may be true. Stow says that he was informed by a certain 'Master Saintlow Kniveton' that gentlemen and professors of the common law took the house as far back as the time of Edward III. Moreover, it is asserted that William Skipwith, a serjeant-at-law in 1355, belonged to Gray's Inn, and was the first reader. A man of that name is mentioned by Dugdale, and became a Baron of the Exchequer in 1363. The difficulty is to connect him with Gray's Inn. Forty years earlier the Lords Grey actually resided in their house here, and it was not until the reign of Henry VII. that they parted with it. We do not, until the following reign, have any distinct mention of the settlement of the lawyers in the four messuages, with their gardens, their windmill, and their chapel. Dugdale is very explicit as to the conveyance for 6*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* a year, first from 'the prior and convent of Shene,' then, after the dissolution of the religious houses by the King, to certain representatives of a society of students of law; and he adds that by 'the account of the treasurer of this society made 18 Nov. 32 Henry VIII. (1540), it is evident that the said rent of 6*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* was paid to the King's use, for the same, for one whole year, ended at the feast of the Annunciation of Our Lady then past; and so hath been ever since.' Dugdale probably wrote this in 1670. He overlooked an interesting fact mentioned by Mr. Douthwaite ('Gray's Inn Notes,' 1876), namely, that the rent was remitted by the Commissioners of the Commonwealth in 1651, but resumed by Charles II., by whom it was sold to Sir Philip Matthews. In 1733 Gray's Inn purchased the rent from the heirs of Matthews, and now holds the property, subject to no rent or other payment. So much for Dugdale's opinion.

Of course, Mr. Douthwaite, as Librarian, and also historian, of the Inn, would like to make it out as ancient as possible; a perfectly laudable ambition on his part. The evidence of the existence of the Society before the time of Henry VIII. is, however, extremely weak. Stated succinctly, it comes to this:—In 1370 Lord Grey de Wilton had let 'a certain Inn in Portepole' for 100 shillings. In Stow's 'Annals' the authority of Master Saintlow Kniveton, as cited above, is given for the statement that the lawyers were Lord Grey's tenants. Much more to the point is a letter mentioning Sir William Byllyng, Chief Justice in 1464, preserved in the Paston Collection. William Paston met Byllyng on a journey in 1454, and heard from him that he had been 'a felaw in Gray's Inn,' as well as one Ledam, of whom he speaks. Mr. Douthwaite misquotes the letter as by Byllyng. But this is the first, and for many years the last, mention of there having been any 'felaws' in Gray's Inn. The Harleian manuscript on which Mr. Douthwaite relies is of a date in the reign of King Henry VIII., so that the list of readers, with their arms, from 1359, is quite apocryphal. The first is Skipwith, already mentioned, and the writer makes him a justice of the Common Pleas. But Skipwith, we know, was a Baron of the Exchequer. The very first item in the list, therefore,

breaks down when examined; and it is hardly worth while to mention that the third reader named is Sir William Gascoigne, about whom such wonderful stories had been concocted before Shakespeare's time. This story would seem to be the first of them. As to the Byllyng statement, in 1454, it only goes to show that two persons, Byllyng himself and one Ledam, were fellow-lodgers in some part of Lord Grey's extensive tenement. In 1505 Edmund, Lord Grey, parted with it to Hugh Denys and Mary his wife; and even Mr. Douthwaite will hardly claim Mary Denys as a member of the Inn; but the mention of her name seems inconsistent with the possibility of the lawyers being already established there. Dugdale, then, is the safest guide, and he begins his list of readers with John Spelman, in 1516, and of the treasurers with William Walsyngham, 'primus thesaurarius electus term *Mich.*' Here we are on safe ground, which is not Mr. Douthwaite's position when he misquoted the Paston letter, and makes so much of the vague reference of Byllyng to Ledam. Lawyers often resided in great houses, which never became Inns of Court or Chancery; as, for example, in the palace of the Bishop of Ely, and in the monastery of the Carthusians further east.

The point of greatest interest is that with Lord Grey's inn the lawyers also took over his old-established chapel and chaplain. From this it almost follows that the present chapel is the same as that of which we read under the year 1315, when John, Lord Grey, gave lands in the manor towards the endowment of a chaplain. It furthermore connects Gray's Inn with another great mediaeval institution, which also, with modifications, exists still — St. Bartholomew's. The land was given to the prior and canons, the predecessors of the warden and other authorities of the modern hospital. There is no reason to suppose that the sacred ministrations were ever interrupted. On the contrary, the historical presumption is the other way. There may be fragments of the original 1315 chapel in the walls of the present building, just as there are fragments of a chapel of John of Gaunt in the walls of the Royal Chapel of the Savoy, although it has been at least twice destroyed and restored. At present the chapel of Gray's Inn may be described as in a very genuine state, containing fragments of ancient date, and, unfortunately, some stained glass and some fittings in the worst taste imaginable. But it may easily be made to look better without any very drastic measure of 'restoration,' and fortunately the great destroyer of Lincoln's Inn has no influence here. The plaster might, in any case, be removed, and the walls examined for remains of early date. It is, however, rumoured that the benchers are going to build a wholly new chapel on another site, which, considering the venerable associations of the old chapel, seems a pity.

We can make out by the ground-plan that the mansion of Lord Grey was in all respects like that of any other wealthy nobleman or great ecclesiastic. There was a gate opening from the roadway of Gray's Inn Lane. Within there was a range of buildings on the left, beginning with the chapel. On the right to northward was a wide field with gardens and pleasaunces, open to the view of the swelling pastures and the distant woods of Highgate and Hampstead. The house turned its back entirely on the noise and bustle of Holborn, and must have appeared like a rural villa, though so near to the great city. Houses which did not belong to Lord Grey were between him and Holborn, and are mentioned in some early deeds at St. Paul's (IX. Report, Hist. MSS. Commission). At first there was but a single messuage or tenement 'in the parish of St. Andrew in Portepul without the Bar, in the suburb of London.' This was in 1328. Later on Robert Frewell has the land on lease, and by that time it has acquired a name, or sign, 'Le herte on the hoope,' and Robert has leave to build on a vacant space at the opposite side of the street of Holborn, 'near the fountain.' This was in 1412, and shows that the suburbs were already creeping westward. By the sixteenth century the Inn was surrounded with houses, except on the north side, and Portpool Lane had begun to call itself 'Grayes Inne Lane.' The modern Portpool Lane is at right angles. The crowded locality was probably sold to the Denyses with great alacrity, as it had ceased to be a desirable place of residence for a nobleman. Some parts of the house were already let out, principally, as in the case of Byllyng, to lawyers. In 1416 'a certain attorney of the Lord de Talbot' is mentioned as 'dwelling in Graye's Inne, at the house of the Treasurer of England;' so that the house had probably been let to Sir Philip Leech, who was then Treasurer.

Down to 1594 the principal entrance was still from Gray's Inn Lane, but in that year the Society bought a parcel of ground in Holborn, from one Fulwood, whose name is still commemorated in Fulwood's Rents, and the passage was made. A relic of this change of front may be seen in the door of the chapel, which still opens on the north into what used to be called 'Chappel Court,' and is now Gray's Inn Square. But the hall, when rebuilt in Queen Mary's reign, was made to open on the opposite side, evidently in anticipation of the improvement shortly afterwards effected.

This hall almost rivalled in interest that of the Middle Temple, and considerably exceeded it in antiquity. But a madness seized the benchers in 1828, like that which overtook the Fellows of Pembroke College at Cambridge about 1875. The ancient building, in which the Masque of Flowers had been performed before James I., was altered as much as was possible without actually pulling it down. Stucco reigned supreme in London in those days, and so the walls, and those of the chapel, were thickly coated with that material. The old red tiles were torn down and replaced with slate. A turret, or louvre, of ridiculous design was placed on the top. Finally, a wooden parapet was put up to set off the rest of the new arrangements. A second attack supervened in 1867, and the old red-bricked gate was sacrificed. I remember it perfectly well, and used to wonder if the chamber overhead was that in which David Copperfield and Dora found 'oceans of room.' It is now as uninteresting as Lincoln's Inn Chapel and twice as ugly. The hall, however, is now in process of 'restoration,' and for once we may approve of what is being done. Certainly nothing could mar it as it was; and if the alterations include the restitution of the tiled roof and the disestablishment of the turret as well as the removal of the stucco, we shall rejoice, though trembling for the possibilities which the other Inns of Court have taught us to dread. Lately, Jacob Tonson's old shop, which had stood for centuries by the gate into Gray's Inn Lane, was destroyed for some reason which has not transpired. We may be sure, judging from analogy, that it was wholly inadequate. The aphorism of Lord Grimthorpe constantly comes into the mind when we contemplate old London sites—'There is no street or square where somebody or something has not lived or happened'—and so far as I can

judge, corporations, ecclesiastics, and lawyers are all able to follow the *non-sequitur* which so entirely eludes the grasp of my modest reasoning faculty, and agree that such streets and squares should be at once destroyed. We see the corporation eager to destroy Emanuel Hospital, the bishop longing for the site of Wren's beautiful tower at St. Dunstan's-in-the-East, and the lawyers hungering for the old bricks of Lincoln's Inn Gate.

There is a view of the hall in Ireland's book, but shortly before it was taken the chapel had 'been newly cased with stone, and, except the Gothic windows, completely modernised.'

It was in one of these windows that 'the image of St. Thomas à Becket was gloriously painted, which window Edward Hall, one of the readers of this house at that time, was ordered to take out in consideration of the King's command, in the thirty-first of his reign, that all the images of Thomas à Becket, sometime Archbishop of Canterbury should be obliterated.' Hall was further enjoined to 'place another instead thereof, in memory of our Lord praying in the mount.' Dugdale has particulars as to the vestments and vessels removed in the reign of Edward VI., and replaced under Mary, and adds that as late as 1623, there was 'an order that all women should be barred from the chapel at sermons,' which was made still more stringent in 1629, when no women or boys were suffered to come within the chapel at any time. The chaplain seems occasionally to have been called 'dean.' Mr. Barrett was dean of the chapel in 1698. Besides the chaplain there was a preacher from a very early period, and some great names appear in the list of preachers, one of whom — William Wake — became Archbishop of Canterbury in 1716. In the east window are the arms of this preacher beside those of Archbishops Juxon and Sheldon, and of three Bishops who, at different times, had been admitted to the membership of the Society.

Gray's Inn was always famous for its masques and interludes. In the reign of Henry VIII. a fine was imposed upon all who left the hall before the conclusion of the revels. With respect to processions and pageants this Society had a kind of alliance with that of the Inner Temple, in token of which the Pegasus figures on the great gate of the square, and the Gray's Inn Griffin similarly figures at the Inner Temple. Mr. Douthwaite, by the way, quotes a Harleian manuscript as to these arms, from which it appears that the honourable college of Gray's Inn 'doth beare for their Coat, Azure, an Indian Griffon, proper, Sergeant' (*sic*). Stow, however, says that the Inn might, 'by ancient custom of honourable favour,' bear the Grey arms, but adds that it had chosen instead 'a griffon, or, in a field, sables, and so they are furnished already very well.'

Beaumont and Fletcher wrote a masque entitled 'The Masque of the Inner Temple and Gray's Inn,' which seems to have been performed alternately by the two Societies, the title being varied accordingly. In 1612 it was played at Whitehall before the Court. A very

fine performance had taken place in the previous reign, when 'the Prince of Purpoole' and his train visited Queen Elizabeth at Greenwich in state. 'The Masque of Flowers' was performed in 1613 at Gray's Inn, and repeated in 1887 on the occasion of the Queen's Jubilee. The lamented John O'Connor painted the scenery. Mr. Lewis Wingfield, also unfortunately gone over to the majority, designed the dresses, and everything else was carefully and successfully carried out. Four years later it was again revived, this time at the Inner Temple, where O'Connor's scenery, which had found its way to a workmen's club in Holborn, was touched up for the occasion. This performance was suggested by Lady Halsbury to augment the funds of the Convalescent Home at Westgate. By a marvellously annoying piece of red tape the County Council refused leave to the committee to take money at the doors—we may conjecture there were not enough invitations sent to members of that august body—but eventually it was understood that the charity benefited handsomely.

There is a legend, but I fear unsupported by evidence, that Shakespeare performed in the hall of Gray's Inn, and another, also feebly supported, that one of his dramas was played here in his lifetime. It is not impossible, but we want such proof as that afforded by Manningham's Diary as to the Middle Temple. There is, however, no doubt that the great Francis Bacon, Viscount St. Albans, did organize a masque for this Inn, and, moreover, paid all the expenses to the amount of 2000*l.*, refusing assistance from the Benchers. Evelyn mentions the revels at Gray's Inn, and remarks on an old riotous custom, which 'has relation to neither virtue nor policy.' The last recorded revel took place in 1773.

There are not nearly so many eminent lawyers among the students as are to be found in the Temple or at Lincoln's Inn. On the other hand, the list, short as it is, contains some greater names than any to be seen elsewhere. There may be doubts, as we have seen, about Gascoigne, who is also claimed for the Middle Temple, but there are none about the two Bacons, Thomas Cromwell, earl of Essex, admitted in 1524, and Thomas Wriothesley, admitted in 1534, made Lord Chancellor ten years later, and Earl of Southampton in 1547. Dugdale also tells us that John Dudley, duke of Northumberland, was a member of Gray's Inn, but it is difficult to see how he could have been, unless he was elected as a compliment in the days of his greatness. He was born in 1502, and was knighted before Calais in 1523. Dugdale, moreover, says he was called at Gray's Inn in the Hilary term, 1558—five years, that is, after he had been beheaded on Tower Hill. Another soldier, George Monk, duke of Albemarle, is also mentioned, but Mr. Doyle says nothing of his having been admitted. Much more probable are the names of Sir Thomas Gresham, founder of the Royal Exchange, and the 'prince of antiquaries,' William Camden. The great Lord Burleigh, the progenitor of the Exeter and Salisbury families, certainly belonged to this Inn, having been admitted in 1541. His second son, Robert, first Earl of Salisbury, is mentioned by Dugdale, who gives his arms as being in the bay window of the hall; but it is possible he mistakes him for his son, the second earl, who was called early in 1605, being already a Knight of the Bath, so that the call was probably purely complimentary to the son of his father, or rather to the grandson of his grandfather.

But the great glories of Gray's Inn are the two Bacons—father and son. The elder, Nicholas, whose arms are also given by Dugdale, was born at Chislehurst in 1510, and admitted in 1532; he rose to be Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, in virtue of which office he resided at York House, like his successor, Ellesmere, mentioned in a former chapter. Here, three years later, in 1561, his son, Francis, was born. He commenced to study at Gray's Inn in 1576, when only fifteen, and was called in 1582, when just twenty-one. His advancement was rapid, but his public career belongs to history, though he left his mark very plainly on Gray's Inn, as we shall see.

Grey's Inn. The Hall

Everybody is acquainted with his delightful essay, 'Of Gardens.' To a long list of plants—for winter, of evergreens; for spring, violets, the early daffodil, the daisy, the almond and the cherry-tree in blossom, and the sweet-brier; for summer, the pink, the rose, the lily, and the cherry-tree in fruit; for autumn, grapes and poppies, among many others—he appends a sentence which seems to speak plainly of Gray's Inn:—'These particulars are for the climate of London, but my meaning is perceived, that you may have *ver perpetuum*, as the place affords.' And truly there is no more pleasant garden easily accessible from the middle of our great city. But, in Bacon's time, the view was wide towards the north and west, only terminating with Highgate and Hampstead, over which, standing in the

garden of Gray's Inn, Bacon could see the road winding away among the woods, or what was left of the old Middlesex forest towards St. Albans, where his country seat lay. It was on these self-same wooded slopes that he met his death. In the winter of 1625 and 1626 he had sought his favourite seclusion of Gray's Inn, where, more than twenty years before, he had planted the elm-trees in the walks. Issuing thence on the 2nd April, he started to cross the hills, the snow lying thick and white on the ground. It occurred to him to try an experiment with the snow, as to whether it would not preserve meat as well as salt. The chill made him feel faint, and he was helped into Lord Arundel's house, close by, and he never left it alive. The house must, in those days, have been perfectly visible from 'the mount' he had raised in Gray's Inn garden.

Lamb mentions the beauty of this garden in his essay 'On some of the Old Actors,' and calls Verulam Buildings, on the east side, 'accursed'—'cutting out delicate green crinkles, and shouldering away one of two of the stately alcoves of the terrace; the survivor stands gaping and relationless, as if it remembered its brother. They are still the

best gardens of any of the Inns of Court, my beloved Temple not forgotten—have the gravest character, their aspect being altogether reverend and law-breathing. Bacon has left the impress of his foot upon their gravel walks.' There is probably no other spot in London which we may assert has been written about by Bacon, Addison, and Lamb, our three greatest essayists. Sir Walter Raleigh told Sir Thomas Wilson of a long conversation he had with Bacon in Gray's Inn walks. There was a summer-house until nearly the close of the last century which was pointed out as a favourite resort of Bacon's—an octagonal seat covered with a roof, on the western side of the gardens. It had a Latin inscription to record that it had been erected by the great Chancellor in 1609.

Until this year, Gray's Inn gardens contained one of the few rookeries remaining in London. Against them the benchers seem to have nourished a kind of sullen hate. In 1875 they had some of the trees cut down in which the rooks were actually nesting at the time. The general public were very indignant. It is rather sad to find that the benchers in general did not disavow the action of the Treasurer in thus frightening away the birds, as the benchers of the Middle Temple disavowed the doings of Daines Barrington on a similar occasion. However, after an interval the rooks returned. They were again disturbed and again returned. But this year, with a refinement of cruelty or callousness, they have been finally warned off and had to go, leaving their miserable offspring just out of the shell to perish of starvation and cold. It is to be feared that the people who habitually use the gardens would have heard with less sorrow that the benchers themselves had experienced this horrible fate. So does one barbarism engender many.

The visitor will find some of the ironwork worth looking at at the entrance, but must not fancy that any of the trees are among those planted by Bacon, though some of them may, when they were very young, have been here when Samuel Pepys, as he records, 'was very well pleased with the sight of a fine lady' who was walking in the gardens.

W. J. Loftie.

## ON WORD-PAINTING

NO word has yet been coined to express in concrete form the literary faculty which, for want of better designation, we call word-painting. It is a distinctly artistic faculty, this gift of calling up before the mental vision, by means of words, the image of a scene, whether of landscape or of dramatic actions, with its pictorial and emotional significance; and as an art it has followed the general law, developing slowly from the simple into the complex, reflecting, in different countries, the national characteristics, fluctuating variously, as the pendulum of taste swings to and fro, influencing and being influenced by the arts plastic, pictorial, dramatic.

Writers of mark have found interesting matter for consideration and controversy in the open question whether Art or Literature has been first in the delineation of external nature. But even if the doubt were worth the pain of solution, surely complete evidence is wanting, for Time has robbed us often of the pictorial expression when we have the word, as in Greek art or Hebrew; and sometimes we have pictorial evidence more abundant than literary, as in the artistic memorials of extinct or barbaric races. Moreover, the modern mind, with its immense inheritance of observation and its intricate mode of thought and introspective habits, is an unreliable critic in a question of so subtle an investigation, having an irresistible tendency to read its own experience in all current records. This is very notably to be observed in the matter of translation, for though a modern translator of, say, classic poetry, may not emphasise the common saying by treachery—*traduttori*,

*traditori*—yet he almost invariably will introduce some touch of colour, or twist of analogy, unwarranted by his author.

Those two words, colour and analogy, bring us at once into the heart of the classic mode in the art of word-painting. One might venture to assert that all the finest descriptions of atmospheric effect, or of landscape beauty, are used, not primarily for their own sake, but as analogies—'magnificent digressions' Macaulay calls them—to express in high poetic fashion one mainly important theme, which was action. This must have been, not because landscape was unappreciated by classic writers, for else the imagery could neither be so splendidly applied or have been deemed helpful to auditor or reader, but because the dramatic action was the chief motive. As audience to classic writers we sit as it were continually before the stage, and mark the grouping and the gestures of the actors. The background is a minor, if a fit, accessory. It has recently been pointed out in an anonymous paper—to which it might be safe to surmise the signature of Mr. Addington Symonds—that in all literature which started by being addressed to the ear, as the epics of Homer, the Scandinavian saga, the Border ballad, 'the first quest and the last was "business." There was a story to tell, the poet gave the dramatic action, and only named the place; if he did dash off a sketch of landscape it was in fewest words. Yet the artistic effect was of the finest, every word of description seems not to delay, but to advance the story.' And this mode, the writer points out, continued after the poem was intended for the eye, to be read not heard, so that though the descriptions were more elaborate yet they always seem to move. Even the scenery of Virgil, he comments, has no loiterings by the way, as in all modern poetry since Thomson. Word-painting was, in fact, a linear art primarily in the classic mode, and the dramatic literature of like aim, an art of emphatic and energetic silhouette, to which chiaroscuro was added for effect, and such surroundings given as explained the action, local scenery, attributes of personal adornment and use, and so forth. The absence of colour coincides with this linear treatment. Even the glorious description of the clouds of Aristophanes:—

> 'Eternal clouds,
> Rise we to mortal view,
> Embodied in bright shapes of dewy sheen,
> Leaving the depths serene,
> Where our loud-sounding Father Ocean dwells,
> For the wood-crownèd summits of the hills,'—

has form and light, but colour only by implication. But, to quote only briefly and from well-known passages, could anything exemplify the highest order of linear art in word-painting better than the description of the figured dance of youths and maidens on Achilles' shield in the 'Iliad':—

> 'Now, all at once they rise, at once descend;
> With well-taught feet, now shape, in oblique ways
> Confusedly regular—the moving maze;
> Now forth at once, too swift for sight they spring,
> And, undistinguished, blend the flying ring.'

Nothing more perfect in word-painting of line was ever done than the analogy of the dying Gorgythis, who, sinking, droops his head upon his breast, like full-blown poppies overcharged with rain, drooping to earth.

Colour comes very slowly to play the part in literary description, which now in our own days has passed from the sacred chord, blue, purple, scarlet, white, and gold of early days, through mediaeval splendours and later artificial glitter, into a subtle perception of relative tones and delicate gradations that assimilate the imitative qualities of the modern painter and the modern writer. The perception of colour coincides with the greater delight in external nature

for its own sake. The palette of nature is exhaustless in variety; your painter cannot come near its multitudinous appositions and gradations, the writer must needs have recourse to analogies in default of fit terms. The woodland scenes in which the shepherds of Virgil's 'Eclogues' discourse their loves and contest for supremacy in song, and the rustic backgrounds of the 'Georgics' abound in perceptive touches specifying or implying colour, while we also find therein among other modern sympathies (such as the love of scented flowers—violets, hyacinths, cassia, lilies, virvien) that fine artistic affinity between *dramatis personae* and surroundings, which has reached a point of supreme *finesse* in contemporary writing, especially of the French school.[*] This harmony, or rather unity, in its extreme expression, arises, no doubt, from the modern tendency to transmute all external objects into its spiritual experience, and stamp its own image on the coinage.

Macaulay has thought proper to apologise for the 'indifference to Nature' of Virgil's great disciple, Dante, ignoring in this curious assumption of advocate, the adherence of the great Italian to the classic model, and failing to perceive the hints of a quite peculiar love of natural effects that here and there stir our hearts along the upward road from Hell to Paradise. One quotation may be allowed from the twenty-eighth canto of the 'Purgatorio,' in which Dante combines observation of natural phenomena scientific in accuracy transfigured by the poetic vision, with a symbolism herein filled with perfect expressions. The gladness of growing light, the fragrant sweetness and freshness of dawn, the dainty poise of woodland chorister on the swaying branches, prefigure the joys of the earthly Paradise into which the soul ascends purified and expectant:—

'Vago giù di cercar dentre e dintorno,
La divina foresta spersa e viva,
Ch 'agli occhi temperavu il nuovo giorno,
Senza più aspettar lasciai la riva
Prendendo la campagna lento lento,
Su per lo suol che d' ogni parte oliva.
Un aura dolce, senza mutamento,
Avere in sè, mi feria la frónte,
Non di più colpo, che soave vento;
Per cui le fronde, tremolando pronte,
Tutti quanti piègavano alla parte,
U 'la prima ombra getta il santo monte.
Non però dal lor esser dritto sparte
Tanto, che gli angelletti per le cime,
Lascia ser d' operare ogni lor arte,
Ma con piena letizia l' ore prime,
Cantando, ricevean intra le faglie,
Che tenevan bordone alle sue rime.'

The special touch that marks the extraordinary tenderness of the poet's detail is translated literally by Longfellow:—

'A softly breathing air that no mutation
Had in itself, upon the forehead smote me;
No heavier blow than of a gentle wind,
Whereat the branches, lightly tremulous,
Did all of them bow downward toward that side,
Where its first shadow cast the Holy Mountain.
*Yet not from their upright direction swayed,*
*So that the little birds upon their tops*
*Should leave the practice of each art of theirs,*
*But, with full ravishment, the hour of prime,*
*Singing, received they in the midst of leaves,*
*That ever bore a burden to their rhymes.*'

What word-painting is this! a picture of the finest and most delicate drawing, of the subtlest atmosphere and aesthetic suggestion! A Tuscan masterpiece!

The colour to be found in the landscape of the 'Divina Commedia' is sparse and sombre, reminding one of the strange tinting of volcanic strata when the crops are all gathered in and the land is bare. Yet the sensitiveness of the poet's eye to colour would seem indicated by such epithets as *più che perze*, of the second step to the Portal of Purgatory, *dolce color del oriental zaffiro*, *meno palidezza che mudore*, &c. The brighter tints laid in are as of jewel-work and enamel. Green, partly for its symbolism, seems to have delighted Dante's eye, in this resembling our own Chaucer, whose word-pictures of scenery are ever painted in green and white. May blossom, daisies, green turf, and trees, these offer to the homely English singer complete delight. For here the terrestrial paradise would have appeared after this fashion:—

> 'Till I came to a land of white and green,
> So faere one had I never in been;
> The ground was green, ypoudred with daisie,
> The flowers and the green like hy,
> All green and white, was nothing else seene.'
>
> —'The Book of Cupid.'

Vernon Lee complains, by the way, of the reiterated raptures over green woods, which fill with monotonous background the poems of the early Renaissance, of troubadours, minnesingers, meistersängers. 'Spring and green woods,' she grumbles, 'nothing but spring and green woods!' Our own early ballad-writers clung to the leafy background too, and when Spenser pictured his 'Faerie Queen,' and Shakespeare grouped the actors in 'As You Like It,' both knew the charm of the free forest and its welcome setting to the figures. In our own day Tennyson, the poet of all others most alive, sensitive, and choice of sight and epithet, reverts to the old charm of Sherwood glades and the forest life for his picture-drama.

The delight in external nature for its own sake, which is revealed with inimitable touches in Shakespeare's drama, is never lost sight of henceforward, but the heavier hand of his successors suited best a rougher scene-painting and a foreground filled by the tragic human action. Sumptuous accessories are piled on, the picture is all foreground, there is no perspective. The Miltonic heroic verse abounds in magnificent designs, but, traced in so large and grand a style, we have to stand aloof to catch the right proportion, as before some Michael-Angelesque fresco, and must fill in the details ourselves. The literary faculty which furnishes matter for the painter's imagination to work upon, and reproduce in definite outline and colour, is not the same as that which places the work ready done, as it were, before the mind's eye. In lighter mood, among the rural imagery of 'L'Allegro' and 'Il Penseroso,' Milton does paint in words, nay, we ought even liken this verselet from 'Comus' to some dainty piece of a modern impressionist:—

> 'Sabrina fair,
> Listen where thou art sitting,
> Beneath the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
> In twisted braids of lilies knitting,
> The loose train of thy amber dripping hair.'

No outlines here, yet an impression, vivid, atmospheric, indefinite, yet real. It would seem that the stir of genuine feeling and the freshness of creative energy are necessary for the growth of this artistic literary faculty; for the artificial pose of the eighteenth century towards natural beauty or heroic actions admits of no excellent charm of word-painting. Narrative and dramatic power we find, but of the artistic vision little or none. Indeed, some of the descriptive passages in both poetry and prose remind one of a catalogue *raisonné*, or

of those colourless, painstaking drawings of foreign countries executed for the Dilettante Society by the early water-colour painters. With the reaction towards romance, and the return to Nature, the artistic power revived, performing at first in somewhat antic style, but alive and real. The current century has seen full blown what may be called the picturesque narrative style, in which Sir Walter Scott was *facile princeps*, and unsurpassable, even by Dumas *père*, or Victor Hugo, or Georges Sand, and, one might add, Macaulay. With each and all, human interest is the central point round which the pictorial treatment circles, and the description is from the outside as distinctly by an onlooker 'who was there.' Herein is a marked difference from one of the literary modes of to-day, that, namely, in which the description of the external *entourage* of the individual or individuals placed before us is, as it were, given not from outside, but from within the consciousness of the actors. Hence arises an astonishing unity, artistic and aesthetic. The 'Imaginary Portraits,' and 'Marius the Epicurean,' of Mr. Pater, furnish beautiful examples of this power; it abounds in Louis Stevenson's writing, in the Breton studies of Pierre Loti, and in the work of others less gifted, in less degree. It is a phase in artistic literature. The reader finds himself drawn by a new transfiguration of soul into the consciousness of the individuals portrayed, and, seeing with their eyes, understands how their character is formed by their habitual environment, or may be swayed by accident of emotion or imagination, stirred at sight of some natural incident—tree-branches moving in the wind, the sudden lift of a storm-cloud above the horizon, the visionary glories of autumn sunset, or the upturned gaze of a child.

It is interesting, as showing what strength lies in the sympathy of common reverence for Nature, that Walter Scott has no warmer panegyrist than Mr. Ruskin, who himself remains still the greatest modern English master of descriptive prose. This is the more curious, as the modes of the two men are so unlike; the passionate anthropomorphic epithet of Ruskin burns besides the vigorous but deliberate picturesqueness of Scott's style. We are charmed by Scott, we note with delight the completeness of his detail, the directness of his epithet, but we experience no heart-beats, nor do unbidden tears gather in our eyes as when dwelling on such word-painting as this:—

'Are not all natural things, it may be asked, as lovely near as far away? Nay, not so. . . . Look at the crest of the Alp, from the far-away plains over which its light is cast, whence human souls have communion with it by their myriads. The child looks up to it in the dawn, and the husbandman in the burden and heat of the day, and the old man in the going down of the sun, and it is to them all as the celestial city on the world's horizon; dyed with the depth of heaven, and clothed with the calm of eternity. There was it set for holy dominion by Him who marked for the sun his journey, and bade the moon know her going down. It was built for its place in the far-off sky; approach it, and as the sound of the voice of man dies away about its foundation, and the tide of human life, shallowed upon the vast aërial shore, is at last met by the eternal "Here shall thy waves be stayed," the glory of its aspect fades into blanched fearfulness; its purple walls are rent with grisly rocks; its silver fretwork saddened into wasting snow. The storm-brands of ages are on its breast, the ashes of its own ruin lie solemnly on its white raiment.'—'Stones of Venice,' I., chap. xxi.

This is a long passage to quote, but one cannot quote otherwise than lengthily from Mr. Ruskin. He is magnificently diffuse; he knows not concentrations. Even the realists are not more drawn out, when they labour to place before you every object, incident and accident, that in any given spot of God's earth serves as setting to their *dramatis personae* of the moment. One could not, for instance, take a short excerpt from that marvellous description of the snow-bedecked cathedral portals that shelter his forlorn heroine, with which Zola opens 'Le Rêve.' Nor could one cut out any choice morsel from the remarkable description of the dairy-farm country in Mr. Hardy's recent achievement, 'Tess of the Tubervilles.' The exquisite studies in neutral tint which abound in the Breton stories of M. Loti also bear abridgment badly. It is from another section of the same army, writers of the Rudyard Kipling stamp, that one gets vivid, concentrated flashes of pictorial descrip-

tion, that hang in the picture gallery of one's memory as scenes which have the freshness and thrill of our own personal experiencing. Or, again, the reflex of impressionist art that characterises much American writing has the stamp of brevity and of swift, exquisite suggestion.

The same fluctuations perturb the painter and the writer in these days; the artist with words seems to see with the eyes of the artist with the brush, and the literary camp splits into as many sections as the pictorial. The modern writer is at great advantage; he is rich in the measures of experience handed down to him; science and the study of the external world furnish him with imagery and terms, with strange facts of mental operation, and of life in the human and natural world; with an enriched vocabulary, and an enlarged experience, he has all the implements of his art ready to hand, and does, indeed, devote himself to ever-increasing subtleties of choice workmanship. Whether literary style, especially in the department with which this humble contribution to its study has dealt, may not, like some over-cultivated exotic, die of its own exuberance, remains to be dreaded.

AGNES D. B. ATKINSON.

## VIEW IN VENICE

FROM A WATER-COLOUR DRAWING BY JAMES HOLLAND

THIS very spirited sketch in body-colour was painted in 1864. Our reproduction gives a good idea of its vivacity of touch, but the original is as lively in colour as in execution. The gleaming dome and silvery clouds are relieved against an azure sky, the buildings to the right are warm in tone, there is much variety of hue in the draperies of the figures, and the barge is gaily painted, filling the rippling green water with bright reflections. Every part of the small drawing glows with colour. It was acquired by the South Kensington Museum in 1888.

## GARDENS

THE revival of taste which has of late years opened our eyes to the beauty and excellence of Jacobean houses and furniture has naturally led us to take interest in the gardens of this period. Fashions change—in gardening as well as in everything else—and just as, during the last twenty years, we have learnt the secret of art from those once-despised old masters of the early Renaissance, so now we try to imitate the formal gardens which were being ruthlessly destroyed a hundred years ago. There is, indeed, a charm about these old-world gardens which it is not easy to describe. We love them for their quiet beauty, their solemn tenderness, for the sake of all those memories of the past which linger, like some delicate perfume, in the air about them.

Every one who has felt the spell, every one who knows what it is to have some little corner of his own, some little bit of the past to which he can escape from the present, will be grateful to Mr. Reginald Blomfield for his pleasant volume* on 'The Formal Garden,' illustrated as it is by Mr. Inigo Thomas's drawings of old gardens. His object, as he explains in his preface, has been to show the general character of the formal garden in England, and its absolute separation from the modern methods of landscape gardening. The question at issue is this: Is the garden to be considered in relation to the house, as part of

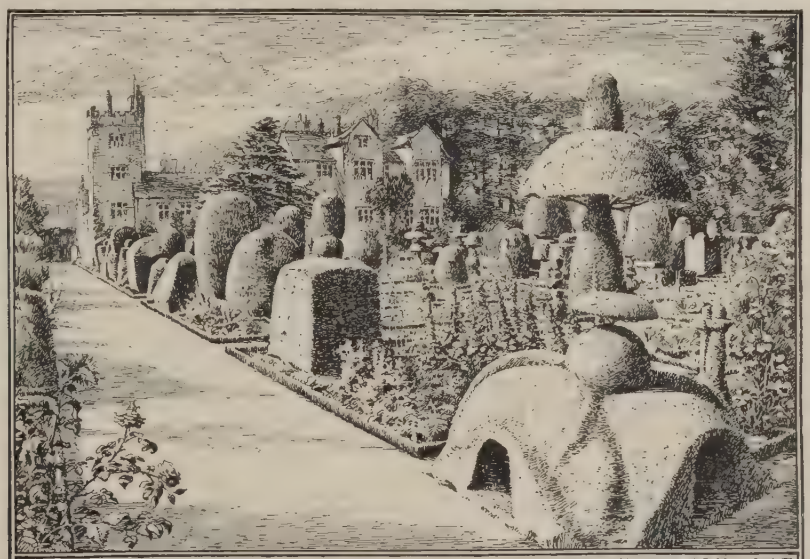
* 'The Formal Garden in England.' By Reginald Blomfield and F. Inigo Thomas. London, 1892.

one design, or is the house to be ignored? The object of formal gardening, or, to call it by a more correct name, of the architectural treatment of gardens, is to extend the principles of design which govern the house to the grounds where it stands, and by making the house, as it were, grow out of its surroundings, bring the two into harmony. This principle, which was accepted as a matter of course in the best period of English art, is now strenuously advocated by an increasing number of our rising architects, and was the subject of a lecture entitled 'The Technics of Gardening from an Architect's Point of View,' delivered to the Art Workers' Guild by that brilliant and original man, John Sedding, whose loss we have not yet ceased to lament. As might be expected, the revival of this style of gardening is violently opposed by the professors of landscape gardening, who resent the intrusion of the architect into their domain, and claim for their system an exclusive monopoly of nature.

The controversy which has arisen between both schools gives additional value to Mr. Blomfield's historical sketch of the origin and growth of the formal garden in this country. Of mediaeval gardens we unhappily know but little, and our ideas are chiefly taken from illuminated missals and old pictures. Some of the earliest descriptions we have are those given by James I. of Scotland in his beautiful poem of the King Quhair, and by Cavendish in his account of Cardinal Wolsey's gardens at Hampton Court. These agree in representing a garden as enclosed in walls and high hedges, with green arbours and broad alleys, and grass lawns adorned with knottes or figured flower-beds. And Mr. Blomfield gives an old print from the 'Romaunt of the Rose,' where we find the same rectangular grass-plots, with orange-trees, and fountains enclosed in battlemented walls on one side, and on the other a fence of trellised flowers, which reminds us of the rose-hedges we see in Botticelli and Filippino Lippi's pictures. The great advance in garden design, which we note in the sixteenth century, was the result of Italian influence. The practice of clipping trees into shapes and of planting avenues, the use of terraces and balustrades and statues, were all borrowed from Italy. Italian workmen were employed, we find, in laying out the gardens of the great Tudor palace of Nonsuch, afterwards swept away by the Roundheads during the civil wars. In those days the architect was invariably employed to design the garden, both in Italy and England. Pirro Ligorio helped Cardinal Ippolito d'Este lay out the grounds of his sumptuous villa at Tivoli, on a scale worthy of the old Romans. He it was who reared the loggias and fountains, and planted the avenues of cypresses and stone pines which still adorn the slopes of Tiber. And a German architect, Isaac de Caux, or Caus, was employed at the English court in the seventeenth century, and laid out Lord Pembroke's gardens at Wilton. At the same time the increased interest in gardens was shown by the number of books and treatises which appeared on the subject. Even before Bacon wrote his famous 'Essay on Gardens,' a certain Thomas Hill published 'A most briefe and pleasaunt Treatise, teaching how to dress, sowe, and set a Garden, gathered out of the principallest Authors in this Art.' The essay met with so much success that the author republished his treatise under the title of 'The Proffitable Art of Gardening,' and in this form it ran through five subsequent editions. After him came those delightful writers on gardens, Gervase Markham and William Lawson, whose works, in Mr. Blomfield's words, are typical of all that was most attractive in the English Renaissance, 'of its delight in flowers and birds, and all rare and beautiful things in art and nature' (p. 49). Unlike Bacon, who approaches the subject from a scholar's point of view, both of these men write from their actual experience, and both insist on the necessity of order and design, not only in laying out the garden of pleasure, but in the disposal of fish-ponds and orchards. The kitchen garden is to have trim alleys and comely borders of lavender and roses, and, if possible, a brood of nightingales, who, with their 'strong delightsome voices, will bear you company night and day. The gentle robin redbreast,' he goes on, 'will helpe her, neither will the silly wren be behind in summer, with her distinct whistle (like a sweet recorder), to cheere your spirits.'

*View in Venice.*

After the Restoration, the intimate connexion of Charles II. with the Court of Louis XIV. brought French influence to bear on the English garden. The grounds of the royal palaces of St. James's, of Greenwich, and of Hampton Court were laid out on the pattern of Le Nôtre's creations at Versailles and Saint Germain. Many English noblemen adopted the same fashion, and planted the parks round their country houses on the same vast scale, in the same costly manner. A perfect example of a garden of this period, in the French style, is still to be seen at Melbourne Hall, in Derbyshire, which has supplied Mr. Thomas with some of his most charming illustrations. Here the hand of the artist has been employed to heighten the charm of nature with consummate effect. On every side are noble avenues, broad grass walks, terraces, and lakes adorned with statues of Mercury and Perseus, of Pan and Cupid. At one point, lime alleys radiate in all directions from a magnificent lead vase in the centre; at another you find a long yew walk, rich in mingled tints of green, and bronze, and gold, where you walk under a canopy of thickly twisted stems and boughs, and enjoy cool shade at the hottest noontide. And on a day in June, when the hawthorns and horse-chestnuts are



TOPIARY WORK AT LEVENS HALL : WESTMORELAND

in blossom, when the sunlight brings out the colour in the old yew hedges and grassy banks, and the moss-grown statues are reflected in the clear surface of sparkling waters, this old English garden is as fair as any place in the world I know.

While Melbourne is a good example of the French style, we have an admirable instance of the Dutch influence which came in with the reign of William and Mary in the historic garden of Levens, near Kendal. There, however, we already see the tendency to extravagance in the clipping of box and yew-trees which was to provoke the sarcasm of Pope in the next century, and inspire him with that witty catalogue of objects cut in yew-trees for sale, amongst others 'A St. George in a box, his arm scarce long enough, but will be in condition to stab the Dragon by next April, and a quickset bog shot up into a porcupine through being forgot in a week of rainy weather.'

The formal garden had, in fact, reached its highest development, and signs of decay were not wanting by the end of the seventeenth century. Early in the next, Addison led the attack, by declaring that a garden is a work of art, and that therefore, in laying out a garden, we should copy nature as closely as possible, a phrase which Mr. Blomfield characterises as 'a concise statement of the whole fallacy of the landscape gardener.' Pope followed in the steps of the 'Spectator,' and himself laid out a garden at Twickenham, which contains samples of every variety of scenery, and was held by his contemporaries to be a model of

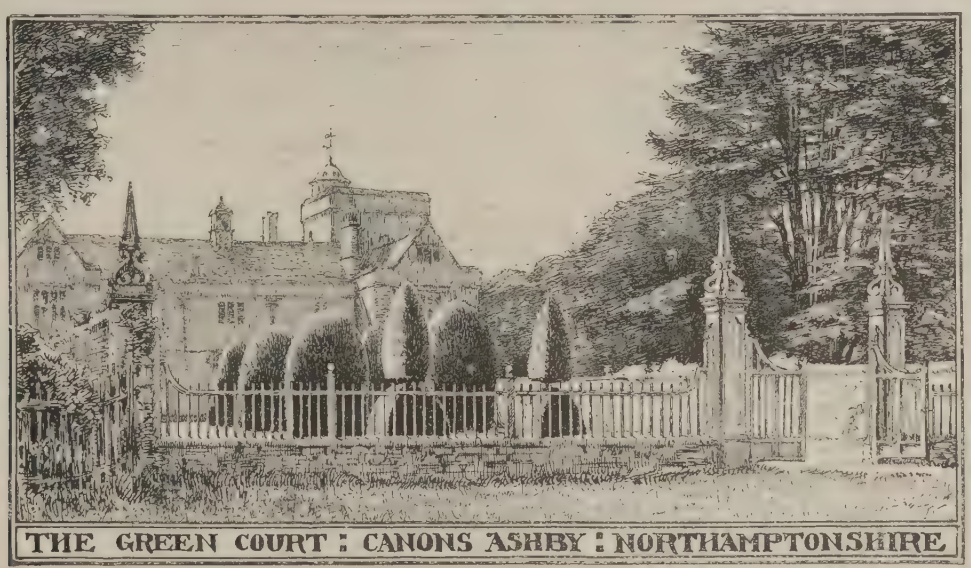
fine taste. Horace Walpole next took up the strain, and sang the praises of Kent, whose gardens he declared 'completely realised the composition of the greatest masters in painting!' Kent's masterpiece was the Duke of Buckingham's garden at Stowe. There, Grecian temples, hermits' caves, pyramids, and Palladian bridges were all brought together, rocks were built up, and dead trees actually planted to add to the impression of natural scenery supposed to be produced on the spectator. It is difficult to understand how any one could admire such artificiality, least of all the poets and men of letters who professed to love and aspire to copy nature. Henceforth the natural style of gardening became the rage, and under the sway of Capability Brown and Repton and their imitators, many of the finest gardens in England were destroyed to make way for the clumps of trees and pieces of ornamental water which were now held to be indispensable. The *jardin à l'Anglaise*, in fact, became the fashion, both at home and abroad, and English gardeners were employed at Paris, at Munich, and at Vienna, to transform old gardens after the latest and most approved model. Here and there an old English country gentleman hesitated to follow the fashionable custom, and shrank from destroying his ancestral garden, like Sir Uvedale Price, who reluctantly yielded to the all-powerful rule of fashion, and candidly owns that he succeeded at great expense in making his old terraced garden 'look like anybody else's and like the fields outside.' And now and then some eloquent voice was raised in sorrowful protest against these acts of vandalism. Sir Walter Scott, in a quarterly article on gardens in the year 1827, pointed out the irreparable folly of destroying these formal gardens, and gave a delightful account of an old garden at Barncluith in Lanarkshire, 'full of long, straight walks, betwixt hedges of yew and hornbeam, which rose tall and close on every side.' That garden, we are glad to know, still exists, and forms the subject of a sketch by Mr. Thomas, which is here reproduced for the benefit of our readers. After the early years of the present century, the landscape gardeners had things all their own way, and the formal gardener practically disappeared.

BARNCLUITH : LANARKSHIRE

The remainder of Mr. Blomfield's book gives an interesting description of the most remarkable features of the formal garden. One chapter deals with courts, terraces, and walks; another with knots, parterres, and grass-work in the shape of mounds, bowling-greens, and theatres. A third is devoted to fish-ponds and the various forms of cut-work in trees and hedges, produced by the art known in old days as pleaching — a word signifying the trimming of the foliage of certain trees and bushes, such as yew, box, holly, lime, and hornbeam, into regular shapes and figures. Finally, two chapters describe the different varieties of garden architecture. Under this heading Mr. Blomfield has a great deal to tell us about the banqueting-houses, gazebos, and pleasure-houses of old English gardens. These were often solid buildings of brick or stone, fitted up with glazed windows and fireplaces, and could be used as dwelling-houses if required. The seventeenth-century banqueting-house at Swarkestone, in Derbyshire, has three stories and two square towers, with a colonnade between, and has survived the destruction

of the hall to which it originally belonged. Other good examples of a more ordinary kind are to be seen at Penshurst and at Boxted in Suffolk, while Isaac Walton's fishing-house in Dovedale and the water pavilion at Wrest belong to the same class. To those here mentioned we might add the garden-house built by Speaker Chute in the seventeenth century at his fine old place, the Vyne, a specimen unique of its kind, and as charming in form as it is in colour. Mr. Blomfield also gives us several plates of fountains, vases, and sundials, including the fine white marble sundial, supported by draped female figures, at Wroxton Abbey, near Banbury, and the superb lead vases at Hampton Court and Melbourne. All of these were commonly seen in old English gardens, but many were broken up in the last century, and used to pave the paths, so that comparatively few remain in their place at the present time.

The subject of the formal garden is, our readers will see, fully discussed in Mr. Blomfield's pages. Let us now hear the other side of the question. This is brought before us in



THE GREEN COURT : CANONS ASHBY : NORTHAMPTONSHIRE

two reviews on 'Garden Design and Architects' Gardens,'* from the pen of Mr. W. Robinson, the well-known landscape gardener, and writer on the English flower garden, and on the parks and gardens of Paris. He is, as we all know, a thorough-going apostle of the landscape school, and as such his views are diametrically opposed to those of Mr. Blomfield and Mr. Sedding, whose books are fiercely denounced in his present work. In his opinion, the architect, with his senseless craze for order and balance, should be for ever banished from the garden. He has plenty to do with his own business, without spoiling the grounds, for, in the writer's opinion, most modern houses are so bad, that even the best gardening can hardly save them from contempt. Mr. Robinson is contemptuous alike of old gardens and of the men who in past ages have written about them. They may be preserved, as other relics of antiquity are preserved, but they should never be imitated. Reform, he tells us, must come by letting Nature take her just place in a garden. All lines and angles are to be avoided, and the natural gradation of the earth is to be followed in all lawn, pleasure-ground, and plantation work. He has a horror of walls and boundary lines, such as the formal gardener loves, and a still greater detestation of clipped trees. This practice he denounces as barbarous, needless, and inartistic. Certainly, the elaborate extent to which this habit is carried in some of our old gardens does often appear rather grotesque, and even in some cases slightly ridiculous—as, for instance, at Risley Hall, in Derbyshire, where two doves, about seven feet long, form an archway in a yew hedge ; or at Packwood, in Warwickshire, where

* 'Garden Design and Architects' Gardens,' by W. Robinson, F.L.S. London, 1892.

the figure of Christ is represented on a pinnacle of the temple surrounded by the four evangelists and twelve apostles. All the same, this style has been in vogue from the most ancient days, and flourished in the most palmy days of gardening. The shears of the *topiarius* played an important part in old Roman gardens, and the pleached bower, we know, was common in Bacon and Shakespeare's days. Nothing, we agree with Mr. Robinson, can exceed the beauty of the yew-tree in its natural state, as it may be seen growing along the mountain-side or in the sheltered corners of our quiet churchyards, but none the less there is a charm in the shaped trees standing like sentinels in the green courts and at the gates of our old gardens, which is

*WAKEHURST. ELIZABETHAN HOUSE, WITH GROUNDS NOT TERRACED.*

in harmony with their straight lines and regular grass banks, while the play of sunlight on the smooth surface of a clipped yew hedge is always lovely to see.

Mr. Robinson argues that, in bygone ages, gardens had to be enclosed within walls for safety, but that, now the fighting days of England are over, there is no reason for protecting wall or moat. Instead of being divided from the country beyond, the garden should therefore form a beautiful foreground to the surrounding landscape. Mr. Blomfield, taking the exactly opposite view, goes so far as to see, in the planting of avenues, and cutting of straight lines through the surrounding woods, a departure from the strictly logical system which separates the garden from the park. The two principles are not to be reconciled, but there is, in this case, something to be said for both views of the case. The first idea of a garden certainly seems to imply a place of shelter and seclusion, a quiet retreat from the outside world, wherein to sit and muse undisturbed. But, although it should be 'hidden happily and shielded safe,' the garden should not be without its points of connexion with the outer world. There

should be peeps through the trees, distant views of the surrounding scenery, be it hill or moor, forest, or far-reaching plain, 'a beyond, which implies something to explore.' And this beauty of distant prospect lends its enchantment to many a classical garden of olden times. From the Green Court of Canons Ashby, the Northamptonshire home of the Drydens, we look down grand avenues over wooded slopes and meadows which might belong to Arcady. From the terraces of Villa d'Este, from the loggia of many a Roman garden in the heart of the Alban hills, we look out through rows of secular cypresses or stately stone pines on the many-coloured plains of the Campagna and the dim thing in the distance which we know to be the Dome of St. Peter's. Another point on which the architectural gardener insists is, that the garden lawn should not be allowed to come up close to the house. Yet the effect is often pleasant, in the case of a low rambling house such as this of Gilbert White's at Selborne, which Mr. Robinson gives as an illustration. Neither can we forget the way in which the

*GOODWOOD. EXAMPLE OF LARGE ENGLISH PLACES IN WHICH THE GRASS SWEEPS UP TO THE HOUSE.*

old red walls of the great Tudor house at Compton Winyates rise straight from the smooth shaven turf, beautiful as a dream. In support of his argument on behalf of landscape gardening, Mr. Robinson enriches his book with a number of pictures of famous English country houses, Longleat, Goodwood, Arundel, and others of equally imposing size, standing in the midst of picturesque parks, surrounded by noble timber. Their beauty is beyond dispute, they are the proud inheritance of our proudest families, and are just as much a precious heritage from the past, as the old-fashioned gardens which figure in Mr. Blomfield's pages. Here, if you will, are all the elements of natural loveliness which the landscape gardener longs to reproduce; here we have the majestic forms, the branching boughs, the forest trees, the undulating slopes of ridge and vale, the bright expanse of clear waters—in a word, all that is best and fairest in woodland scenery. Only here, this beauty is in its proper place, and is seen and enjoyed, as a thing distinct from that of the garden. Let the wealthy owners of these our stately parks preserve them carefully, let them watch over them jealously, as part of that beauty of earth which it is our sacred duty to guard for the sake of our children. The great merit of the formal garden is that it adapts itself to smaller spaces, and is within the reach of humble persons. Here, in a comparatively small compass, we can have our yew

hazel hedge, our broad grass walk, our terraces and fountains, our simple garden-house of brick or stone. We can plant apple-trees along our alleys, and set roses and gilly-flowers and lavender among them. We can grow the sweet-smelling plants in which Markham and Lawson took delight, and like them, invite the robins and nightingales to build their nests in the hawthorn hedge. We can lay out our tennis-court like an old-fashioned bowling-green, with regular grass banks and a semicircular grass bay or amphitheatre, with clipped box hedges at one end.

For the rest, we would lay down no hard-and-fast rules. Every garden should be the expression of an individual idea, should realise the owner's individual dream, and represent his own little bit of Paradise. Whatever is beautiful, whatever delights the eye and gives pleasure to the senses, should find a place there, according to individual taste. We would not even banish tropical plants and hardy exotics from a garden where climate and space allow of their proper culture. We have a lively recollection of a formal garden, designed by a distinguished architect, in a sunny corner of the West of England, where, under the balmy influence of Cornish skies, palms and yuccas grew luxuriantly between rows of clipped yews and hedges of glossy-leaved escalonia. In that garden, all that was fairest and best in nature found a home, and every smallest detail bore evidence to the presence of that refinement and good taste which, as Mr. Blomfield says, was once traditional in England, 'but now seems to be a special gift of Heaven.'

When all has been said and done, the partisans of the two rival systems of gardening are never likely to be brought any nearer to agreement. The principles they represent can never be reconciled. There will always be some who prefer the more hap-hazard and irregular style of the landscape gardener, and look with antipathy on straight lines and formal design. And, again, there will always be others, with a natural love of order and decorative design, to whom the formal style of gardening will appear at once the most reasonable, the most artistic, and the best.

Our first three illustrations are borrowed from 'The Formal Garden;' the fourth and fifth are kindly lent by Mr. Robinson.

JULIA CARTWRIGHT.

OCTOBER 1.—With the issue of Part IV., the series of facsimiles after Rembrandt, projected by Dr. Lippmann, and edited with the help of Dr. Bode, Mr. Colvin, Mr. Seymour Haden, Mr. Heseltine, and Mons. Emile Michel, comes to a conclusion. The phototypes are all, with a few exceptions, the work of the chalcographical department of the Imperial Press at Berlin. They are quite marvellous in their fidelity to the originals. Not only are the qualities of the pen, the pencil, and the chalk line completely reproduced, as much is done for the freest brushwork and for the peculiar surface and texture of drawings in silver point. These facsimiles are, in fact, just as useful to the student as the drawings themselves would be. The last volume, of more than fifty drawings, is made up of selections from the Louvre, from the collections of M. Léon Bonnat, Mr. Heseltine, Sir Frederick Leighton, and Herr von Beckerath, Berlin; as well as from the Teyler Museum, Haarlem; the British Museum, and the Goethehaus, Weimar. For our part, the drawings we prefer are those done freely with the pen, of which Nos. 154A, 157, 164, and 166 are among the best examples. No better instance of the power of such an instrument in the hands of a real master could, perhaps, be given than No. 166. In the list of contents it is called, with a query, *Titus van Rembrandt and his Nurse*. To our eyes it seems clearly to represent Rembrandt himself drawing from a model. The model has been studied from behind, and there, in the corner, the painter has scribbled his own head turned towards her and us. The whole thing is a masterpiece of characterisation. Another superb drawing is No. 170, like the last from the Teyler Museum. No. 171, a wide landscape, from the collection of M. Bonnat, has much charm, but does not show the unmistakable *cachet* of Rembrandt. More convincing in that respect is a splendid pencil sketch (No. 177), belonging to the same collection. More 'important' than any of these—perhaps, in fact, the most important of the whole series—is a reproduction from the well-known sketch in the Teyler Museum for a *Raising of Lazarus*. It is a large drawing, reaching almost to the limits of the mount, and is worked up, as many of Rembrandt's more elaborate sketches are, with various tints and in various methods. Important as it is, however, it is infinitely less fascinating than the more spontaneous 'thoughts in line' of which so many of Rembrandt's drawings consist. In these we see the point used to perfection. They are governed by the same instinctive fitness as the master's etchings, by the same restraint and the same abandon, the same determination to make the tool do all it can, and the same determination to hold it back from paths on which it was sure to fail. No more perfect decoration for the walls of the real art-lover could be imagined than a selection of these facsimiles simply framed, while, as to price, their cheapness brings them within the reach of all who can afford decoration at all. We hope, in time, to see this series followed by another, until, in time, the whole legacy of Rembrandt in this kind shall be within reach of the student.

A LETTER to the *Times* from Mr. C. F. Hayward, the District Surveyor for Bloomsbury, calls attention to the fact that the British Museum (like the National Gallery) runs a certain risk of damage by fire through the close proximity of very inflammable buildings. Along the wall which separates the Museum from the gardens of the surrounding houses, all sorts of sheds have been erected from time to time, some of them for purposes which make the danger of fire an ever-present one. The Museum itself is of course so solid and, on the whole, incombustible, that it is damage and not destruction that we have to fear. But surely no expenditure could be more justifiable than such as would at once isolate the building and provide for its future extension. It is certain that, at some time or other, the houses in Montague Place and in Montague Street will have to give way to the Museum buildings, just as the St. George's Barracks and the shops at the corner of Whitcomb Street will have to abdicate in favour of the National Gallery. If reason controlled public affairs, provision for those eventualities would be made now.

THE latest addition of importance which Mr. Colvin has made to the collection under his care deserves a more detailed notice than we could give it last month. When acquired it consisted of an album of sixteen drawings. These have now been disconnected and are awaiting classification. The finer among them are all ascribed to Lucas van Leyden. No. 1 is the study of a man's head in silver point, turned to the left. Full of character and animation, it is thoroughly typical of the master. No. 2 is a curious design, also in silver point. On a small globe sit two nude male figures; they are back to back, and have various emblems about them, a lion, an oar, &c. The execution is elaborate and careful, and yet spirited, and the whole is quite characteristic. No. 3, a man's head in black chalk, is of less importance, and less certainly by Lucas. No 4, another male head in black chalk, is finely drawn and more convincing than No. 3. The fifth drawing, a half-length portrait of a youth, has been very good, but is much reworked. It bears a signature, the usual letter L, and the date 1513. An old man's head, on yellowed paper, is a lightly handled, feathery drawing, not characteristic of Lucas, and bearing a false signature, but good in its way; while the next in order, two studies on one sheet from a male and a female model, is of the first excellence. The woman's head is of the master's usual madonna type. It is carried out in black chalk, and then the face has been covered with a wash of Chinese white, in preparation for further work which has never come. A signature and the date 1519 appear in one corner of the paper. A mother and child is a good drawing in black and chalk; an old man writing, scarcely less fine; a design of cavaliers and foot soldiers, pricked for pouncing, elaborate rather than strong. At first sight it looks like the original study for a Lucas van Leyden engraving, but no plate of the sort is known, and, on closer inspection, it seems scarcely strong enough for Lucas. A *David and Goliath;* a study for a bishop, in pen heightened with white, after the earlier Flemish manner; and a rather weak *Annunciation* complete the drawing ascribed to this master. Three German drawings, guessingly assigned to Schauffelein and Burgkmair, conclude the series. By the return of income and expenditure, just issued, it appears that during the year 1891–92, the number of visits paid to the Print Room was 5370, and the total of new acquisitions during the same period, 16,687.

THROUGH the death of Lady Hill, a very interesting room will be added to those open to the public at Hampton Court. It is the room known as 'Wolsey's Closet,' and lies between the eastern side of the clock court and the long gallery in which the Mantegna cartoons hang. It has many interesting features, the best being the ceiling and the part of the wall immediately below it. Mr. Law describes it as being in octagonal panels, divided by moulded wooden ribs, with balls and leaves of lead at the points of intersection. All this is decorated in blue and gold. Below the fine cornice, with Wolsey's motto upon it, which crowns the wall, there are a series of long, narrow panels, with subjects from the Passion, 'somewhat in the style of Primaticcio.'

THE project for a memorial to Dr. Magee, the late Archbishop of York, in the cathedral with which he was so long associated, has so far taken shape that 800*l.* has been collected towards it, and Mr. Pearson has been commissioned to design a cenotaph.

A DISCOVERY of much interest has been made at Colchester during the excavations for the new public park. A Roman wall and a *cloaca*, or subterranean passage, have been laid bare, and human remains have been found in considerable quantities. These finds confirm the belief that the neighbourhood of Colchester Castle was the centre of the Roman city.

THE Egyptian collections due to the last campaign of Mr. Flinders Petrie are now on view at No. 4 Oxford Mansions, Oxford Circus. They contain some startling surprises for those who believe in the immutability of Egyptian art. The period to which they belong is that of King Kuanaten, whose date is about 1400 B.C. Kuanaten was a radical, in some ways, and the handiwork of his artists has more in common with the realists, as we may call them, of the ancient empire than with the priest-ridden

artists of his own time. Tel-el-amarna, where Mr. Petrie's excavations were made, was Kuanaten's 'cave.' Thither he retired before the rigid orthodoxy of Thebes, and there, had he found sympathetic successors, he might have forestalled some of the triumphs of Greece. The affinity between the finer objects and Greek work of the Mycenaean period is remarkable.

The Corporation of Birmingham have bought the large landscape by Mr. Alfred East, *Hayle, from Lelant*, which attracted so much attention at the last Academy. It has been hung in the Round Gallery of the Museum.

The town of St. Helens has added itself to the list of those provincial centres in which art is duly honoured. The first exhibition of pictures, held under the auspices of the Corporation, closed last month after a very promising season. The number of exhibits was over 700, some contributed by the artists, some lent by the Science and Art Department, and some by private collectors in Liverpool, Warrington, Manchester, and Coventry, as well as London. The total number of admissions was 18,231; 3500 copies of the catalogue were sold, and twenty of the comparatively few pictures sent in for sale found buyers.

A recent acquisition made by the Louvre, about which a good deal was said at the time, turns out to be the work of one of the skilful forgers for whom modern prices have created a demand. It is a nude, male, bronze statuette, and, before its origin was discovered, was ascribed to the Venetian school of the fifteenth century. It is said that the French Government have commenced an action for the recovery of the 40,000 francs paid for it.

The covering of the soil of France with statues to her sons and daughters, great and otherwise, goes on apace. Statues have just been inaugurated—at Royan, to Eugène Pelletan; at Pompignan, Gard, to one Colonel Bourras, commander of Francs-Tireurs; at Vallerangue, in the same district, to General Perrier; while Lille is about to commemorate the comparative obscurity of 'le Sénateur Testelin,' Rouen the fame of Joan of Arc, and Paris that of Baudelaire. It is curious that 'the Maid' should have had to wait for her monument, in the town most intimately connected with her memory, until Frenchmen were ready to do the same honour to all kinds of little great people. Her statue has been confided to Antonin Mercié. It is to be set up in September next year, and will be seen at the previous Salon. The statue of the author of 'Fleurs de Mal' has been confided to Rodin, and, in spite of Mons. Brunetière, is *not* going to be erected at the Moulin Rouge.

A special saloon has been opened in the fine museum of Montpellier for the reception of the cartoons and drawing of the late Alexandre Cabanel, given to the town of Montpellier by the deceased artist's family.—The ethnographical collections made by M. Candelier in the United States of Columbia are now arranged in the galleries of the Trocadéro. —During the excavations for a new street in Lyons, some interesting finds have been made. The foundations of the Church of St. Étienne d'Estrées, demolished in 1797, were laid bare, and among them was found, with other things, a fine sepulchral statue of a knight in armour. It was almost in the same spot that the fine head of Livia, now in the Louvre, was dug up.—The scaffoldings have been removed from the Escalier Daru, in the Louvre, and the mosaics, over which so many years have been spent, are now laid open to the public. The result is a chorus of condemnation, and it seems probable that the work will remain in *statu quo* for a long time to come. The designs are without style, the figures symbolising Italy, Germany, the Low Countries, and France being especially poor; while the scheme of colour is harsh and discordant to the last degree.

The French authorities are about to make a new attempt to remove the 'symbol of superstition' from the cupola of the Pantheon. Each secularisation of the church has been followed by a similar proposal, but so far the cross has survived them all. The Government now asks for 20,000 francs to carry out the work.

The last addition to the series of artistic biographies, published by the 'Librairie de "l'Art,"' is that of Charlet, who shares with Raffet such fame as belongs to the painter-in-ordinary to the French 'Tommy Atkins.' The success of the exhibition of Raffet's work, held in Paris a short time ago, may probably have suggested this tribute to the memory of his teacher. M. Lhomme has endeavoured to show every side of his talent by the catholicity of his selection from his lithographs. Charlet was no great artist. The artistic merit, even of his best work, is slight, but his dramatic faculty is undeniable, and his facility of production comparable to that of Rowlandson or Doré. He has left behind him, too, some literary remains in the shape of a volume of correspondence.

Some idea of the limitations of M. Léon Palustre, who has written a volume on Renaissance architecture for the well-known 'Bibliothèque de l'Enseignement des Beaux-Arts' of the Maison Quantin, may be gathered from his paragraph on Inigo Jones, which we venture to quote: 'L'homme qui doit donner à l'architecture sa véritable formule et être surnommé, en conséquence, le Vitruve anglais, Inigo Jones, n'est venu au monde qu'en 1572, et c'est seulement sous Jacques Ier (1605–1625) qu'il pourra s'imposer par le talent. Sans transition, l'Angleterre entre avec lui dans l'ère moderne. Les monuments qu'il construit ne diffèrent guère de ce que l'on voyait ailleurs depuis déjà plusieurs années. En même temps que l'antiquité, l'Italie du xvie siècle est largement mise à contribution, et l'on ne peut s'empêcher de signaler, par exemple, dans la grande salle des banquets de Whitehall (1619), seule partie terminée de ce somptueux édifice, une imitation de Sansovino. Jones vécut jusqu'en 1651, et *on montre de lui, à Saint-Paul de Londres, un portail en style corinthien* (1646) *qui ne s'harmonise pas trop mal avec la grande construction de Christophe Wren.*' The sentence we have italicised leaves us without any consuming desire to dip into the rest of the volume.

One of the finest of Menzel's drawings, the *Interior of the Klosterkirche of Berlin with Schleiermacher preaching*, has been bought for the Dresden Gallery. It is in body colour. It was exhibited in London some years ago, and was accepted by most of those who saw it as the most perfect example of Menzel's work in colour.

The month's obituary has to include the names of Mr. Josiah Gilbert, author of 'Dolomites,' 'Titian and the Cadore Country,' and 'Landscape in Art;' of Mons. Geoffroy de Chaumes, sculptor and curator of the Trocadéro Museum, whose best-known work is the *Beranger on his deathbed* at the Luxembourg; of Mr. Joseph Moore, the die-sinker and medallist; and of Mons. Eugène Gonon, the *cire-perdue* caster.

## THE LAW'S DELAY

ETCHED BY ERNEST STAMP, FROM A PICTURE BY W. F. YEAMES, R.A.

THE background of this picture is a very truthful representation of Barnard's Inn, more accurate in detail and more true to the aspect of the place than many avowedly topographical drawings. It shows the south side of the old hall, which is now used for meetings of the Art Workers' Guild. Probably not many people, of the crowds which pass along Holborn, know of the existence of this quaint and silent nook, hidden away only a few yards from one of the busiest thoroughfares in London. The picture was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1891, and has been etched, with the painter's kind permission, by Mr. Stamp, who has studied at Bushey under Professor Herkomer.

## THE INNS OF COURT

XI.—*The Inns of Chancery*

The Inns of Chancery are abolished—Their Number—Other Inns—Our Lady's Inn—Stow's Account—Furnival's Inn—Clifford's Inn and the Inner Temple—The Dinner and Grace—The Hall—A Curious Region—Serjeants' Inn—The Rolls—The Record Office—A Walk from Fleet Street to Chancery Lane.

IT might, prior to experiment, be thought difficult to describe from personal observation what does not exist. There are, as a fact, no Inns of Chancery. The Inns of Court, whose offspring they were held to be, have cut them adrift; and they have nearly all, finding themselves with few privileges and no duties, sent the portraits of the old lawyers out of their halls to Mr. Scharf, sold what in ecclesiastical language would be called the *corpus* or body of their prebend, and dissolved themselves into their constituent elements. Inns of Chancery had for a long time been in a more or less anomalous position. They alternately repudiated their allegiance to the Inns of Court, to which they were reputed to belong, and invoked their assistance and protection. The result was, of course, eminently unsatisfactory. By degrees the number of recognised inns was diminished. Any excuse was sufficient for the abolition of a little one; and when the Serjeants found their ancient order suppressed, and discovered at the same time that the two places, on either side of Fleet Street, where their inns had stood were absolutely at their own disposal, the other minor inns inquired also into their own position, with the result I have indicated. The Inner Temple has no longer any hold on Clifford's, Lyon's, or Clement's Inn. New Inn similarly cast off its subjection to the Middle Temple. Furnival's and Thavies' Inns have long been independent of Lincoln's Inn. Within a very few years the two most picturesque of all, Staple Inn and Barnard's Inn, have declared themselves independent, and signalised the declaration by selling their buildings. Both houses, however, have fallen into good hands; and I can only beg my readers to pray for the prosperity of those who have saved such delightful examples of old-world architecture for the pleasure and instruction of another generation.

Besides the regular Inns of Chancery there were always, and, indeed, are now, a certain number which were never acknowledged by any body. Scroope's, long marked by Scroope's Court, Holborn, was a kind of junior to Serjeants' Inn. Strand Inn was pulled down by the Protector, Duke of Somerset, in the reign of Edward VI., to make way for the great palace he meant to build, but did not, where is now Somerset House. Near where is now the Holborn Viaduct formerly stood St. George's Inn, and here, before the middle of the fifteenth century, law students had a recognised lodging. Stow's account should be quoted. St. George's Lane was one of those little streets by the Fleet which Farringdon Street has so completely obliterated. On the north side of it Stow saw

'an old wall of stone inclosing a peece of ground up Seacole Lane, wherein by report stood an inne of Chauncery: which house being greatly decayed, and standing remote from other houses of that profession, the company removed to [a] common hosterie, called, of the signe, Our Lady Inne, not far from Clement's Inne, which they procured from Sir John Fineox, Lord chiefe Justice of the King's bench, and since have held it of the owners by the name of New Inne, paying therefore vj P. rent by the yeare as tenants at their owne will: for more (as it is said) can not be gotten of them, and much less will they be put from it.'

This Inn of 'Our Lady' became accordingly New Inn, and the wayfarer in Wych Street may have his attention called to an archway, over which is a shield of arms representing a bunch of lilies in a pot, the flowers argent, the field vert. Lilies thus blazoned are always held to be emblems of Our Lady, and it is to a sign of the same pattern that we may attribute the street name of Lilipot Lane or Lilipot Court, not unfrequent in old English cities.

While we are quoting Stow, it may be as well to run through all he tells us about these Inns of Chancery. Of Barnard's Inn he says it is also called 'Motworth Inne,' mistaking 'Motworth' for Mackworth. The visitor may have some trouble in finding it, but if he chances to know the Mackworth coat-of-arms he will recognise it high up over a modest doorway between 22 and 23 Holborn, and, entering, may prepare for a very pleasant surprise. Dugdale gives the shield as 'per pale, indented, ermine and sable, a chevron, or, frettee, gules.' Stow says this is 'the second Inne of Chauncerie, belonging to the Deane and chapter of Lincolne,' and tells us nothing more. Of Staple Inn he says it is the third, 'but whereof so named I am ignorant; the same of late is, for a great part thereof fayre builded, and not a little augmented.' It is curious for us to observe that what in 1599

was new is now almost the oldest fragment left in any of the inns. We shall have occasion, in the next chapter, to offer an explanation of the name, partly founded on the very singular and apparently ancient shield-of-arms.

Stow is the first author to give us any intelligible account of these houses. I do not think any of them were much older than the very end of the sixteenth century, when he wrote his 'Survey.' We have to take several things into the account in forming this opinion. Before the reigns of the Tudors there was very little faith in the stability of English institutions. Battles between the Yorkists and Lancastrians had been fought on several occasions, at Barnet, at St. Albans, and at other places almost within sight of London, and frequent alarms drove all settlers in the suburbs back behind the city walls. Therefore it seems probable that lawyers who had to take houses took them where they would have the

*OLD FURNIVAL'S INN, HOLBORN. FROM WILKINSON'S 'LONDON.'*

maximum of protection and the minimum of risk. Such a place was St. George's Inn, well inside the city boundaries and close to the city wall. When things got more settled it was safe to move out to Wych Street, for though it might reasonably be asserted that, as a roadway, Wych Street is more ancient than many streets which were reckoned within the city walls, yet it lacked the security of the walls, and even that security afforded to the Templars by their castellated buildings and by the outer defences of the suburban fortifications. When it was found that Wych Street was safe, other Inns of Chancery sprang into existence, all just within or just without the lines of the outer fortifications. Stow thus sums them up: 'Of these houses there be at this day fourteen in all, whereof nine do stand within the liberties of the citie and five in the subburbes thereof.' He proceeds to enumerate them all, both Inns of Court and of Chancery, and we observe that the following have utterly perished since his day, namely, Thavies' Inn, now an open street; Lyon's Inn, now the site of a theatre; Strand or Chester's Inn, already mentioned; and another, mentioned by an ancient law-writer, Fortescue, which Stow cannot identify. Of Thavies' Inn he has nothing to tell. Of Furnival's he says it formerly belonged to Sir William Furnival and Thomasin, his wife, in the reign of Richard II. Of Barnard's he tells us further that John Mackworth, dean of Lincoln, gave it, in the reign of Henry VI. (1454), to the chapter of Lincoln Cathedral, 'to find one sufficient chaplain' to sing masses for the repose of his soul. How it came into the hands of the lawyers we do not know. He is puzzled about Staple Inn.

As to Clifford's Inn, after reciting the gift of the messuage to Robert Clifford, and the lease by Isabel Clifford, his widow, in 1344 to students of the law, he says 'the said students' had it in his time at four pounds by the year. Of Clement's Inn he has little to say, except that it stands near to the fair fountain called Clement's Well; of New Inn he recapitulates what we have already quoted, and adds that Sir Thomas More, 'sometime Lord Chancellor, was a student in this new inn, and went from thence to Lincolne's Inn.' Of Lyon's Inn he has nothing to say.

This, then, is the first account we have of these interesting houses. All have now ceased to keep up any special connexion with the law. In some the hall and public buildings have disappeared. The old dinners have ceased to be eaten, the old meetings and motes have ceased to be held; but here and there, among the relics that remain of them, we find perishing memories of the old days, and, as I have already had pleasure in observing, some of the oldest are the best cared for by their present owners and occupiers.

Furnival's Inn presents no features of the slightest importance. It was wholly rebuilt

*COURT OF OLD FURNIVAL'S INN. FROM WILKINSON'S 'LONDON.*

in 1820, a good part being made into a hotel, and a statue of the contractor being set up in the courtyard. The older building is always attributed to Inigo Jones, except the Gothic hall, part of a still older building. The front to Holborn was exceedingly picturesque, and is well figured in Wilkinson. Mr. Wheatley tells us that Charles Dickens was living in Furnival's Inn when 'Pickwick' came out. He places John Westlock ('Martin Chuzzlewit') in this inn. From here, where his eldest son was born, Dickens removed in 1837 to Doughty Street. We must not forget that Sir Thomas More was reader for more than three years. From 1547 it belonged to Lincoln's Inn by conveyance from an Earl of Shrewsbury, Baron Furnival.

Of Clifford's Inn, which, like Furnival's and others, was called after an ancient family, there are plenty of remains some parts of them very picturesque. It was always reckoned, except by its members, a dependency of the Inner Temple. They asserted its freedom. The matter can never now be settled. The 'Principal and Rulers' of Clifford's Inn exist nominally still, and manage their little estate. For many years it was customary for the Inner Temple to send a message or summons to Clifford's Inn, and the message having been duly and formally received, was left unanswered, and the matter dropped for another year. It will be seen that the position of Clifford's Inn differed from that of Furnival's or any other, where the Inn of Court had originally acquired and held a lease or the freehold. But Clifford's Inn always paid its own way and had its own customs, its great days and its peculiar rules. The rulers paid four pounds a year rent, but otherwise the house, which contains a good hall, a garden, and other refinements and necessities, is practically freehold.

The dinners were quite as ceremonious as those in either of the Temples, and a table was specially provided for what was called the 'Kentish Mess.' What this commemorated I have not been able to discover. Some of the Cliffords were connected with Kent, but not till long after the establishment of the lawyers in their old town house. It was a member of the Kentish mess who performed on certain stated occasions the ceremony of grace. It was not, strictly, saying or even singing grace. Four small loaves, conjoined in the shape of a cross, were brought in by an attendant and placed on the high table in front of the Principal. Standing up, he solemnly dashed the bread on the table before

him. This he did three times amid profound silence. Then the loaves were rapidly passed down to the last man in the Kentish mess, who, clasping them in his arms, rushed with them from the hall. Some poor women used to wait without for the loaves and other gifts after a dinner. It must not be supposed that the dinners were without some grace, for they began with the words, 'Pro hoc convivio, Deo gratia.' No speeches were allowed, and but two toasts, 'Ancient and Honourable'—referring, of course, to the house—and 'Absent Members.' The lawyers used the old arms of the Clifford family, 'chequée or and azure, a fess gules;' to this they added 'a bordure, bezantee, of the third.' Dugdale omits the bezants, which some may have considered too direct an allusion to the golden harvest many of the members no doubt reaped.

In a former chapter I have mentioned the arduous labours of Sir Matthew Hale in settling the numerous boundary disputes which grew out of the Great Fire. The

Commissioners, of whom he was the chief, sat in the hall of Clifford's Inn to hear the cases brought before them, from which, and other reasons, we gather that though the south side of Fleet Street was consumed, and some parts of the Temple, the north side escaped. Both Coke and Selden are mentioned as having lived as students in Clifford's Inn, but there is little to connect it with general history. What little there is in the way of tangible antiquity is fast perishing, but when I remember the region first it comprised a group of very curious and interesting buildings. Among them were the Rolls institutions, at that time more or less in a transitional state, gradually developing into the great department they have now become; the Serjeants' Inn, Chancery Lane, and Clifford's Inn, peculiar to lawyers, all hemmed in and kept together in their corner by St. Dunstan's Church.

The serjeants finally ceased out of Chancery Lane in 1876. For many years the order had been an anachronism. Originally, it seems likely, a branch of the Templars, possibly their lay or even their religious servants, they gradually developed into a separate order, and occupied a corner, very plainly marked on any map, of the Templars' territory. I am aware that Mr. Foss, as quoted with approval by Mr. Wheatley, asserts that the serjeants settled in Chancery Lane before Fleet Street, and fortifies this opinion by a reference to Dugdale. But every day I live I see more clearly how necessary it is always to verify quotations. I have done so in this case, and find that Mr. Foss has wholly misinterpreted the meaning of Dugdale. Nay, if Dugdale had said what Mr. Foss seems to think he did, I should have ventured to differ with him. He does say that he finds the Chancery Lane house mentioned as early as 1393. He also finds the serjeants in the Fleet Street house early in the reign of Henry VI., 'if not before.' But if we look at a plan of the Temple we shall see that this Fleet Street house is cut off from the territory of the Templars, and that at the time it was first settled the same wall or line of wall separated both from the territory of the White Friars. I have already touched upon the subject, which bears the double disadvantage of being exceedingly obscure and not exceedingly interesting.

The judges, theoretically at least, were supposed to be chosen from among the King's 'servientes,' and, until the abolition of the order, when a lawyer was nominated a judge his first act was to get himself admitted a serjeant. Lord Campbell is thus quoted by Mr. Wheatley:—'First I was made a serjeant, and then my patent writ as Chief Justice was handed to me, and having taken many strange oaths my title to hang, draw, and quarter was complete.' This ceremony cost nearly 700*l.* The 'coif' appears to have been a linen cap to wear under the wig. In the east every good Moslem shaves his head and wears a coarse woollen cap, called a fez, or a tarboosh, according to the pattern, but under it he always places a white linen cap, or coif. Perhaps the Templars brought it home from the Holy Land, and perhaps their first 'servientes' may have been Oriental prisoners.

The Fleet Street house, adjoining the Temple, was abandoned by the serjeants before the end of the eighteenth century, and pulled down to make way for private houses and insurance offices. The visitor may seek to it for antiquities now in vain, except for the initials 'S. I.' and a date, 1669, which is on one house. This would answer to the rebuilding after the fire of 1666.

The Serjeants' Inn in Chancery Lane may still be seen. You enter through an archway and find yourself in a very narrow court of not very old houses, bounded on the further side by a railing, through which is a view of grass and trees belonging to some other institution. You have to look long and carefully before you make out the little hall, now a lawyer's office, with its windows and its clock, all in good—too good—repair, and with but the smallest possible claims to be picturesque. However, we may be glad they were not utterly destroyed in February, 1877, when the brotherhood dissolved itself, sold the hall with its five painted windows for 57,100*l.*, and divided the proceeds among themselves, a

proceeding much commented upon at the time. They had the generosity, however, not to sell the portraits of their predecessors, but sent them, to the number of twenty-six, to the National Portrait Gallery.

Immediately to the north of Serjeants' Inn—and just now exposed to the public gaze from Chancery Lane, as the row of houses in the street has been pulled down—is the Chapel of the Rolls, and, close behind it, the Record Office, with its vast Gothic tower, designed

by Pennethorne. The Liberty of the Rolls is a parish in itself, and was set apart, with a house and chapel, by Henry III. for the reception of converted Jews. The records of the house are probably in existence and may some day see the light. The Jews in Spain founded some of the most illustrious families of the Peninsula; and it would be exceedingly interesting if we could find out the descendents of some of the converts of Henry III. among our English aristocracy. But the decree of 1290, by which the Jews were banished, very soon put an end to the use of the house in Chancery Lane, and in 1377 it was annexed to the then newly founded office of Master of the Rolls. Nearly all the domestic

buildings have now disappeared, and it is said that the Chapel, which, like the gate nearly opposite, and so many other Gothic buildings in London, dates from the time of the Tudors, is to be turned into a kind of museum of rare documents from the adjoining Record Office. I have already spoken of the monuments.

Behind the Rolls, south of a long railing, is a green space, carpeted with grass and shaded with trees, and surrounded on two sides by old buildings. We look down into it from the steps of the Record Office, and when, also, we enter the old court of Serjeants' Inn, we see it beyond an iron gateway eastward. This is the old garden of Clifford's Inn. It is bordered on the south by a very picturesque group of old houses with deep cornices and tiled roofs, among which, almost adjoining the Hall of the Serjeants, is the little Hall of the Inn, both with their great clock-faces proclaiming that they belong, though not many yards apart, to different establishments. The windows are full of heraldry, and among the shields we can easily distinguish the chequers of the Cliffords. Passing through an archway we reach a little court, if possible smaller than that of Serjeants' Inn, and find the hall on the north side, and three or four doors to separate houses of the greatest possible irregularity of plan facing it on the opposite side. One of the openings admits to a second passage, and by it we emerge close to the front or Fleet Street porch of the church of St. Dunstan-in-the-West, feeling very much as if we had emerged from the labyrinth of a warren. As we shall see in the next chapter, Clifford's Inn has no monopoly of the beauty of the Inns of Chancery; but nothing can be more striking to the unaccustomed visitor than the sudden plunge from the noise and bustle and hurry, and dust or mud of Fleet Street, into the calm, quiet, green recesses of the little garden among the old houses behind the church. Maitland's account is delightfully matter-of-fact and unpoetical, but most accurate. Writing in 1756, he says the garden is an airy place and neatly kept, 'being enclosed with a palisade pale, and adorned with rows of lime-trees set round the grass plats and gravel walks.'

W. J. Loftie.

## THE BAPTISM OF JESUS CHRIST

BY LUCAS VAN LEYDEN. REPRODUCED BY AMAND DURAND

THIS engraving, though it bears no date, is supposed, by Bartsch, to have been produced about the year 1510, and his opinion on this point seems to be generally accepted. This means that it was the performance of a lad of sixteen, though of one who had for years studied with infinite diligence, and produced works of such merit as had already given him a reputation. Being the son of a painter, and the pupil of Cornelius Engelbrechtsen, he was early initiated into the secrets of art, and pursued it with extraordinary earnestness, taking up by turns oil painting, water-colours, engraving on copper and wood, &c. A feverish eagerness and absorption in his work is said to have marked him through life, and in all probability to have cut short his days. Vasari shows a warm appreciation of his cleverness, and dwells at some length on his principal works. 'The composition of his pictures,' he says, 'has always so much propriety, and they are expressed with so much clearness, that it seems as if the event that he was treating could not have happened differently. Besides this, he practised an ingenious discretion in engraving his plates, all the objects as they recede from view being touched more lightly, so that they appear gradually to lose themselves, as things in nature do lose themselves to the eye that sees them from afar; and he did this with so soft an effect that it could not have been done better with colour, and this discrimination of his has opened the eyes of many painters.'

# PABLO OF SEGOVIA

## ILLUSTRATED BY DANIEL VIERGE

FEW English people have read Quevedo or know anything of his history. 'Pablo' first appeared in the early years of the seventeenth century, at the same time with 'Don Quixote.' The author was born in 1580, and as this book was published in 1604 or 1605, he would then be twenty-four years old. About that time Lipsius called him the *magnum decus Hispanorum*. He did not lack other high commendations, for Lope de Vega called him 'the miracle of nature, the ornament of the age,' and Cervantes, probably in reference to his verses, declared that he was 'the son of Apollo.' It is possible that the accounts of his accomplishments may have been exaggerated, but there is evidence enough that he was a witty and very accomplished man. He is said to have possessed almost all the knowledge of his time, to have read all the learned languages and spoken most of the modern. He had an immense memory, a lively imagination, and wonderful readiness in the use of his faculties. After a busy and adventurous life, which I have not space to narrate, Quevedo was accused by an unscrupulous minister of writing some verses which were placed under the King's napkin at table. Without any opportunity for defending himself, Quevedo was cast into prison, and lost his health completely during a detention of four years. After his release he tried to resume his literary work, but did so with much difficulty, and died soon afterwards at the age of sixty-five.

'Pablo of Segovia' is classed as one of the best novels of the sort called 'picaresque.' This word comes from the Spanish *picaro*, equivalent to the English *rascal*, meaning that the subject of the book is the career of a rascal, with its incidents. The three most famous picaresque novels in the world are 'Lazarillo of Tormes,' by Mendoza, 'Pablo,' and 'Gil Blas.' It is a kind of literature in which the laugh is always on the side of low cunning and unscrupulous vice against the simplicity of decent people who do not foresee the devilish ingenuity of the *picaro*. Although these stories contain many passages which are disgusting, and even revolting, they live by their wit and by the ill-nature that makes so many readers chuckle with satisfaction when an honest man get the worst of it in his dealings with a rogue. I notice that the translator of this edition has expurgated it considerably, without which it could not have been offered to decent folks in England. It is not, however, merely the indecency or the filth of these compositions which is unpleasant, but their low tone, their lack of delicacy and generosity—as, for example, when Lazarillo constantly cheats his master who is easy to cheat by reason of his blindness.

For these reasons I rather regret that an artist of such consummate talent as M. Vierge should have lent a new vogue to 'Pablo.' I know that 'Pablo' is not likely to perish, but though his illustrator cannot extend the duration of his life, he can extend his fame, and this is what he has unquestionably done. Without Vierge, Mr. Fisher Unwin would not have published the present translation.*

It is prefaced by a commentary on Vierge as a draughtsman by Mr. Pennell, and an interesting essay on Quevedo by Mr. Watts. As our business is with the illustrations, the first concerns us more than the second. Mr. Pennell does not confine himself to expressing his admiration for Vierge, which from its incompatibility with envy or jealousy,

* 'Pablo de Segovia, the Spanish Sharper.' Translated from the original of Francesco de Quevedo-Villegas, illustrated with one hundred and ten drawings by Daniel Vierge, together with comments on them by Joseph Pennell, and an Essay on the Life and Writings of Quevedo by Henry Edward Watts. (London: Published by T. Fisher Unwin. 1892.)

is very creditable to him, but he goes rather out of his way to attack Dürer, Vandyke, Holbein, and Raphael, describing a famous picture by the last as 'a blatant piece of shoddy commercialism.' I have not space to defend those not inconsiderable artists, if they needed it. When, however, Mr. Pennell blames the British nation for not having placed drawings by Keene and Sandys in the national collections, I think I may say that the habit of waiting a little is not bad for national collections. Mr. Pennell affirms that 'the theory of art is of no value, and the practice is everything.' This is frequently said by artists, but, in

conversation, they constantly propound theories themselves, though in an informal manner; in fact, good practice is invariably founded upon some kind of theory, however imperfectly stated. Leonardo da Vinci knew this when he wrote 'of those who apply themselves to the practice without having learnt the theory of art.' He compared them, quite justly, to mariners without rudder or compass.

Now, to come to M. Vierge himself. His real name is Urrabieta, but on settling in France he adopted that of his mother, which the French can remember more easily. An autobiography, purporting to be written by Vierge, is published in French before the essay on Quevedo. It is dated February 2nd, 1892. Why print it in this form? In reality it was not written by Vierge, nor even dictated by him, nor was the proof submitted to Vierge for his correction. It contains no less than twenty-one faults, and it only occupies

two-thirds, or at most three-quarters, of a page. If a piece of English, equally erroneous, had appeared in a French publication, it would have made England 'merry' once again.

If Mr. Fisher Unwin is not particular about the correction of his proofs, he has spared no pains to do full justice to the drawings. The first edition, published by Bonhoure, of the Rue de Fleurus, was a handy volume, well and tastefully printed, but the drawings

were too much reduced, so that whilst they gained the appearance of delicacy and minuteness, particularly of a minuteness that was not in the originals, they failed to do justice to the power of the artist's handling. This is usually the case when reduction is excessive, it gives an appearance of delicacy at the cost of manual force. In the present edition the reduction is not excessive, and the consequence is that the purchaser of the volume possesses copies which do as much justice to the originals as can be reasonably expected. M. Gillot, the reproducer, did his best, and repeatedly sacrificed blocks that would have been quite good enough for an ordinary book or for illustrated journalism. For

work that is intended to be of quite first-rate excellence I may be permitted to doubt whether it is wise to print along with typography at all. The draughtsman has two anxieties: first about the reproducer, who may make his lines either heavier or disconnected, and then about the printer, who is likely to increase their heaviness. I have examined a certain number of these proofs by the side of the original drawings, aud have found them generally heavier. I mean that the lines are always thickened in the fine shades, and often in outlines too. Vierge has a way of putting a grey shade in his backgrounds. In the originals the lines of this shading are always remarkably clear and fine; in the reproductions they are often thicker and darker, as well as spotty and broken. On page 107 there is a monk with a huge beard playing cards, his right hand on some money. That hand, with the hairs on it, was originally drawn in very fine lines; in the book they are thicker and blacker. The shade under the table was grey; it is now represented by broad black strokes. I made an interesting experiment this year with a drawing by Vierge. I had it reproduced (like those illustrating 'Pablo') for typographic printing, when the faults were those just described. I then had the same drawing reproduced in *héliogravure*, for plate-printing, when the lines were *almost* as fine, and the tones *almost* as accurately distinguished as in the original drawing. The artist disliked the first attempt, but was perfectly satisfied with the second. There is a small error in what Mr. Pennell says of the practice of Vierge, which it is perhaps a duty to correct, because it may mislead others in technical practice, otherwise I should have passed it without notice. He says that Vierge uses a glass pen, like an old stylus, and prefers it to all others. The fact is that a friend once gave him a glass pen, which he soon broke, and he has never felt tempted to replace it. He uses Gillott's ordinary steel drawing-pens. Mr. Pennell has a strong admiration for Vierge's technique, but does not analyse it. The drawings may be broadly divided into the following categories:—

1. *Pure line.*—Example: Two men behind a pillar, a bench in foreground (page 170).

2. *Line and black blot.*—Examples: An antechamber, two gentlemen passing through it, domestics bowing (page 33); also head of Pablo in bed (page 41).

3. *Line, black blot, and grey shade.*—Examples: Monk on a donkey (page 99); Beggars putting on ragged clothes (page 151).

4. *Grey shade and slight outline.*—Swineherd with a horn (page 165).

5. *Line, shade, and black blot*, on a ground tinted with flat grey (page 229).

6. *Fuller, but not complete tonality.*—Interior lighted by a lantern, man kneeling, cloaked figures advancing (opposite page 62).

These include the whole of the illustrations to 'Pablo,' but the artist has executed drawings in Indian ink and Chinese white which are complete in tonality or very nearly so. They are not properly reproducible by any typographic process, but may be interpreted successfully by heliogravure on copper-plates.

The artist's technical success is due, first, to his frank acceptance of the rather severe restrictions implied by the short analysis given above, and, next, his curiously intelligent mixture of clear and accurate delineation with slight and rapid sketching. Some artists can sketch cleverly, but not with any accuracy; others draw carefully and truly, but not with the sketcher's deftness, ease, and sleight-of-hand. Vierge has both powers in perfection, and uses one or the other at will. His drawing is as careful as that of the most studious painters, he takes quite as much pains with it as they do; his sketching is as easy and brilliant as that of the most accomplished etchers. It is not with Vierge as with other artists of whom we are compelled to say that their landscape is fine and their figures bad, or that they can draw figures but not animals, or that they understand furniture but not architecture. Everything that Vierge sets himself to draw, he draws with knowledge and truth, and over and above his observation and veracity he has a most lively and active power of invention and a Shakespearian faculty of delineating 'all sorts and conditions of

men.' I do not know any artist, painter or illustrator, who sets his personages better on their legs, who puts more life and nature into attitudes, whether dignified or familiar, or in whom there is a clearer sense of the various shades of meaning that can be conveyed by the attitudes of the human body. In the way of grotesque pomposity could anything exceed the ridiculous grandee on page 87? And what excellent figures are the two on mule-back on page 79, seen from behind! The one whose face you cannot see is quite as interesting as

he whose animated countenance is made visible to us. Very few artists can put a rider properly on a horse. M. Vierge's cavaliers ride as if they were accustomed to it, and his horses are trained to their work. There was a capital sketch of five horsemen in the first edition, an illustration to the opening chapter, which I regret to say does not appear in the present.

The reader may look for some general expression of opinion about the rank that Vierge occupies amongst contemporary artists. One cannot fairly establish any comparison with painters, because they have to contend against difficulties of colour and quality which occupy much of their time, and leave proportionately less for free and discursive invention. It is not

too much to say that in the invention of groups the present volume contains enough to last forty Academicians for a year; but their work has to be carried so much farther that the comparison, after all, is an idle one. Vierge intended to be a painter, and his colour studies (some of which I know) were promising. Had he remained a painter he would have been a clever one, with a masterly manual style. However, one need not be a painter to be a great artist, and that Vierge assuredly is. He has some faculties in the highest perfection. His power of making people live and move is superlative, his humorous invention is delightful, his memory of all kinds of form and details is such as to make him almost independent of models, and there is a cunning in the use of innumerable accessories that makes them all seem exactly in their proper places. He understands both elegance and vulgarity, and has the rarest comic power; for example, the prim devout woman marching to mass with her beads in her hand, and a grotesque cripple looking up to her (page 55). This is one of the most perfect humorous drawings of the present century. I will even go further, and say that, all things considered, and for reasons too long to enumerate, it seems to me the most perfect humorous design that I have ever seen. Another great source of strength in Vierge is his learning—I do not mean scholarship, but his knowledge of things that are or once were visible.* All the delightful bits of background in this volume are not thrown in carelessly, but are really bits of old Spain—I do not mean copied literally, but invented in strict conformity to the old Spanish picturesque. Nor does this fidelity come simply from an archaic spirit; it is due to a desire for truth generally, as Vierge is quite as careful to be true when dealing with the most modern subjects—for example, the Paris Commune. Another kind of learning in Vierge is his thorough education as a draughtsman. As he intended to be a painter, he went through a regular painter's education, beginning at the age of thirteen in the School of Fine Arts at Madrid.

Every one has his limits. Vierge is a completely equipped illustrator for such works as this of Quevedo, but he is not a poet, having no sense of the sublime. He would illustrate 'Don Quixote' or 'Gil Blas' better than any one who has ever lived, but a prudent publisher would never ask him to illustrate Milton.

A comparison with Doré suggests itself, and may be instructive. It is the fashion now to despise Doré as if he had not been a man of real genius; but he *was* a man of genius, and so rare in his own way that there has never been an illustrator comparable to him for exuberance and fecundity of imagination. Doré really had the sense of the sublime, and in a still higher degree that of the grotesque; but he never was a man of culture, either in the artistic or scholarly sense—indeed, it is very likely that high culture, with the fastidiousness that usually comes of it, would have been a bar to his facile productiveness. Vierge is much narrower, but at the same time far more perfect in his speciality, and for such work as the illustration of 'Pablo,' or 'Gil Blas,' or 'Don Quixote,' his rank is simply first. I mean to say there has never been a draughtsman of any kind, whether painter, or etcher, or designer for book-illustration, who could interpret works of this class with so much liveliness of invention, such perfect knowledge, and such indisputable mastery of all the resources of his art.

P. G. Hamerton.

* This is really learning, though of a peculiar kind. A learned French historian came to visit me whilst 'Pablo' was on the table. After examining it he said, 'The artist is a better historian than we are.' I may add that the learned man in question has devoted much time to the history of Spain.

## STUDY OF A LION

BY SIR EDWIN LANDSEER

THIS study is one of a pair which were exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1869, and which, as Mr Algernon Graves says in his catalogue of Sir E. Landseer's works, were presented by the artist to his friend, Thomas Hyde Hills, Esq., by whom they were bequeathed to the National Gallery. The year 1869 was the year that saw the last of the painter's great pictures, *The Swannery Invaded by Eagles*. But a short time before, the work which had occupied him for so many years, the modelling of the Lions of the Nelson Monument, had been finally brought to a conclusion, and they had been set in their place in Trafalgar Square. It would seem as if his mind could not detach itself from the subject, but still lingered about the massive form of the royal beast. He had felt its attraction from a child, had studied it perseveringly at Exeter Change, and had given time to dissecting it, when, fortunately for him, one chanced to die. Again and again in the catalogue it appears as the subject of paintings or etchings. But it was not the ferocity of the savage beast or the fierce excitement of the chase which attracted him, but rather he was moved by a kind of Egyptian admiration of the majestic form of the great body and the grandeur of its repose.

## THE LAST OF GEORGE CRUIKSHANK'S DRAWINGS

THE British Museum Print Room, which previously contained a good collection of drawings by George Cruikshank, and an almost pre-eminent body of etchings and other prints by him, was, about a year ago, still further enriched by the artist's widow's gift of a stupendous assemblage of his sketches, eleven hundred and forty-one in number, besides tracings from his works made by himself for various purposes and on several occasions, as well as books of diverse kinds, and manuscripts, all of which are associated with him, his studies, and his productions. The drawings proper are mostly in pencil, but many are in colours or ink, while a numerous proportion combine all these materials on one sheet of paper. They include series of independent designs, and studies for parts of compositions, etched and otherwise produced, and published as well as unpublished; with these are scraps and designs more or less complete, elaborate, and complex.

The compositions proper and at large embody groups of figures of bipeds, human and otherwise, quadrupeds and animals of strange device. Some of these instances are of great variety, and were made for, or are related to, such important works of 'George's' as Pierce Egan's 'Life in Paris,' 'Peter Schlemihl,' 'Tim Bobbin,' 'Punch and Judy,' and 'Humphry Clinker.' Many of these relics of Cruikshank's draughtsmanship contain great numbers, literally hundreds, of small, deftly drawn, and intensely animated figures in crowded compositions delineating difficult subjects; single figures are the exceptions, and numerous groups the rule. With these are not a few relatively large landscapes and seascapes, or coast scenes, such as *The Pier at Margate*, which excels in an extraordinary abundance of neat and crisp details, and is a sort of panorama of the interesting edifice whose name it bears, with the adjoining esplanade, the road leading to the latter, the craft in the harbour, and the straggling suburbs of the town now known as the 'Jews' Paradise,' but which, when Cruikshank sat down before its then leading features, was a pleasant, neat, and, even at that date, a somewhat old-fashioned watering-place, erst indebted for its prosperity to the famous

'Margate Hoys,' which many a decade previously had flourished in conveying happy Cockneys and their spouses to the 'seaside.' In the time of Cruikshank's drawing, the hoys, their joys and miseries, to say nothing of legendary dangers of the passengers being captured by a French *chasse-marée*, were not quite unknown or forgotten, although the maritime business of the town was carried on by steamers, such as we see in Turner's early pictures — gaily painted vessels, with taller funnels than are now in use, and paddles of extreme diameter. These circumstances will give just ideas of the great length of Cruikshank's art-life, extending as it did through a period of sixty years. In this remarkable drawing we have, besides the above, the gently sloping fields and the curving roads, whose perspective is given with consummate skill and facility delightful to draughtsmen whose own ability enables them to appreciate most highly the felicity of 'George's' touch. The old-world vehicles upon the roads are very curious. These, and hosts of close and minute details, attest the topographical value of such drawings, and their interest for the observer and historian of costumes and manners. The artist's skill goes without question, and every touch affirms his veracity — amazing patience in labours that could not have been less than exacting in regard to so fiery an element as Cruikshank's genius, which may be said to have bound itself in fetters of iron while *Margate Pier* was a-doing. And yet this drawing is only one — by no means the largest, most minute, or most complex — of an extraordinary assemblage of similar examples. The most amazing proof of Cruikshank's indomitable industry and resource in this line is the large plate of the opening of the Great Exhibition of 1851, in which he surpassed himself and other draughtsmen of *minutiae*. This prodigious work hardly, on the present occasion, comes within the purview of the writer, who is, in this respect, fortunate, insomuch as, to do such justice as the pen may render to the pencil, it would need at least three pages of THE PORTFOLIO for the purpose. Whoso has not seen this culminating example has no adequate idea of our subject as a designer and draughtsman of a host of little figures diversely occupied, numerous and alert as flies.

*THE SALE OF THE SHADOW OF PETER SCHLEMIHL.*

In addition to the above, many smaller instances of Cruikshank's industry exhibit simple figures and things, or fragments of them, such as heads, faces, hands and feet, and even shoes and door-scrapers and shoe-ties, besides studies for recognisable portraits of eminent worthies of his time, details of furniture, architecture, jewellery, trees, and what not. All these apparent trifles are due to the artist's resolution to be as accurate as he was sincere and exhaustively informed. The total number of these instances, which I have already given, is due to the official computation; it affords, however, a very inadequate idea of the wealth of Mrs. Cruikshank's gift, because it refers to sheets of paper only, each of which, let it be remembered, preserves at least one drawing crowded with matter, while some of the sheets are covered with twenty sketches, all told, and of various sizes and degrees of complexity. Roughly reckoned at nine thousand memoranda, the total is indeed great. However this may be, to the sum must be added a prodigious number of sketches and studies which are dispersed here and there, and by twos and threes in private hands, the collections at South Kensington, and the older collection at the British Museum. Before making her present to the latter institution, Mrs. Cruikshank bestowed on the museum at Brompton a numerous, choice, and varied gathering of fine proof etchings, many drawings, and studies of other kinds. To

these gatherings, any one desirous of forming a fair notion of Cruikshank's prodigious industry and fecund inventive powers must needs examine that huge treasury of his works which is at the Westminster Aquarium, and chiefly consists of etchings and prints of all sorts.

The British Museum collection, which is here in view, is characteristic of the artist and his ways, and especially so by means of the materials he employed. Whether it was pencil, ink, chalk, or pigment, mattered not to Cruikshank, who used the one and the other of them with equal facility; not mechanically, in endeavouring to make a pencil do the work of ink, or a piece of chalk act as a substitute for colour, but giving to each of them its proper mode of use, and developing, with the true artistic instinct and aptitude, its best qualities. Like the poet who is renowned among us as 'Paper-sparing Pope,' any scrap of that material served Cruikshank's turn: now it was a dingy envelope which had already gone through the post; next, the back of a letter was loaded with crisp and brilliant memoranda in the deftest draughtsmanship, which, at another time, was exercised on sheets of the now old-fashioned fabric stamped 'London Superfine,' which, despite this attestation of its merits, was, as paper, of undoubted inferiority. Otherwise, much of the *ci-devant* 'Bath Post' had its turn under the designer's hand, and fared well with the more ambitious instances. The various sheets and scraps have not a little pathos about them for the sympathising observer who cares to study them at leisure. So thrifty (in this respect at least) was 'George,' that most of the frayed and soiled relics bear drawings on both sides; accordingly the officers of the Print Room found their duties of sorting and registering the gift which is in question now very complex and difficult. Mr. Fagan deserves much credit for having, with infinite pains and diligence, collated every drawing of this category with the British Museum and other collections of Cruikshank's prints, and for doing this so effectually that he identified the published designs, whether etched or otherwise, for which a very considerable proportion of the studies of detail and designs at large were intended or employed. Having done this, it was comparatively easy, but still a real labour, for him to appropriate to nearly every one of the sketches the number borne by the finished example in that prodigious *opus*, the 'Catalogue of the Works of George Cruikshank,' which, with infinite labour and difficulty, the late Keeper of the Prints compiled during some twelve years of strenuous and complicated effort. By this means the Department of Prints and Drawings is supplied with a handy, if not an exhaustive list, giving references for finding the examples severally of Mrs. Cruikshank's gift to the nation. That

*MRS. MAILSETTER OF 'THE ANTIQUARY.'*

list is not all that might be desired, but it is exact and useful enough for temporary service. Its preparation occupied, I think, not less than fifteen months, and is not likely to be superseded for many a day.

Such are what may be called the chips from Cruikshank's workshop; the raw materials of designs which all the world of character-students has delighted in for many a day; the best and most brilliant record of manners, passions, and costumes as they obtained in this country from the middle age of the 'finest gentleman in Europe' until his niece, who now occupies the throne he filled but indifferently, was approaching her climacteric, and much of the old order had given place to new. Such raw materials are often more precious than the laboriously faceted and polished jewels which the world knows so much better in the etchings, woodcuts, and lithographs of the greatest political and social satirist of the century. What a host these examples are may be guessed by the fact that Reid's great above-mentioned *catalogue raisonné* comprises 5265 entries, anent a very much more numerous aggregate of specimens such as I have suggested: a marvellous record of one man's wealth of thought, fancy, and skill. By way of verifying every one of these 'chips,' 'George,' with rare zeal and diligence, wrote in ink or otherwise his name upon it, and in the always familiar manner which the reader will observe upon several of the facsimiles which, with this paper, aptly illustrate his practice and his wit. The shaking of the penmanship in some of these numerous signatures is pathetic, insomuch as it is a sign of 'George's' failing touch and declining strength.

*A CAB-DRIVER.*

On the whole, therefore, we could hardly hope for more interesting and intimate glimpses at the art-life of Cruikshank than this collection offers. It would be possible, or rather easy, to study by this means the development of some of the most brilliant of his ideas. Thus, the specimen which bears Reid's No. 613 displays very nearly the whole development, from stage to stage, of the first-rate etching of Belzoni, that renowned explorer of the ancient Egyptian world, whose fortune it was to be among the first to lift Time's veil from the buried cities of the Nile, the first to dig at Abousambul, and to open the Second Pyramid. This hero of travel ended his days in a village on the west coast of Africa, and was buried under a palm-tree there, after a most honourable and adventurous life, the active part of which was begun in a booth of Bartholomew Fair,* and in the character of a 'strong man' who balanced five adults on his shoulders. On the right shoulder of this strange Hercules is perched John Thomas Smith, the author of 'Nollekens and his Times,' and quondam Keeper of the Prints, as stated in a note added by Cruikshank himself to the impression of his etching which is included in the widow's gift. 'Eliza,' who is named on one of the instances here in view, was 'George's' sister; her pretty face and graceful head are creditable to the draughtsman's taste, which did not always exercise itself in such refined lines. Belzoni's portrait is in full front view, and one of the best likenesses of a very remarkable man, whose career was one of the least likely to bring him into relationship with the renowned satiric artist.

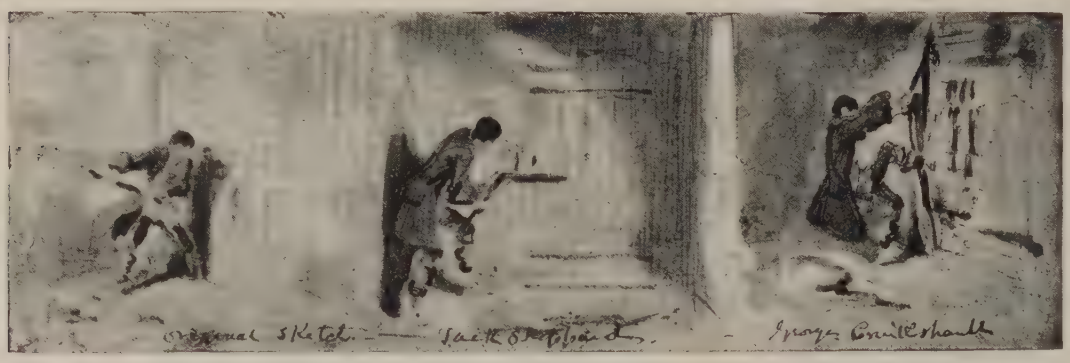
* This circumstance does not appear in Mr. Morley's 'Memoirs' of the ancient nuisance in question.

Cruikshankians welcome with zest and pleasure anything which adds to their knowledge of their idol's surprisingly fine and wealthy series of designs to illustrate 'Punch and Judy.' The newly added collection, to which it is my privilege to call for notice, is very rich in matter concerning that masterpiece of wit, observation, and fun. This matter is the more curious and honourable to the artist's memory, because not only are its elements unusually vigorous and spirited, but in all their details they affirm with what amazing patience and ready skill he had studied the great peripatetic tragedy to which Board schools are giving,

*THE POINT OF HONOUR.*

if they have not already given, the *coup de grace* of a universal priggishness and a mechanical grinding in 'the standards,' which may be teaching, but is not education. Cruikshank, whose deeper sympathies, like those of Hogarth, went below the surface of satire, and generally touched sardonically upon the bases of his themes, looked upon 'Punch and Judy' in its epic and moral, as well as in its dramatic and pathetic, aspects; but he omitted no atom of the fun. Accordingly, it is manifest in the collection before us that he had attended numerous performances in the street, and, with a flying pencil, sketched not only the aspects of the tyrant and his hardly-used spouse, but the conduct, air, manner, and demeanour of Toby, and even to a 'Bow-wow!' observed that worthy animal's comments on those painful and humiliating scenes of domestic strife of which it was his misfortune to be a passive witness, until gallantry, not less than pity for the pangs of Mrs. Punch, compelled the dog to seize his master by the nose. Nor was drawing Cruikshank's sole

resource and record of the peripatetic drama. Far from this, the thorough-going artist carefully noted in pencil below his sketches those leading points in the dialogues and soliloquies which add so much pathos to the piece, and so strongly emphasise its moral lessons. It is easy to see that Cruikshank did not believe in the reformation and regeneration of Mr. Punch as a man. If it was otherwise, why did he give to the despot's face so stern and fierce an expression as pervades a certain capital full-size study in colours, which was evidently taken from the life, and gives to his carnations the inauspicious yellowness



*THREE SKETCHES FOR 'JACK SHEPPARD.'*

of nature dashed with brandy and urged by habitual wrath? There is a second study of the same subject, made apparently when the persecutor's courage was low and the roses were leaving his cheeks, which is a gem of spirit, fun, and mock gravity. Other studies (most of which are in colours) of expression and action occur in the group in question. They

*THE 'THREE TUNS.'*

*A DUET.*

were evidently made as required for the series, and their variety and verisimilitude, not less than their numbers, attest the care and patience of George Cruikshank when at work upon a subject which moved him and suited him. Cruikshankians know that some of his subjects, *e.g.*, 'Paradise Lost,' moved, but did not suit him. There were a few subjects which, while suiting him perfectly, as one would fain think, did not move him.

In no respect was he happier than in the 'Punch' series, which suited him 'to a T,' and where he excelled in delineating the sadder hours of the oppressor who, in one design, being a defeated tyrant, appears in the dumps. Elsewhere, where Punch triumphs and is rash as well as cruel, not even Charles Keene himself, great as he was with the policeman of a later age, approached Cruikshank in preserving the lineaments of the members of the 'force' during its earlier days. So serene and meek, and yet withal so steadfastly courageous, are Cruikshank's policemen, and so thoroughly stone, stick, kick, and insult-proof are many of

them, that it is clear they were drafted from that noble body, the constabulary of Ireland, in order to teach their Metropolitan brethren the virtues of forbearance and humility when opposed to cowardly roughs and foul-mouthed jades rampant. Of the police-victims these studies comprise a goodly number, apart from those of the 'Punch' category, which, by the way, terminates in an amazing design of a terrific combat of 'characters.'

*A DUTCHMAN.*

The same care and sustained attention to which I have alluded, as characteristic of Cruikshank in his best days, and of the vigour which inspired him when a subject took his fancy, are very obvious in the group of designs illustrating 'Peter Schlemihl' which abound at the British Museum. One of 'George's' most brilliant and sympathetic glosses, on any text which occupied him, was developed in regard to that part of the story which describes the sale of Peter's shadow to the Tempter. It is nobody's business to inquire what this personage intended to do with his purchase, but that Cruikshank made it clear how much he valued the article may be taken from one of the facsimiles before the reader, where the fiend—having paid the money, whereof the purse is full which Peter holds in his hand (while he nervously looks back over his shoulder and seems doubtful of his client's intentions)—stoops to the ground and deliberately, much as a tailor folds up a customer's breeches, and, as if it would be like to break or chip in the operation, doubles the shadow upon itself with care. The sketch before the reader is one of five designs, all different, made by the artist ere he was satisfied with the group and the attitudes and actions of Peter and the Devil. The next cut to be noticed is one of the designer's best hits; in it we have his first idea of the air, expression, manner, and costume of Mrs. Mailsetter of 'The Antiquary,' Scott's postmistress at Fairport, as, in her own back parlour, and in the presence of Mrs. Shortcake and Mrs. Heukbane, the baker's and the butcher's wives, she 'telescoped' poor Jenny Caxon's love-letter. Here are, besides those of the figure, studies for the head and hands of the woman. The third sketch to which I shall call attention is a rough memorandum of cab-driving as it was practised in our fathers' later days, when the vehicle was mounted on very high wheels, and consisted of a sort of upright, narrow box, over which and behind it a very lofty hood was erected, and could be drawn forward to some extent, but not nearly enough to protect the fare from the weather. The extremely sensitive springs of this 'machine' caused its burthen to rock and shake on the elevated perch in a most uncomfortable manner. The driver sat on the right of his fare, on a little shelf-like seat outside the aforesaid box, and Cruikshank's study of such a man is very true and spirited. Our next illustration is from 'Points of Humour' (1823), a sketch for the first plate, called *The Point of Honour*. The story illustrated is that of an American officer who having declined a challenge and being insulted as a coward, lights a hand-grenade and throws it on the floor, inviting his assailants to await the explosion with him. Three smaller sketches, made apparently with a brush in ink, embody original ideas for the illustration of Mr. Harrison Ainsworth's romance of thievery and murder—the well-known 'Jack Sheppard.' They speak for themselves. The design of a contrast between a fat lady and her thin friend seated at an upright piano and playing a duet, as well as the funny sketch of three fat men hilariously gossiping before the entrance of 'The Three

*A SAILOR.*

Tuns,' and the figures of the sailor and the Dutchman, I have not been able to refer to their histories, *i.e.*, I do not know if they belong to any sequences of designs or special subjects. They may be taken as attesting Cruikshank's facility and the extreme precision of his touch.

It was said of William Hunt, the water-colour painter, that he would never draw even a pin without a model, and the saying, though an exaggeration, is honourable to one who was resolved to give to everything he drew so much character as was to be found in nature only. It was surely much better to draw from a pin than from mere memory of one. In the same spirit as Hunt's, it is easy to find Cruikshank truthfully working whenever reference to nature was practicable and easy. Examples are innumerable in the Museum collection of his drawings, but I do not know an apter or a less commonplace one than that which is afforded by the assembly of studies and sketches used for an etching which everybody knows, because, with infinite spirit and fun, it shows how an over-zealous and very deaf chamber-maid with a short memory, having got it into her head that she had left her warming-pan in the bed of a gentleman who, as it happened, was troubled with a wooden leg, returned to his room, where seeing the supposititious member's end sticking from between the sheets, and taking it for the handle of her pan, laid hold of and vigorously pulled at it, much to the discomfiture of the proprietor, who grasped the sheets and cried aloud for mercy, while she, looking deafer than ever, only pulled the harder. It is not every one who can draw a wooden leg *impromptu;* and so Cruikshank (who undoubtedly could have done it better than most of us) seems to have thought, for he made separate studies from nature of the turnery and mouldings of the unusual article in question, as well as of the method and means by which the wearer should be attached to it. This is drawing the pin with a vengeance, but whoever has recognised the fact that there is a conventional and appropriate manner of turning wooden legs will not hesitate to admit that Cruikshank did right to make studies from 'the life' when he was called upon to delineate one of them.

F. G. Stephens.

## MR. HOLLYER'S PLATINOTYPES

THE excellent photographs from pictures which Mr. Hollyer has been producing for many years past are very well known, but those who know them best cannot fail to be struck with the richness of the collection now that is exhibited for the first time on the walls of the Dudley Gallery. It consists chiefly of the works of three artists, G. F. Watts, D. G. Rossetti, and E. Burne Jones, and therefore includes many of the most remarkable productions of the English School of our time, all strongly marked by warmth of imagination and nobility of style. But the collection contains also works by F. Sandys, S. Solomon, Albert Moore, some members of the New English Art Club, and other modern artists, as well as reproductions of certain of the Elgin marbles and of paintings by old masters. Of the excellence of Mr. Hollyer's work, which has undeniably a character of its own, it is scarcely necessary to speak. It does not consist in unusual clearness of detail, or remarkable cleverness in overcoming difficulties of colour, but in genuine artistic feeling and such sympathy with the style of the artist—and especially of the three artists already named—as gives to his reproductions what may not improperly be called style. Being now printed by the platinotype process, it may be hoped, and indeed assumed, that they have the merit of permanence.

NOVEMBER 1.—The autumn exhibition at the New Gallery has come under the lash of the critics for being a *réchauffé*, but it is none the less interesting for that. Indeed, pictures which have been seen before often make a more fascinating show than a crowd of fresh acquaintances. It is both more amusing, and on the whole more useful, to revise old impressions than to collect new. The directors may be more fairly blamed for an over-generous hospitality. Many pictures they have hung have no claim whatever to be taken down from the studio walls of their makers and resubmitted to the public. Among the rest, however, we find many before which we linger willingly. The first number in the catalogue belongs to a picture in which Mrs. De Morgan, better known, perhaps, as Miss Pickering, comes near to rivalling Burne Jones. The *Sea Sisters*, from Hans Andersen's 'Little Sea Maid,' is not quite so gemlike in colour as Burne Jones would have made it, but otherwise it might very well have borne his signature. *Diadumene* is the first sketch for Mr. Poynter's well-known picture, the canvas which so grievously offended the British matron a few years ago; *Whitesand Bay* is a capital example of one of our few original painters, Mr. Hamilton Macallum; in *Cinderella* Mr. Fred Hall has succeeded vastly better with the birds and other accessories than with the figure of poor Aschenpüttel herself; while *In Channel—a Sketch*, by Mr. Ayerst Ingram, is worthy of Mr. Henry Moore, whose work, however, it follows rather too closely. Mr. Collier's portrait of Alma Tadema is altogether too like; it is too content with Mr. Tadema's outside, and too unsuggestive of the powers displayed in his art. The faculty for free conception proved by such pictures as *An Audience at Agrippa's*, *A Pyrrhic Dance*, and *Claudius*, finds no expression in Mr. Collier's *procès verbal*. But Mr. Alma Tadema has less right than any one else to complain of this, for Mr. Collier's manner is modelled faithfully on his. The similarity between this portrait and the large *Hadrian in England* which hangs within a few feet of it, is that between master and pupil. The *Hadrian* improves on acquaintance. When we saw it a few years ago, on its first exhibition, it struck us as perhaps the most unsatisfactory of Tadema's productions. But the few years have made a difference. They have brought the invention, the erudition, the vitalising interest in ancient things of the painter into relief, and they have warmed the tone of his picture. The *Close of Day*, by Mr. J. P. Beadle; *A Passing Cloud*, by Alfred East; and *Shrimps*, by Mr. Napier Hemy—all, we fancy, new—are all good; but what an awful thing is Mr. F. W. W. Topham's *Portrait of the Rev. Dr. Merriman*, and how thoroughly is the reverend doctor to be pitied at having to say 'thank you' for it, if not to hang it up! The finest portrait here is Mr. Watts's famous *Mrs. Percy Wyndham*, one of the most dignified and Venetian of non-Venetian efforts at portraiture. If Mr. Watts had been endowed by nature with just a little more of the scholar's temperament—the desire to perfect—this would have been a faultless thing; as it is, there are weaknesses in the design and stains in the colour which discount our pleasure. Mr. Edward Stott's *Bathers* and Mr. Anderson Hague's *Perwick Bay—a Sketch* are clever 'impressions' of different sorts; Mr. Lorimer's *Pot-pourri* is spoilt by its unpleasant, blankety texture; *The Princess and the Enchanted Prince* is worthy of the power, approaching to genius, of Mrs. Adrian Stokes; and we like Mr. Jacomb Hood's *F. Seymour Haden, Esq., F.R.S.P.E.*, Mr. George Clausen's *Labourers, after Dinner;* Mr. Matthew Hale's *Bathers;* and Mr. Melton Fisher's *Carnival*—some of which we have seen before. The last is vigorous and characteristic, however, rather than pleasing. The most remarkable things in the South Room are Fernand Khnopff's *Who shall deliver me?*—which we don't offer to explain—and Mr. Leslie Thomson's sober, rich, and well-felt little landscape, *A Washing Place, Normandy*. Up in the balcony the visitor will find three things to repay him for his climb: a sketch in pastel, by Mr. W. Llewellyn, for a lady's portrait; and two decorative studies by Mr. W. E. F. Britten—one, a *Boy Blowing a Horn;* the other, a *Boy on a Dolphin*. Mr. Britten's faculty of decorative composition amounts to genius; it would be difficult to find anything more delightful in their way than these two studies. The collection of sculpture is worth a visit for two things—Mr. Onslow Ford's *Shelley* and the sketch for the pediment of the Harris Museum at Preston. We need wait for nothing more expressive both of Shelley the man and Shelley the poetic spirit than Mr. Ford's frank reproduction of nature at her best, while Mr. Mullins's pediment has a fitness and coherence equalled by nothing else of the sort in this country, not even by the pediment—for which Alfred Stevens was partly responsible—of St. George's Hall at Liverpool.

FEW things are better calculated to correct the most ordinary misconception of art than the Exhibition of the Photographic Society of Great Britain. In the large room of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours, some eight hundred photographs, a large proportion purporting to be works of art, are on view, and out of no single one is any real satisfaction to the artistic instinct to be derived. The photographer may be an artist himself; he may arrange his materials as well as the painter in his studio; his line may have the rhythm of an Ingres, his *chiaroscuro* the concentration of a Rembrandt—the impartiality of the lens will neutralise it all. In the result there will be no expression of a personality, and, as a consequence, no creation, and but little art. In truth, this Exhibition, as a whole, embodies a misapprehension of the pursuit it illustrates. Photography, like painting in oil or modelling in bronze, has its own particular conditions, its own special capacities, and the rightly inspired photographer will seek them out and bring them to their highest development. Photographs taken on those principles are, however, comparatively rare. For the very reason that violence or rapidity of action or expression, and very transient effects generally, should be eschewed by the painter, they should be seized upon by the photographer. He has it in his power to supplement the human eye, and to show us things not otherwise to be seen. It is foolish of him to prefer a rivalry in which he is sure to be worsted. Among the photographs to which this criticism does not apply we may name *A Rocket to the Rescue*, by Mr. A. J. Godbold; *Blowing Bubbles*, by Mr. H. Yeo; *The Story of a Cloud*, a series by Mr. Birt Acres; and *Break, break, break, at the foot of thy crags, O Sea*, enlarged from a plate by Mr. Birt Acres by Messrs. Elliott & Son. The last-named is a photograph 7 feet by 5, and contains a mass of information for the sea-painter. *A Pack of Beagles*, by Mr. Henry Stevens, is another thing in which the conditions of the art-science, as its followers like to call it, are observed. Among the less legitimate productions, the best, perhaps, are Mr. Harold Roller's portrait of Mrs. Alma Tadema, *At Home;* Mr. Adam Diston's *Highland Smugglers;* and Mr. H. H. Cameron's *Mr. G. F. Watts at work on his great equestrian statue, 'Vital Energy.'* It would add very much to the interest of these shows if the catalogue were compiled with more generosity. It is most disappointing to come upon a series of charming architectural 'bits,' and then, on turning to the catalogue, to find them described merely as *A Few Old Buildings*. The pride of photography is in truth, so far as it goes, and not in invention; its interest lies in the thing photographed, and so the means of identification should not be withheld.

THE collection of biographies which the publishers of 'L'Art,' taking a hint from Mr. Cundall's 'Great Artists' series, have been publishing for some years past under the title of 'Artistes célèbres,' does more than keep up its average of excellence. The later volumes surpass the earlier, with the consequence that the comparatively little men in art receive more justice than the giants. The biography just published is one of the best. It is from the pen of Mons. Ch. Normand, a recruit so far as this series is concerned, and deals with Greuze. The rehabilitation of Greuze is one of the feats of the present time. Thirty years ago his art was contemned, and a word in his favour was looked upon as proof of vulgarity of mind. Now we have learnt to make room for him. His thoroughness within certain limits, his sense of a certain kind of beauty, and his fitness for reproduction in black and white, have given him a vogue which his want of healthy simplicity

is no longer able to greatly diminish. Mons. Normand is an impartial biographer. He sees the defects in his hero with a very clear eye; sees them, indeed, much more readily than the qualities. To Greuze's monotony, artificiality, and affectation, he is keenly alive, while of his undoubted merits as a layer-on of the paint, he is next to blind. In his best things Greuze shows himself a workman almost of the first class. There are heads, shoulders, and bosoms of young girls painted by him which have seldom been excelled from the point of view of rendering. As a technical painter, his crying defects were in colour—which he was utterly unable to manage in anything of more importance than a study—and in the treatment of textures. On points like these Mons. Normand is not a guide to follow, but on broader grounds his book deserves nothing but praise. It is capitally illustrated. There are eleven plates and fifty-eight reproductions in the text, and if their presence seems to have been determined more by convenience than anything else, that is a defect common to all little books on big subjects.

Readers of The Portfolio will find a great deal to interest them in Miss Margaret Stokes's last book, 'Six Months in the Apennines.' Undertaken originally as a pilgrimage in the footsteps of the Irish saints, Miss Stokes's sojourn in Central Italy led to many discoveries which are of general interest. We don't know, however, that we are justified in using such a phrase. The history of early Christianity in Ireland, and of everything connected with it, should arouse an interest at least as wide as Christendom itself. For to the labours of the early Irish Christians even the most distant civilisation of the European Continent was indebted, and any attempt to recover traces of their energy should be welcomed with all possible warmth. An enumeration of the foreign Celtic monasteries is enough to show the vast importance of that Irish inundation of the Continent which St. Bernard compared to an actual flood. In France there were thirty great monasteries, leaving out of account the 'countless and nameless *Hospitalia Scotorum*, alluded to in the capitularies of Charles the Bald:' in the Netherlands there were five; in Italy four, of which Bobio was the chief; in Germany, including Switzerland, there were eighteen. As to the question of how far Irish art and Irish theology were indigenous, and how far they were survivals from activities extinct elsewhere, that need not greatly trouble the reader of Miss Stokes's volume. The fact remains that Ireland was the most active agent in keeping alive Christianity, and the artistic and other activities which clung to it, through the darkest ages of north-western Europe; and that, at the present moment, she can show material relics of the time of greater value and interest than any to be found elsewhere. Miss Stokes's most elaborate chapter is devoted, of course, to Bobio; but perhaps the artistic reader will turn with most eagerness to her discussion, at p. 261, of the view of Florence which occurs in the great Botticelli of the National Gallery, the *Assumption of the Virgin*. Miss Stokes was at the pains to discover the exact spot from which Botticelli's view was taken, and, seated there, she was enabled to see how very slight the changes are which 430 years have wrought in the scene. Her readers, too, can verify that for themselves, for she gives two illustrations—one of the landscape as it is, the other a reproduction from the National Gallery picture. For other ideas suggested by her expedition, we must refer to her book itself.

The well-known German battle-painter, Herr Georg Bleibtreu, died at Berlin on the 16th of October, aged sixty-four. Born at Xanten in 1828, he studied for a time at the Düsseldorf Academy, and afterwards under Theodor Hildebrandt. In the campaign of 1870–71 he was attached to the staff of the Crown Prince of Prussia, afterwards the Emperor Frederick, and while at Versailles painted several pictures of notable incidents in the war, among others, *King William receiving the Sword of Napoleon III. after Sedan.*

From Paris we hear of the deaths of four artists more or less distinguished, the best known among whom was Mons. E. Signol, a veteran of the school of 'le Baron Gros,' and a *prix de Rome* of some sixty-two years' standing. He was much employed on the decoration of various French churches, notably the Madeleine, and was a prominent contributor to the Exhibition of 1855. His *Femme Adultère*, now in the Luxembourg, was one of the pictures of the year in 1840.—Mons. Charles Giraud, who made his mark mainly as a painter of interiors, was the artist officially attached to the Tahiti expedition, and also accompanied Prince Napoleon to the Arctic regions. His death is announced at the age of seventy-three.—Mons. Vital Gabriel Dubray, sculptor of commemorative statues to Napoleon I., Sully, and Lannes, and a collaborator on the Jeanne d'Arc memorial at Orleans, died on the 5th October, also at a ripe age, seventy-four.—Mons. Joly will be chiefly remembered as the architect of the French Chamber of Deputies.

The obituary on our own side of the Channel is briefer, though, unhappily, it includes a name so distinguished as that of Mr. Thomas Woolner, R.A.—Mr. George Sheffield, a native of Cumberland, whose death is announced at the age of fifty-two, was a pupil of the Manchester School of Art, and a member of the Manchester Academy. He began life as a designer of patterns for calico printers, but in later years became favourably known as a prolific draughtsman in black and white, and an exhibitor of occasional landscapes and sea-pieces in oil at the Royal Academy and elsewhere.

The death of Mr. Thomas Woolner makes another gap in the little band of artists who led the pre-Raphaelite revolt of more than forty years ago. Mr. Woolner was born in 1826, so that he was one of the older members of the brotherhood. His birthplace was Hadleigh, Suffolk. He received his artistic training in the studio of William Behnes, with whom he worked for about six years. His first important attempt was a group of *Queen Eleanor sucking the Poison from King Edward's Arm.* This was modelled when he was only seventeen years of age. Recognition did not come very soon, however, for it was not till 1871 that he became an A.R.A., proceeding to the 'full honours' three years later. As a sculptor Woolner chiefly distinguished himself by his busts. His powers of concentration were unequal to the management of larger works, and although these were often praised, posterity will accept them as failures. His best portraits were, perhaps, those of Tennyson, Carlyle, Newman, Gladstone, and Lord Frederick Cavendish. His Bishop Fraser, though scholarly, is quite without sculpturesque motive. In poetry Mr. Woolner displayed much the same class of ability as he did in sculpture. Mr. Woolner spent some time in Australia; his *Captain Cook*, at Sydney, is, perhaps, the most successful of his more ambitious works.

The issue of a second edition of 'The Gentle Art of Making Enemies' convicts Mr. Whistler of fibbing in one at least of his jibes at the poor ancestral Britons. They enjoy his malice well enough to pay plenty of guineas for it. But when is the factory out west going to show us what it can do in the way of something else than malice? Why should our American critics so often remind us of the small dog barking at our heels?

The younger members of the Scottish school of painting continue to find appreciation in Germany. The great success they won at Munich two years ago, when several of their works were bought for the New Pinacothek, has been followed up by similar marks of approval from the jury of the Dresden International Exhibition, who have awarded a Gold Medal of the First Class to Mr. T. Austen Brown, A.R.S.A., and Honourable Mentions to Mr. R. B. Nisbet, R.S.W., and Mr. T. J. Ross, all of Edinburgh.

The Americans seem to be setting out to make good the boast, that some day they would have 'all the Titians and all the Raphaels,' which we remember to have read in one of their prints. According to a circular just received from Mr. French, the Director of the Art Institute of Chicago, eight fine portraits by Rembrandt are now in the gallery under his care. He speaks, too, of a loan collection of 'very important pictures by Rembrandt, Rubens, Velazquez, De Hoogh, Ostade, and other masters.' As it is only to be open three weeks, we fear we cannot accept his invitation to profit by them.

*Ganymede*

## GANYMEDE

FROM THE OIL PAINTING BY G. F. WATTS, R.A.

THIS delightful picture, which we reproduce by the artist's kind permission, is well known to all who have visited Mr. Watts's gallery, as well as the study of a beautiful little boy from which the *Ganymede* was painted, so fine in colour and style, and so fresh and free in execution, that it might be fitly placed beside any similar work of any master. Platinotypes from both paintings were shown in Mr. Hollyer's admirable collection of reproductions of works by Mr. Watts and other artists, recently brought together at the Dudley Gallery.

## THE INNS OF COURT

### XII.—*The Inns of Chancery* (*concluded*)

Clement's Inn—New Inn—Lyon's Inn—Cursitor Street—Staple Inn—Dr. Johnson—Barnard's Inn—Survey of the whole Subject—Its Architectural Features—Its Associations.

WE have still two groups of these dead or moribund little institutions to speak of. One clusters round the western precincts of the New Law Courts, the other is to be found on the southern side of Holborn. Before the ground was taken for Street's great new building, the north side of the Strand outside Temple Bar presented an appearance as different from what we see now as it is possible to imagine. There was a thicket, a tangle of small streets and lanes, all crowded upon a narrow tongue of land between the south side of Lincoln's Inn and the church of St. Clement Danes. West of the church was St. Clement's Inn, and I well remember a picturesque corner in Carey Street, where a house came quite down to the boundary of the Inn, and a passage had been opened by putting the corner of the house on an arch. Add to this and other similar features the fact that almost every doorway was handsomely carved in a good style, that every roof was supported on a good corbelled cornice, and that there was plenty of 'egg and dart' everywhere, and it will be understood that one can be sorry even for such rookeries, and wish that the pulling down had not fallen on a day when architectural taste appears to be dead. There was not a tumble-down tenement in Carey Street which was not more worthy of notice for correct design than any of the great and pretentious palaces which have lately grown up on the site. The Law Courts hold up a high standard in Gothic, but it is followed by the frightful building to the north in dark red brick, which also apes the Gothic style.

No wonder the authorities thought they must try Italian for the next building—evidently no one understands Gothic now poor Street is dead—and so we have the great freestone monstrosity to the north of the new garden, built apparently to prove that Italian is as dead as Gothic. Finally, the more pleasing features of Clement's Inn have been pulled down and replaced by an architect who is too proud or too ignorant to be able to imitate the charming work of a hundred and fifty years ago which he has destroyed. With a sort of despair at heart we turn into New Inn, which adjoins, and can still admire the tender brown of the old bricks, the full cornices, the mullioned windows, the tiled roofs, and the abundance of old green grass. Let us admire while we can. How long will it all last?

The old buildings of Clement's Inn were peculiarly picturesque. The hall, with its inevitable clock, a well-designed doorway at the top of a flight of steps, red brick relieved by white stone, and all the other features of the genuine 'Queen Anne' style, rendered it a pleasant retreat. There was nothing of striking antiquity about it, and the famous well mentioned by Fitz Stephen had long disappeared. But it had acquired a delightfully old-world air, and we could have better spared a better house. Founded for law students before the reign of Henry VII., it was entitled to a certain amount of veneration on account of the antiquity of a site as old as the time of Henry II. The arms of the Inn were those of St. Clement, a silver anchor on an azure field, ensigned with the letter 'C' sable, and appeared over the door and in other places. Its eminent inhabitants are unrecorded.

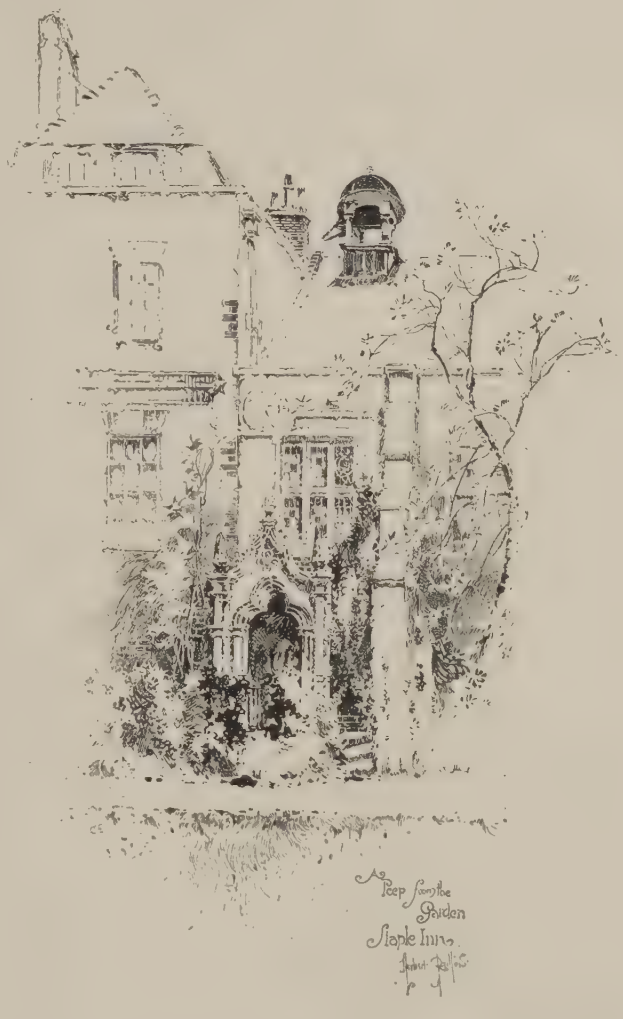
Of New Inn I have already given Stow's account, and need add nothing more. It has the disadvantage of opening into Wych Street, a narrow and somewhat disreputable locality, but is spacious, airy, and green when once you are within. The old hall, the clock, of course, and some good wrought-iron railings, are the chief features of a neat but not very interesting courtyard.

Westward of these two was Lyon's Inn. It was accounted a dependency of the Inner Temple, and was very small. It was opened for law students in the reign of Henry VIII.,

but the buildings at the time of its removal in 1863, to make way for a theatre, were very modern, although rather more picturesque in cornices and other classical features than architects seem able to manage at the present day. Coke was reader in the time of Queen Elizabeth; but history is little concerned with Lyon's Inn—or, as some say, the Lyon Inn—before 1823, when it was mentioned in Theodore Hook's doggrel verses about a famous murder:—

'His name was Mr. Williame Weare.
He dwelt in Lyon's Inn,'

and was murdered by Thurtell near Elstree. Ireland says the hall was built in 1700, 'but has no one internal circumstance but filth to recommend it to our notice, since the use of mops and brooms seems to have been totally unknown to the directors of this Inn.' He found a brood of chickens on the tables and benches.




The other group of Inns consists only of two distinct institutions, namely, Staple and Barnard's, but annexed to Barnard's Inn is a very picturesque row of gables in Fetter Lane, originally known as the 'White Horse.' It is mentioned in many old memoirs as a place where coaches started. It was not, strictly speaking, any integral part of the Inn, but a passage led through it, by which the lawyers made a short cut to Fetter Lane and the parts adjacent.

To see Staple and Barnard's Inns properly the visitor should walk from Chancery Lane through some of the labyrinth of small thoroughfares which adjoin or communicate with Cursitor Street. With a mind full of Thackeray and Dickens, and older romance writers than they, every street name will remind him of the days when these regions were thickly peopled with duns, and bailiffs, and sheriffs' officers, and every second house was a sponging house. What hero of romance was there who did not find himself in Cursitor Street at least once in his London career, and was not indebted for a night's compulsory lodging to 'Little Aminadab,' or some equally accommodating gentleman? But Cursitor Street has no longer any horrors for the bankrupt and the extravagant man about town. It seems a thing incredible that the movements of the law were so clumsy as they are represented to have been in dozens of books by Gronow, Grevile, Thackeray, Dickens, and other writers who described the manners and customs—I had almost said of our ancestors—but these scenes took place long since the times of our ancestors. Many of us are little past middle age who can remember the whole lumbering machinery at work. To some of us the name of Cursitor Street recalls episodes of family history, passages which saddened our youth; elder brothers, perhaps, or cousins in trouble—aunts, sometimes mothers, in tears; and even those who have no such skeletons stowed away in their cupboards, have read of them till they have become

a reality to the mind. But what is Cursitor Street now? Where are the sponging houses? Where are the bailiffs and the sheriffs' officers? We see only a well-built if unbeautiful street, full of prosperous-looking offices. Another turn takes us to Southampton Buildings, in the background of which we see an Elizabethan terrace, a gilt gate, and a good backing of green foliage. The terrace and the railing mark the southern or Chancery Lane boundary of Staple Inn.

I wish I could unravel the mysteries that hang about the origin and the meaning of the name of Staple Inn. It is but too easy to form theories and to hazard guesses. But there are certain features in the present case which, while they teach us nothing definite, cannot be overlooked even by the most unimaginative historical student, while, taken in connexion with a great many minor circumstances, they go to form, or at least to suggest, a picture which can hardly be altogether baseless. The local names tell us that once upon a time this corner wore a very different aspect from that which it bears now. A grassy slope, a roadway at where now is Chancery Lane, some fine Norman buildings near the corner, 'the old Temple,' as they were afterwards called, a small suburban inn, field pathways to the Show Well (now marked by Shoe Lane), and in other directions, a wide open street in front, stretching across to the manor-house of the ecclesiastical lord of Portpool, and, above all things, a market. To the east was the deep valley of the 'Hole-born,' whose name puzzled Stow so terribly, and led him to invent an 'Old-born.' But the Hole-born acquired its name when burrowing through the deep clay of Battle Bridge and of Coldbath Fields, and was now, under Holborn Hill, about to become the Fleet. Here the stream was spanned by a bridge, as old perhaps as Roman times, and the Watling Street, emerging from Newgate, zigzagged down and ascended the opposite hill until it passed 'the Stock of St. Andrew's church.' Here there certainly was a market at some very remote period. It is mentioned in the two principal local names, Portpoole and Staple Inn.

So far we can go by the old names, but no further. It would be but too easy to make up a little theory to fit them, and to see in Staple Inn a hostelry by the market-place, beside the house of the Templars, frequented by wool merchants, who have left a memorial in the arms of the house unto this day, which are 'Azure a woolpack, argent.' 'This,' says Dugdale, 'as we have by tradition, was heretofore called Staple Hall, being a place where merchants for wool had their meetings.' As early as the reign of Henry V. it had been taken by Gray's Inn for students. In 1622 it is described as an Inn of Chancery with a garden adjoining, and about that time a good part of the existing front must have been built. The hall cannot be much later, but most of the court in which it stands is dated between 1720 and 1750, about which time there was what would now be called a thorough 'restoration.' The delightful Gothic door on the garden front of the hall is dated 1753. The whole of the buildings are picturesque to the greatest degree, and it is pleasant to see that the new owners repair and preserve it in the most careful and conservative manner. The lawyers sold it in 1884 to the Prudential Assurance Company for 68,000*l.* It had been governed, according to Ireland, by thirteen ancients, which included a principal and a pensioner; the first was elected every three years by the two junior members, and the other held office at his own discretion.

If we approach from Chancery Lane by way of Southampton Buildings, we reach a gate which opens on a pretty terrace walk. On the north side of the terrace is the garden, laid out with flowers, having the door and mullioned windows of the Elizabethan hall beyond. Along the terrace on our right are some new buildings in a modern style, and when we have passed them there are some interesting old houses with deeply corniced roofs. Turning to the left we enter the court through an archway at the end of the hall, pausing to admire the old turret, the most perfect on any hall in London. Within the court, which is shaded with luxuriant trees, we see specimens of Elizabethan, Stuart,

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Queen Anne, and Georgian architecture, and the date of every feature is with the initials of successive principals over the hall doors. The hall opens in the south-western corner, and is in very perfect condition and well worth a visit, dating from the time of Queen Elizabeth. Sir George Buc, writing in 1631, as quoted by Mr. Wheatley (iii. 302), mentioned it as new then: 'They have bestowed great costs in new building a fayre hall of brick.' A very 'fayre hall' it is still.

In 1758, when some of these buildings were quite new, they had to open wide their portals to admit an illustrious guest. Dr. Samuel Johnson, after years of toil in obscurity, had just emerged as the famous author of the immortal dictionary, and was actually, while residing in Staple Inn, engaged on the composition of 'Rasselas.' 'In 1758,' says Boswell, 'we find him, it should seem, in as easy and pleasant a state of existence as constitutional unhappiness ever permitted him to enjoy.' From Staple Inn he removed, in the following year, to Gray's Inn, and thence to the Temple, living most of the time, as Murphy says of him, 'in poverty, total idleness, and the pride of literature.'

Immediately opposite Staple Inn used to stand the Middle Row in Holborn, removed in 1867. Passing through it and the site of Holborn Bars—for we are apt to forget that there were bars at the limits of the city jurisdiction all round, these being distinguished from Temple Bars as the Bars of the Old Temple—we soon reach the modest little doorway which admits us to Barnard's Inn. When we have advanced a few yards up the passage, we see before us the little hall spanning the roadway by an arch. It is of unknown antiquity, most of the external features seeming to be Elizabethan; but there was a lawyers' inn here as early as 1454, in which year the principal was sent a prisoner to Hertford Castle. A town-and-gown riot, as it would be called at the Universities, broke out between the students of the Inns of Court and Chancery on the one part, and the citizens of London on the other. The question, whatever it was, came to a point one day in Fleet Street, where some damage was done by the rioters, and, pending an inquiry, the principals of Clifford's, Furnival's, and Barnard's Inns were arrested. In the face of more interesting subjects, the birth of a son to the long childless king and queen, the outbreak of a blazing star, and the first battle of St. Albans, the chroniclers have neglected to tell us the sequel.

Barnard's Inn looks peaceful enough now. There is very little in it, in fact, to account for the charm which pervades it, and which strikes every visitor. Its history is equally blank. Tempting as it looks, it has never been inhabited by the great, and the few portraits which decorated the hall belonged to the celebrities of other inns. A fire which broke out in 1780 diminished the architectural attractions of the place, but spared the old hall. It was caused

by the rioters who burnt Langdale's distillery next door, and threatened even Staple Inn. But enough is left to produce a most pleasing impression, and to transport the visitor, in fancy, into the seventeenth century. The hall is used occasionally for public meetings, and is in very good repair and carefully kept.

In the foregoing survey of the present condition of the Inns of Court and Chancery, it has been my painful duty to find fault now and again. The lawyers are too much given to thinking that the old buildings of which they are the trustees and guardians concern themselves alone and nobody else. The mere fact of the publication of this series of articles will show them that they are mistaken in entertaining such a belief. The general public was immensely interested fifty years ago in the operations carried on in the Temple Church; and they are also interested now in the fate of Lincoln's Inn Gate and Gray's Inn Hall. The legal authorities have no more right to ignore public opinion than a dean and chapter; but there is this difference between the cases, that the benchers who make up their minds to ruin what is interesting in their Inn can afford to do it at their own expense, whereas the capitular body of a cathedral church are dependent on the weakness or wilfulness of those who have to provide the funds. It is the more needful, therefore, that outsiders should endeavour to impress upon their minds the keen public anxiety as to their doings, and to assure them that such Vandalisms as those perpetrated in the chapel of Lincoln's Inn are regarded with horror and execration by all civilised and educated people.

At the present moment, the front wall of narrow houses having been removed in Chancery Lane, a passer-by may see the old Rolls House to great advantage, and its curious neighbour, the chapel. Neither should be missed, as such an opportunity is not very likely to occur again. The monuments, and especially that of Dean Young, Master of the Rolls early in the reign of Henry VIII., are well worth a visit. The chapel itself dates about the same time, but has been much pulled about and ill-treated. It is curious to group together in the mind a large class of Gothic buildings in London, all erected about the same time, and all offering us the last expiring examples of the old pointed architecture which was about to be eclipsed by the Palladian style which Torregiano was the first to introduce. Beginning in the east with St. Peter's Church, as it should be

termed, for it is a parish church in the Tower of London, we have St. Giles's Church at Cripplegate, this Rolls Chapel, the gate of Lincoln's Inn, the Chapel Royal in the Savoy, and the Palace of St. James, all in the same style and all built about the same time. No doubt such buildings are exceedingly obnoxious to the modern restorer, and especially to the modern Gothic architect, for reasons intelligible enough, but into which there is no occasion to go here. But after all, the general public are the final arbiters of taste in such matters, and it is very much to be desired that they should speak out plainly.

In addition to this very interesting phase of the old national style we have another, or, to speak more exactly, we had another, in the chapel of Lincoln's Inn, which represented that Gothic revival which Laud started, and which flickered out almost immediately with his tragical fate. Inigo Jones built, apparently, three Gothic churches in London. This was one, and the others were St. Alban's in Wood Street, burnt in 1666, and St. Katharine Cree, which is the only one of the three remaining.

Next we have a third style of Gothic in the halls of the Middle Temple, Clifford's, Gray's, Staple and Barnard's Inns, a style in which all the feeling, the glass, the construction, the roofing, was according to the old tradition, and all the detail according to the new Italian ideas of Thorpe and Shute, and their followers and contemporaries.

Finally, we have the modern Gothic, of which the noblest example with which I am acquainted is Hardwick's hall of Lincoln's Inn, a building worthy of Cardinal Wolsey, and almost worthy of William of Wykeham. The hall of the new Law Courts is another fine building in the revived style, and is interesting also apart from its beauty as showing the limitations which the best architects of Street's time and school voluntarily imposed on themselves, but which proved more than they could work under.

Side by side with all this, we have also seen the efforts of the Palladian School, and, since our architects have forgotten its rigid rules, the numberless attempts made, especially in the two Temples, to be picturesque at the expense of proportion, and all that is most necessary to good architecture. In short, what with Wren's fine, but simple, gate in Fleet Street, and the gate on the Embankment, by a modern architect, we have in the Temple alone the very best possible examples how to do it, and how not to do it, in this particular style.

In addition to the interesting architectural features of the inns, we have had the historical and biographical associations. The proud Templars actually did march through the courts still called after them, and were actually buried in the church. Here, too, we think of Johnson and Goldsmith, of Cowper and Lamb, of Thackeray and Dickens, as well as of the eminent lawyers who were nourished in these old walls. The Middle Temple contains in its hall almost the only tangible relic of Shakespeare that exists in London. Some see a similar association in the hall of Gray's Inn, but there Bacon is the most commanding figure. I never pass the Lincoln's Inn gate tower without remembering that it was new when Sir Thomas More walked through it as Chancellor. Memories of this kind crowd on us among the Inns of Court and Chancery, and sometimes are of a character to interfere with our enjoyment of the old college-like cloisters, and the green slopes, and the flowers, and the distant hum of the great city, and all the other impressions of peace and beauty which we would prefer to indulge in such places.

W. J. Loftie.

*HEADPIECE TO INTRODUCTION. DESIGNED BY M. L. SOLON.*

## GRÈS DE FLANDRES*

AS M. Solon does not fail to point out in his interesting introduction, the old pots, still, in spite of recent investigations, called generally by the name of *Grès de Flandres*, were among the first of the objects sought out and prized by the modern generation of collectors, and yet they have been the last to find an historian. This seems the more remarkable now that the business of investigation has been pursued in earnest, as the whole chronicle of the principal stoneware potteries on the Rhine lies embedded in the records of the guilds, and the different wares are marked by sufficiently clear characteristics to make the arrangement of specimens a matter of no great difficulty, except in the case of those 'doubtful' pieces which, in spite of all the labour of antiquarians, and all the study of connoisseurs, will make their appearance in all collections of works of art, whether in the picture gallery or the china cabinet. During recent years, however, research has been busy on this, as on other art subjects, especially in Germany, where most of the mediaeval stoneware was made, and a small forest of pamphlets, papers, catalogues, and books has grown up round the subject. In England, however, very little notice has been taken of all these investigations, and it has been reserved for a Frenchman residing in our midst to summarise for us the labours of Germans and Belgians,

* 'The Ancient Art Stoneware of the Low Countries and Germany, or *Grès de Flandres* and *Steinzeug:* its principal varieties, and the places where it was manufactured during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.' By M. L. Solon, author of the 'Art of the Old English Potter.' Illustrated with twenty-five copper-plate etchings, and 210 illustrations in text, drawn by the Author. (Published by the Author. Copies are to be obtained only on application to M. Solon, at Stoke-upon-Trent.)

and to present to us a book which, whether regarded from a historical or an artistic point of view, is probably the most comprehensive and the most beautiful of all treatises on the subject.

Those who know M. Solon's illustrations to his 'Art of the Old English Potter' will be prepared for the singular dexterity with which his etching needle has rendered the form and character of these elaborately decorated jugs and drinking vessels. There is not as great a variety of texture in them as in English pottery. From the old treacle-coloured tyg and posset-pot, which solaced our countrymen's winter evenings, to the saltglaze teapots from which our great-grandmothers poured their fragrant dishes of bohea, there is a scale of tones which stoneware cannot rival, and the surfaces of stoneware, saltglazed or unglazed, present, on the whole, a somewhat dull uniformity; but, with these exceptions, which are in no way the fault of M. Solon, the etchings in the present volumes are as attractive—and they are certainly wrought with equal, if not greater, care and skill—as in the previous one. Indeed, there are few except the late M. Jacquemart who can be compared with M. Solon as an etcher of such subjects. These two handsome volumes are adorned with no less than twenty-five full-page etchings of what the etcher himself has well described as 'Tall, tapering canettes of white-ware, chased all over with emblematic devices; stately brown jugs of architectural profiles, of bronze-like hue, embossed with friezes of elegant figures; blue and purple paunchy pots, quaintly floriated: all of them ranged under the generic and purposely vague and indefinite name of *Grès de Flandres*.' Besides these M. Solon has drawn for us two hundred and ten illustrations, which are printed in the text giving, of course, a more summary view of the vessels depicted. The process by which these are reproduced appears to be fairly satisfactory, but the printing is here and there at fault, which is to be regretted. It is from these that our own illustrations are necessarily selected. They have been chosen to give as far as possible the general character of the book and the ware with which it is concerned. The art of the author, which, whether displayed in sympathetic feeling, or cunning illustration, makes his volumes doubly agreeable, is shown in that excellently decorative arrangement of jugs which ornaments the first page of this paper, and gives some, if not all, of the modifications in the shape of the 'schnelle,' described by him in the following passage:—

*CANDLESTICK* (*Siegburg—Trèves Museum*).

'In all stoneware centres, *schnelles* were manufactured in cheap and costly articles, but only at Siegburg

did the shape preserve its primitive character. Its proportions remained tall, slender, and tapering towards the top. This original shape was gradually modified everywhere else. At Raeren it took the form of a cylinder, still of a good height, but almost vertical; at Greuzhausen it became by degrees wider and lower, while at last it was turned into a broad and flat sort of can by the potters of Kreussen.'

*FOUNTAIN BY JAN EMENS. GREY AND BLUE WARE.*
(*Raeren—Trèves Museum.*)

In the candlestick and fountain, from Trèves, we have two famous historic pieces, the latter a triumph of elaborate design, the former interesting exceedingly, if only to show the strange combination of vase and candlestick developed by the potters' imagination when put upon its mettle. Our other illustrations will speak for themselves.

None of the potteries dealt with by M. Solon exceed in interest that of Siegburg, the first of all, and the only one to retain the primitive form of the high-tapering canette. The Guild of Potters at Siegburg dates from the beginning of the sixteenth century, and the first dated piece which can be trusted (a fragment in the possession of M. Hetjens of Aix-la-Chapelle) bears the year 1539. But, as the Guild was in existence long before any piece which bears a date, so was the pottery in existence long before the Guild, for we are told that, even at the beginning of the fifteenth century, the excavations for clay in the neighbourhood of Siegburg had been extensive and deep enough to form several small lakes. The first wares appear to have been of black and red clay, but they were gradually superseded by the white, the distinctive feature of Siegburg, and also of its offshoots at Altenhar and Meckenheim, which form what may be called the Bonn group of German stoneware. It is one of the peculiarities of this ware that most pieces and nearly all the finest are unglazed, and it is not, perhaps, too fanciful to suppose, especially when we regard their elaborate decoration in low relief with panels of figure subjects, that they were intended as far as possible to imitate carved drinking vessels of ivory. Their shape suggests a straightened section of a tusk or horn. The very interesting schnelle with a figure of Henri II. of which we give a print is in the South Kensington Museum. And here it may be remarked that the famous ware with which the name of this monarch is associated, though not a stoneware, has more affinity in its architectural design and precise ornament with the stoneware of Germany and Flanders than with any description of *faïence*.

Fortunately the archives of the Siegburg Guild are still preserved, and the ample material which their ponderous volumes supply has been already most fruitfully utilised by

Canon Dornbush. From him, through M. Solon, we learn that the Guild and the potteries were till after the end of the sixteenth century under the special domination and patronage of the Abbots of Seigburg, one of whom approved a set of statutes for the Guild as late as 1706. But at this time its glory had long departed. After withstanding the ravages of constant wars, the industry was finally ruined by the Swedish army in 1632, after which date all artistic interest in Siegburg potteries comes to an end. About the same time the great pottery of Raeren, the chief of the Cologne group, was also ruined, and the potters from both places took refuge higher up the Rhine at Höhr-Greuzhausen, near Coblentz. M. Solon estimates that the best period of Siegburg and Raeren did not extend over more than eighty years 'at the outside.'

*SCHNELLE, WITH THE FIGURE OF HENRI II. OF FRANCE.*
*(Siegburg—South Kensington Museum.)*

The interest of the archives of the Siegburg Guild is by no means confined to matters of art and craft. The student of problems connected with capital and labour, such as those of protection and free trade, of industries independent and patronised, will find much to amuse, if not to instruct, in the records of this close Guild of the sixteenth century, which worked on socialistic lines under the temporal and spiritual rule of a princely ecclesiastic. No one was allowed to be a member of the Guild who was not born in Siegburg, and no member was suffered to undertake any work upon his own account. If he made a discovery or invented an improvement, if he were exceptionally skilful or possessed of unusual artistic gifts, not to him was the glory or the profit. He existed (as a potter) only as an item in the Guild. If Palissy or Wedgwood had been members of the Guild, their names would now be unknown to fame. In this respect the potters were in a position not unlike the employés of some large firms in the present day who object, from commercial considerations, to publish the names of their workmen and designers. The potters were even worse off, as there was practically no open market for their skill. But the designers, or at least those of the better class, were free. The contrivers of new ornaments, the *formschneiders* belonged to no Guild, but carried their designs and their invention from pottery to pottery. Some of these, no doubt, were men of much ingenuity, but their originality consisted rather in applying to pottery the designs of artists of another class (engravers and sculptors and architects) than in devising what was actually new. In Europe, at least, this has generally been the case. For modern decoration of pottery, with fresh inventions specially suitable to the material and

nature of the article decorated, we must, generally speaking, go to the East. M. Solon himself is one of the few exceptions which prove the rule.

The communism of the Siegburg Guild extended to hours of labour, in a somewhat rough, perhaps, but in a very effective fashion. No one was permitted to work on certain days, or by artificial light, so that the principles of fixed wages and 'eight hours a day' were practically recognised and enforced, in at least the early days of the Guild. Not that there were not exceptions, or at least one exception. This was in favour of the town of Cologne, with whom their relations were exceptionally friendly. A commission from Cologne might be executed in hours otherwise proscribed.

It is instructive to learn that in this and other respects the strict ideal of the Siegburg Guild proved too much for human nature. Potters would, in spite of rules enforced by possible fines, do work on the sly for their own personal profit. Dreadful as it may appear, some were even found who, though working under the very shadow and protection of the Church, fabricated profane vessels which, if not absolutely heretical, satirised without mercy the

*SPANISH CAPTAINS. FRIEZE, BY JAN EMENS (Raeren).—Grey and Blue Ware: South Kensington Museum.*

vices of the clergy and even the Pope himself. M. Solon gives an illustration of one of these vessels on which superstition is represented as a three-headed hydra, and one of the heads is that of the Pope. Remedies had to be sought, if not found, for these and similar enormities. A blow was struck at the source of temptation, the commission agent, perhaps the 'commercial traveller' of the time, who had customers whose tastes, religious and artistic, were not quite in accordance with abbatial views. Middlemen were tabooed, and the Guild were forbidden to do business except with recognised principals, but it was found in practice that this restriction could not be enforced. It is to be feared, also, that Siegburg potters did not in other respects differ widely from the rest of mankind, and that the little body — though, as a rule, well behaved and devoted to the Church — had in their midst some sheep who were very black, at all events from the orthodox point of view. Thus, though M. Solon tells us of one pious 'Knuytin figulus,' who probably lived in that 'vicus figulorum dictus Uylgessen,' mentioned in some document preserved among the archives of the Siegburg Guild, he tells us of a wicked Knuytin also.

The pious Knuytin appears to have flourished as he deserved, for he must have saved money, or he could not have been named among the founders of the convent of Bodingen. The Christian name of the wicked Knuytin was Thierry. He also was a master potter of Siegburg, and he was burnt for sorcery and witchcraft. This, however, did not happen till the year 1638, when, perhaps, the devil was specially active in more ways than one with the ruined pottery and potters.

The Siegburg Guild seems to have been by far the strictest of all. At Raeren, its closest rival in antiquity, in pronounced character and commercial importance, the constitution of the Guild differed as much as the pottery. As to the latter, it is brown and glazed

instead of being white and (as a rule) unglazed. Its drinking vessels departed from the old tall tapering form; some had feet and necks and full bodies. Instead of being thrown in one piece, they were moulded in several, and joined together—became in fact quite an architectural construction in the more elaborated pieces. They were stamped by sharp dies with friezes of figures, with lines of inscription and scrolls of ornament, until they lost nearly all suggestion of a 'thrown' piece, and looked as if they had been carved out of a block of hard stone. It is on these pieces that we find first those robust groups of peasants, and quaint, racy inscriptions that are so hard to read. It is these that most suggest that the models of the pieces have been taken from silversmiths' patterns, and on these are most often to be found decoration borrowed from the popular engravings of the 'little masters' of Germany, the Behams, Aldegrever, and the rest. At Raeren the Guild was an open one, and each potter was independent; but it is remarkable that even here few names of famous potters have come down to us. Their work was probably of a mechanical if skilled kind—turning, stamping, and making of ordinary moulds. The Jan Emens to whose skill two of our illustrations testify was a potter of unusual note, but he, it should be added, was a *formschneider* before he became a potter, and was, no doubt, the head of a large concern, in which he could use his own artistic skill to commercial advantage.

*ANNULAR JUG, WITH THE ARMS OF AMSTERDAM AND OF SAXONY (Raeren).—Museum of Antiquities, Brussels.*

M. Solon has made his book more complete in itself by restricting it to those wares which conform to his strict definition of stoneware, that is, partially vitrified opaque pottery, glazed by means of salt, and manufactured on the Continent during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. But even this scope is too wide for a short article, and we must leave the reader to discover for himself what the author has to tell of the brown ware of Cologne and Frecken, the white of Altenhar and Meckenheim, the many-ringed cups of Dreyhausen, and the various shapes and colours of the best-known fabric of Höhr-Greuzhausen, the showy imitations of which, rich with cobalt and manganese on grey, and of a somewhat sticky appearance as to glaze, are an article of present commercial importance. The reader we must also leave to M. Solon for guidance as to the 'Grès' (truly 'de Flandres') which was made at Namur, the brown jugs of Nuremberg, the polychrome vases of Saltzburg, curiously roughened with shavings of slip, and the products of other potteries in Bavaria, Saxony, and the Walloon country. He will find every help, including even a map, on which the principal potteries on the Rhine, clustering around the centres of Cologne, Bonn, and Coblentz, are clearly marked.

Indeed, if it were decided to find a name to take the place of *Grès de Flandres*, which was originally derived from the fact that this ware found its way to other countries through Flanders and that great quantities were made for consumption in that country, it might be found in association with the river on or near the banks of which the greatest potteries were

situated. It would, however, be scarcely worth while, even in deference to German feeling and the preponderance of facts, to dethrone the old name, which answers the purpose of defining with sufficient clearness a distinct description of pottery, wherever it may have been made. There is now no fear that the claims of the German potters will be ignored. Owing to many causes, to some of which we have referred, the names of the potters themselves (not only at Siegburg, but elsewhere) are hard to find. Their marks are rare, and when they exist are often hidden, while those of the merchants for whom they were made are often found prominently stamped. For these same merchants were not anxious to have their pieces signed, they even wished to conceal the place of their manufacture. The ware was known to commerce not by these names, but by the names of the towns where it was stored. The great warehouses of Cologne stored the white and it was called Cologne ware, the brown and blue was known as *Grès de Flandres*. Nevertheless, the majority of the pieces bear, to eyes opened by the wider and more detailed knowledge of the present day, unmistakable marks of German origin. They are, so to speak, signed all over, by style, by decoration, by inscription, with the date (approximate) of manufacture and the country of their origin. It is this which gives this class of ware an interest not exceeded by any other. Though the shapes be less elegant and the decorations less refined, it has a character of its own strongly marked and significant. To it might be specially applied what M. Solon asserts as true of all pottery: 'The fragile and inexpensive material out of which an earthen vase is formed suggests a ready substitute when the object gets broken or has ceased to please; on that account casual experiments in the way of startling novelties are particularly applicable to the work of the potter. It has always been so understood, and on no other art work do we see the transient fashion of the past so strongly accentuated as on the fictile productions of all countries.' We doubt, however, whether this is true of the pottery of the nineteenth century. It is, nevertheless, quite true of other art works, and not least of illustrated books. M. Solon's present volumes are an instance in point, for they could not have been produced in any age but the present.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

## OLD FLEET STREET

ALMOST the last of the old buildings in Fleet Street have this year been demolished, the two gabled houses east of St. Dunstan's Church, which Mr. Pennell sketched for us two years ago. These have been made the scene of a little romance* just published under the title of 'St. Dunstan's Clock.' It is a tale of the Great Fire of London, and is illustrated by views of the London of the time, especially of Fleet Street, where the story chiefly lies. Old St. Dunstan's Church appears projecting thirty feet into the street, low buildings used as shops adhering to its sides, and hanging out their respective signs. The church had stood there from the Middle Ages (Henry III. is said to have 'bestowed the profits on the house for converted Jews' in Chancery Lane), but of the original design there could have been little remaining. 'Of this church,' says Strype, 'it was observed about the year 1632, that though it had not been repaired in twenty years before, yet it had more beauty, and remained fresher and fairer than many other churches that had been repaired and beautified ten years after it.' A testimony, perhaps, to the hardness of the stone, which had withstood the ravages of London smoke. But it had been repaired more than once between 1632 and King Charles the Second's reign. The old roof had been removed, and the whole upper part entirely rebuilt. Strype calls it a handsome church, and describes the street generally as 'very spacious'—'being the great way between London

* 'St. Dunstan's Clock. A Story of 1666.' By E. Ward. With illustrations. (London: Seeley & Co., Limited.)

and Westminster;' but by 1772 the later historian of London, John Northouck, probably reflecting the feeling of the time, says: 'The edifice is but an encumbrance to the way, and without having anything but deformity itself, spoils the beauty of the whole street.'

*THE TWO OLD HOUSES IN FLEET STREET, DEMOLISHED* 1892.

It remained, however, for another half-century, and it was not till 1832 that the new church was built, and the thirty feet thrown into the street. One alteration was made

*OLD HOUSE AT THE CORNER OF CHANCERY LANE AND FLEET STREET, DEMOLISHED* 1799.

after the time represented in the picture. The empty niche was filled by the statue of Queen Elizabeth, which now stands over the entrance to the vestry of the new church. It was brought from Ludgate in 1760, when the city gates were finally pulled down.

In King Charles's time the street was not a mere business place, deserted at night for the suburbs or country. The houses were dwelt in, and families were brought up in them. Abraham Cowley is said to have been born in one, perhaps the east corner of Chancery Lane. The old house at the west corner has sometimes been called Izaak Walton's,

but 'he dwelt in a house two doors west of the end of Chancery Lane.' The corner house, however, which was pulled down in 1799 to widen the lane, is worth notice. It was built of oak, lath and plaster, and was most elaborately ornamented with carved heads and various kinds of grotesques. It had four stories above the ground floor, each one wider than the preceding, and projecting further into the street. One tradition carries it back to the days of Henry V., and makes it the residence of Sir John Oldcastle, who was burnt for heresy in 1417. Others have stated positively that it was built in the reign of Edward VI. It is said afterwards to have become a meeting-place for the King's Head or Green Ribbon Club, on occasions when there was work for them to do in inflaming or keeping alive Protestant zeal. It was conveniently near Temple Bar on Queen Elizabeth's accession day, which they used to celebrate by burning the Pope in a huge bonfire. It would seem an inconvenient spot now for a bonfire; yet Pepys, describing the joy of the people at Monk's dealing with the Parliament, exclaims, 'The number of bonfires! there being fourteen between St. Dunstan's and Temple Bar.'

The old houses that disappeared this year had been considerably altered from the form in which they appear in the illustration. The Great Fire stopped three doors from the church, and they, doubtless, belonged to a much earlier time. There is, indeed, a tradition that connects the name of Michael Drayton with one of them.

## THE GLEBE FARM

FROM THE PICTURE BY CONSTABLE IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY

THIS is one of the pictures of English landscape with which the scenery of Constable's native district inspired him. 'A pet subject,' his biographer, Leslie, calls it, 'repeated frequently with considerable variations. The rising grounds and trees on the right hand are imaginary, as the ground in reality descends rather steeply on that side of the church.' But visiting the village of Langham in 1840, he says he found it so changed 'that he could hardly recognise it as the scene of *The Glebe Farm*.' In 1827 Constable sent to the British Institution his *Cornfield* and *The Glebe Farm*. He had written in the September before to his friend, Fisher, the nephew of the Bishop of Salisbury, 'My last landscape is a cottage scene with the church of Langham, the poor Bishop's first living; it is one of my best in colour, fresh and bright, and I have pacified it into tone and solemnity.' It appears as No. 20 in the series of mezzotint engravings by D. Lucas after Constable, published under the title of 'English Landscape Scenery.'

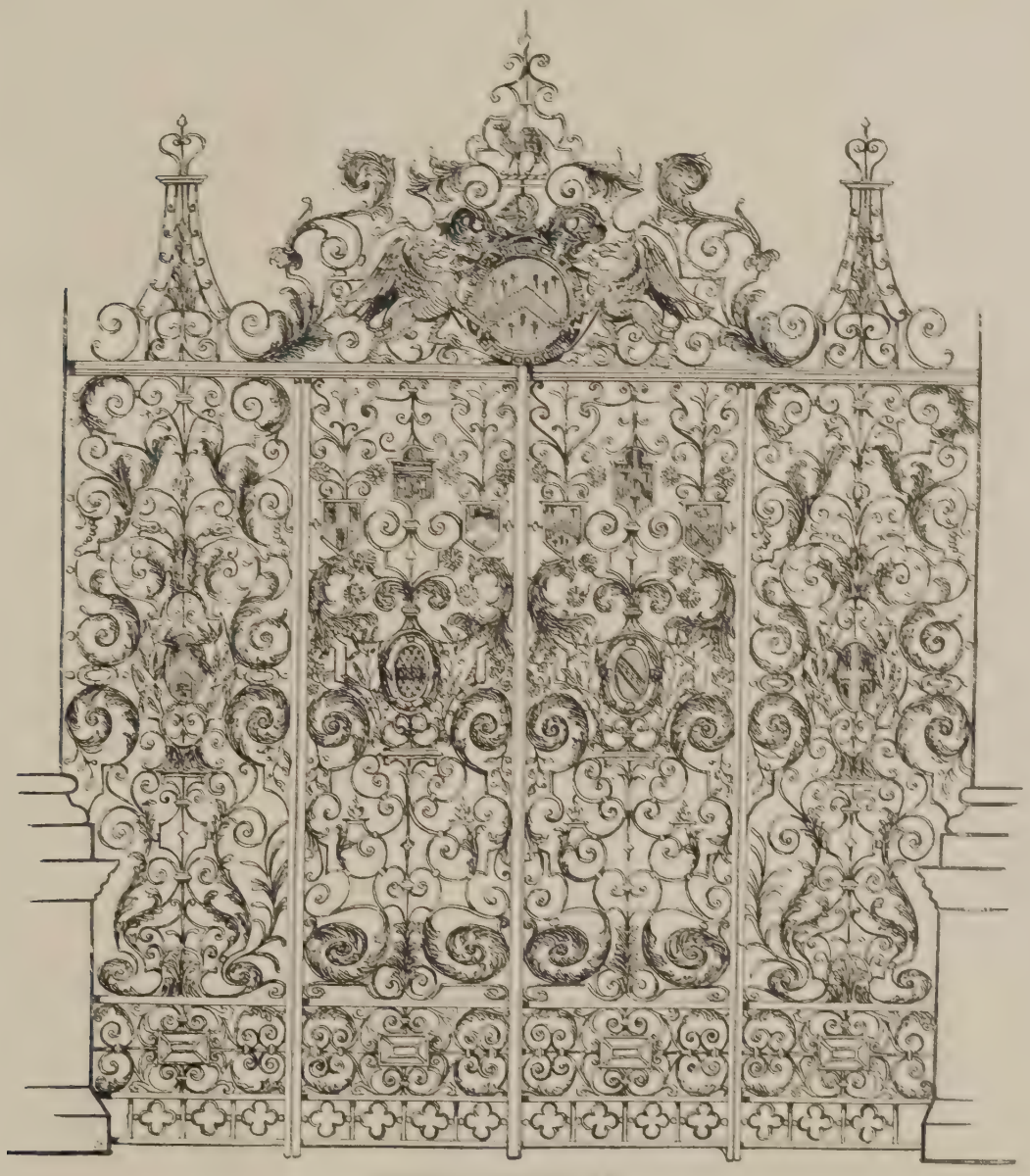
## MR. STARKIE GARDNER'S IRONWORK

ONE cannot but be struck by the personal impress which characterises many of the best productions of so-called industrial art in the present day. It constitutes the signature of the artist, not the trade mark of the manufacturer; it is the *cachet* of the studio rather than the label of the factory. This personal impress is, of course, closely connected with the nature of the materials employed and with the method of using them—with technique—but for all that it remains eminently human; the spirit moulds the substance and handles the tool. The same observation is frequently made and universally accepted in the domain of pictorial art, but it admits of far wider application. Those connoisseurs who are intimately acquainted with ceramic productions, with glass and enamel, with works executed in precious metals and bronze, recognise without difficulty this

*The Glebe Farm.*

personal element, though they may not feel able to define and describe it in so many words. That it is present also in good examples of wrought ironwork, notwithstanding the simplicity and uniformity of the material, must likewise be conceded.

A master in the art of iron-smithery, Mr. J. Starkie Gardner, of the Albert Embankment, Lambeth, has been good enough to tell me the story of his art life and work, and to initiate



*SCREEN IN GROCERS' HALL.*

me into some of the mysteries of his *atelier*. I have dipped into some of the ponderous tomes in which he has gathered during many years unnumbered drawings, prints, and photographs of examples of the ironwork of past ages and of many countries. I have studied some of Mr. Gardner's papers and essays, more particularly the first part of the admirable handbook of wrought ironwork which he has prepared for the Department of Science and Art. This handbook, when published in its complete form, will be welcomed by all lovers of art as an invaluable addition to the series of South Kensington Manuals. In the Museum itself I have seen how the happy influence of his taste and erudition has made itself felt in the arrangement of the works in iron there gathered together—a collection which has been enriched from time to time by Mr. Gardner's gifts of characteristic antique examples.

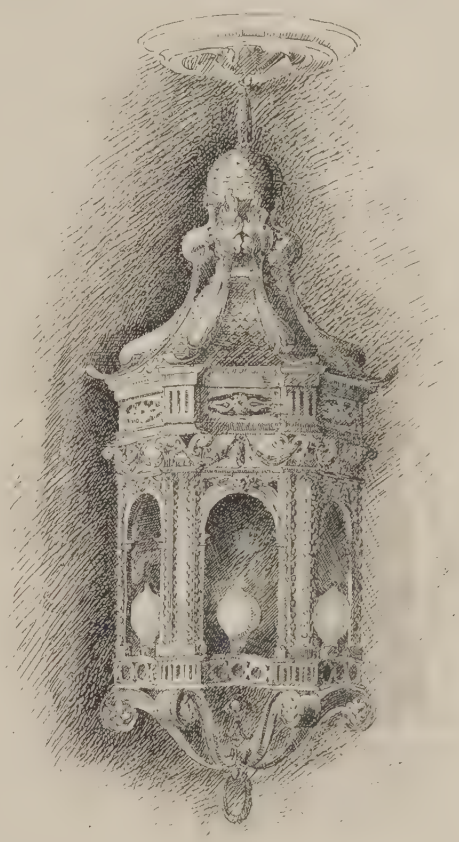
It will have been gathered from the remarks already made that Mr. Starkie Gardner has studied ornamental iron-working, both practically and theoretically, in an unusually complete manner. He knows what forms have been produced and what effects achieved in the metal. He is familiar with every technical mode of treatment, with every type of decorative motive. He sees what can be done with hammer and tongs, by rolling, cutting, punching, welding, and piercing; but he is at the same time fully conscious of the restraints imposed, by the nature of the material and by the uses to which it has to be put, on the fancy of the artificer in iron. Old examples are regarded, not as models to be slavishly copied, but as sources of fresh inspiration, as starting-points for new departures. But while Mr. Gardner thoroughly appreciates the merits of old ironwork, he is by no means blind to its not infrequent faults. Lack of proportion in the several members of a structure, the clumsiness of a buttress or a finial, the introduction into a conventionalised design of obviously naturalistic elements — such are some of the imperfections which are recognised by Mr. Gardner in certain of the ancient examples which he has described from time to time in his lectures and essays. I need scarcely say that he strenuously endeavours in his own designs to avoid such faults as those just named, and, at the same time, to secure originality, breadth and unity of effect, grace, and artistic expressiveness of touch.

*WINDOW GRILLE IN BERKELEY SQUARE.*

Several circumstances connected with Mr. Gardner's early surroundings and early pursuits are full of interest in their relation to the development of his knowledge and taste as a designer in iron. He is a born collector. Shells, insects, minerals, ferns, and postage-stamps in turn engaged his youthful attention. When seventeen years old he settled down seriously to the gathering and study of fossils; his first paper was published when he was twenty; it was followed by many other contributions to the 'Journal' of the Geological Society and by a volume on fossil coniferae. Perhaps this taste for collecting was in part inherited, for Mr. Gardner's father has devoted thirty years to the systematic gathering together of prints and drawings illustrative of Old London, while his mother was an enthusiastic collector of beautiful things — particularly of corals, gems, butterflies, and humming-birds. Anyhow, it can hardly be doubted that an environment such as that which I have indicated would suggest lines of study, and tend to form a cultivated mind.

But collecting was the occupation of Mr. Gardner's leisure hours only, his geological work in the field and in the study being restricted to his holidays. At other times he was hard at work assisting his father in his business. From the age of seventeen one of

his duties was to select and buy the china and glass, the lamps and bronzes, the clocks and plate, in which his father so largely dealt. Thus it happened that he was obliged to travel a good deal, visiting Paris and other Continental cities two or three times a year, or even oftener. The buying was interesting but very responsible work. Mr. Gardner traces to it the origination of his taste for designing and his possession of a very intimate acquaintance with several of those industrial arts which stand in very close relation to those arts which are generally regarded as *fine*. He is, moreover, of opinion that the accuracy in observation and in reasoning which is demanded by scientific research has rendered his early geological investigations of great use to him in dealing with the numerous and varied problems which his branch of metallurgical art continually offers for solution.



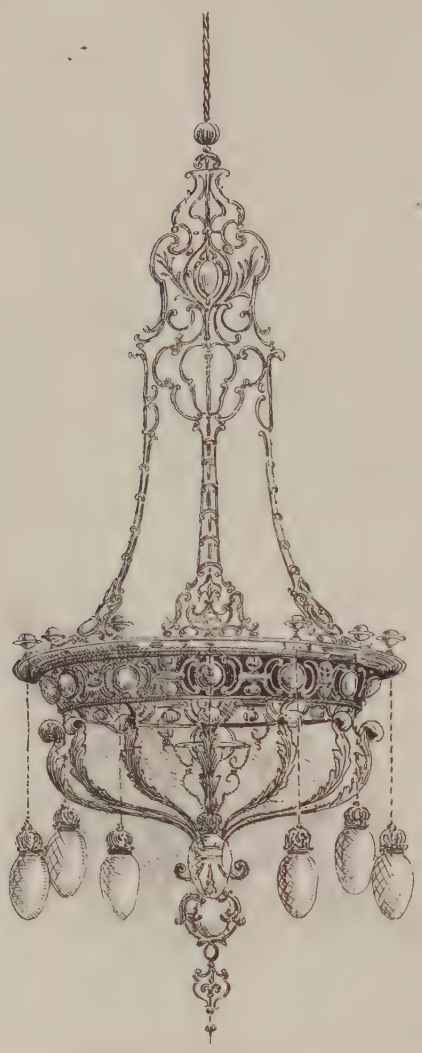
*HANGING LANTERN.*

Mr. Starkie Gardner's present works were actually started in the year 1882, but it was not until 1886 that they came under his sole direction and management. He lives on the spot, and, aided by his wife, looks after everything. He employs about eighty workmen, who are generally very fully occupied with the execution of orders, and often work overtime. His commissions come with little or no seeking, for Mr. Gardner enjoys the confidence of our foremost and best architects. As a rule, his clients *suggest* what they want, but they leave to Mr. Gardner not merely the execution of the work, but the details of the design—its style, size, and office having been, of course, duly indicated. It may be safely affirmed that the present considerable and still growing appreciation in this country of truly fine wrought ironwork is due in very large measure to the labours of Mr. Gardner, both by his pen and in his *atelier*. Many of his rivals and their workmen were once in his employ, while colourable imitations of his designs are frequent. Mr. Gardner does not seem to mind this; indeed, he tells me that he is rather glad that he is copied. The case would be different if he were in the habit of issuing repetitions of his designs or of returning to his old work for inspiration and suggestion.

A blacksmith's workshop in full swing is always charged with picturesque incidents and effects: Mr. Gardner's is no exception. Nothing depends upon the building, everything upon the work carried on within it. Each stage in the realisation of a design, each piece fitted into its proper place in the grille or gate, each process of manipulation, each method of working, each thud, or ring, or clatter of the tortured metal, contributes an element of interest. The working drawings scattered about on the benches, the antique fragments hanging here and there upon the walls, with the various evidences of human strength and skill and purpose which arrest one's attention at every turn, constitute an impressive scene, the full import of which, however, cannot be realised without some previous acquaintance with the remarkably rapid development of these works, with the very striking productions which have emanated from them, and with the instructed enthusiasm which dominates the entire establishment.

It is time to say a few words as to some of the more important products of Mr.

Gardner's forges. Work has been executed there for palaces and for public buildings, both in and out of London, but the largest part has been absorbed in private houses, clubs, hotels, and churches. Mr. Gardner counts, amongst his chief works, the following:—



*CORONA FOR ELECTRIC LIGHTS.*

Screens at St. Mary's, Portsea, which are large enough for a cathedral. They were designed by Sir A. Blomfield, A.R.A., but some minor details were left to be elaborated by Mr. Gardner.

Choir Grilles at the Cathedral, Truro. These were designed, down to the smallest detail, by Mr. J. L. Pearson, R.A., and show fine mediaeval feeling.

Park Gates, Eaton. The general plan was by Colonel Edis, but the filling in of the details was entrusted to Mr. Gardner; they are in the style of William and Mary.

Park Gates at Bedford. Bold work in the style prevalent in the time of George I.

Gates and Railings of St. Pancras Gardens. These may fairly be ranked amongst the finest modern works in their style, that of Queen Anne.

Gates at the South Kensington Museum. The original design for these gates, produced in the Office of Works and adapted for execution in cast iron, has been so modified as to be fitted for production in wrought iron.

The illustrations included in the present paper comprise:—One of three Screens in Grocers' Hall, executed for the architect, Mr. H. C. Boyes; a Window Grille in a house, by Messrs. George and Peto, Berkeley Square; a Hanging Lantern, the panels in front of the lights consisting of thin sheets of ivory—this lantern was made for Messrs. George and Peto; a Corona for electric lights in the entrance hall of the Junior Constitutional Club, Piccadilly, for Colonel Edis.

It must not be supposed from the absence of specimens in the Gothic style that Mr. Gardner is not in full sympathy with pre-Renaissance art in wrought iron. Not a few of his works, executed after his own designs, are quite worthy of a place amongst the best productions of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries.

A. H. Church.

DECEMBER 1.—The exhibition of the Institute of Painters in Oil is about an average one. The more interesting contributions may be noted shortly. They are—three contributions by the President, Sir James Linton, in which landscape plays a part hitherto strange to his work. Sir James has won his reputation by his Metsu or Terborch-like skill in the treatment of textures and tone. It is to be hoped that these rural excursions do not portend a change in his aims. Another of the senior men, Mr. E. M. Wimperis, shows how landscape should be looked at, also—to some extent—how it should be painted. His hand is a little heavy, but his *Sussex Lane* is a brilliant piece of work nevertheless; with a little more modulation and a little less paint, a little more depth and a little less sparkle, it would be worthy to hang beside a Constable. In the work of Mr. Claude Hayes we find some of the qualities we miss from that of Mr. Wimperis. His *A Surrey Common* and his *Berkshire Pastoral* are refined, delicate, and sympathetic in their view of nature; but they fall behind the landscapes of Mr. Leslie Thompson, for instance, in unity and in the vigour with which the deeper harmonies are brought out. Mr. Thompson's *Clay Barges* is excellent work. Attention should also be given to Mr. Collier's *In a Beech Wood;* to Mr. Alfred East's *Clairwin Valley;* and to Mr. Aumonier's *Sussex Hayfield*, which exemplifies, however, its author's propensity to take the freshness out of the scenes he paints. Mr. John Reid exhibits a clever Barnumism in *Toby's Rehearsal*, and another study from a still lower stratum of the same line of life in *A Gipsy Queen*. A third canvas which may fairly be put in the same category is Mr. Raven Hill's *Bank Holiday*—'Arry on the spree. Mr. Raven Hill promises to be our best chronicler of low-middle life at the end of the nineteenth century. The portraits are not remarkable—one of the best is Mr. Shannon's.

MR. WHITWORTH WALLIS, the energetic Keeper of the Birmingham Museum, has brought together a loan collection of peculiar excellence in the building over which he presides. It consists almost entirely of modern English work, but the examples have been selected with peculiar care, both for their popularity and for their technical sufficiency. A case of bronzes by Barye is the principal non-English contribution. It also holds a few bronzes by Mr. Swan, who in many ways is quite the Frenchman's equal. Among the pictures, Mr. Swan again cuts a good figure. His superb *Maternity* is here, lent by Mr. C. N. Lawrence; so is the fine study of a dead lion which he calls *A Fallen Monarch*. Another 'animalier,' Mr. Briton Riviere, adds to the attractive power of the show. His famous *Circe*, his *Union is Strength*, his fine *Rizpah*, his *Magician's Doorway*, and his *Of a Fool and his Folly there is no End*, have all been lent by their owners. Among other notable things we may name Mr. John Charlton's *Ulundi* and *Bad News from the Front;* Mr. H. W. B. Davis's *A Gleamy Day, Picardy;* Mr. Caton Woodville's *Kassassin*, and his *Saving the Guns, Maiwand*, one of the best of modern battle pictures; Mr. J. C. Dollman's *Les Misérables; A Parting*, by Mrs. Adrian Stokes, and *The Setting Sun*, by her husband; and Mr. Logsdail's *Bank of England*. Among the water-colours you will find a drawing as good as any Meissonier in Mr. Andrew Gow's *The Requisitionists*, lent by Mr. Cuthbert Quilter. It is a capital show of its kind, and the Midland-Metropolitans ought to be grateful to its organizers. Mr. Wallis, however, ought to know better than to call the painter of *The Roll Call* Lady Elizabeth Butler.

THE autumn—or should we call it winter?—show in Suffolk Street is, we think, above the average. The contributions of Mr. John Reid, Mr. Frank Brangwyn, Mr. Pickering, Mr. Yeend King, Mr. Robert Sauber, and a few others give it a distinction which even the futile elaboration of such a thing as the President's *Votive Chapel in the Abbey Royal, St. Valery-sur-Somme* is unable to destroy. If Mr. Wyke Bayliss would only leave off trying to solidify dreams, and would be content to make the most of his undeniable turn for colour, he would do something for which we should feel grateful. His water-colour drawings—there are several here—show what he could do if he would only be content with ART.

AT the rooms of the Fine Art Society a collection of drawings of Eastern subjects and of English rural scenery is on view. They are by the late Charles Robertson, R.W.S., and illustrate his gift for pleasing colour, and graceful, if not robust, design.—Mr. Sainton's silver points at the Burlington Gallery, Old Bond Street, are pretty and amusing. They are smart, however, rather than artistic.

ONE of the minor lights of the French romantic school of painting, the late Adolphe Hervier, is to be studied at the present moment in the Goupil Galleries. Hervier is generally classed with the Barbizon group, and, before his pictures we cannot help seeing that he was influenced by nearly all of them in turn. Echoes of Millet, of Rousseau, of Troyon, of Narcisse Diaz, are to be found within their frames. And as a colourist Hervier, at his best, yields to none of them. Without reaching the extraordinary combination of art with nature, of objective truth with creative fusion, which marks the great master of them all—Constable, of course—Hervier had great dexterity and a keen eye, to which he added a sense of tone more French than English. Messrs. Boussod & Co. are to be thanked for giving us the opportunity of seeing his *Foret de St. Germain* and *Foret de Fontainebleau*, his *Woodland Farm* and *Farmyard in Normandy*, to name only these. Hervier was born in 1819 and died in 1878, so that his years just covered the greatest period of French art.

THE resignation of the Slade Chair of Fine Art at University College by Mr. Legros is an event that should not be passed over in silence by any publication dealing with the arts. Mr. Legros—we call him 'Mr.' because he is, we believe, a naturalised British subject—has held the professorship ever since Mr. Poynter's resignation, some twenty years ago. Every one who knows anything of art matters is familiar with his work. He has raised the standard of English draughtsmanship, and has put at the command of his pupils a system of drawing which brings both dignity and soundness in its train. It will be very difficult to supply his place, although, it is whispered, some of our best painters are among the aspirants to the post.

MR. M. B. HUISH has resigned the editorship of the 'Art Journal,' which he has held ever since the days of Mr. S. C. Hall. He has been succeeded by Mr. David Croal Thomson. Mr. Thomson was for some time assistant editor under Mr. Huish. He is well known through his 'Life of Hablot K. Browne,' his 'Life of Bewick,' and his volume on the Barbizon school of painters.

THE Council of the Egypt Exploration Fund intends in future to issue an annual account of the work done under its auspices. The new publication will be known as 'Archaeological Reports.' The first number will contain reports by Mons. Naville and Mr. Newberry on the result of their several expeditions; and 'in order to keep the members of Society informed of the progress of discovery, summaries of archaeological intelligence and of publications relating to Egyptology will be added, as well as more extended notices of selected works.'

ACCORDING to Mr. Samuel Butler, an act of the most stupid vandalism has been committed at the Sacro Monte of Varallo. Many readers of THE PORTFOLIO will remember the enthusiastic description of the sculptures by Gaudenzio Ferrari and Tabachetti given by Mr. Butler in his little volume, 'Ex Voto.' The crucifixion chapel at Varallo is the work of Gaudenzio, so far as the painted background and the twenty-five or thirty subordinate terra-cotta figures are concerned. The crucified Christ, however, is, or rather was, by another and earlier sculptor. It had an archaism, says Mr. Butler, in a letter to the 'Times,' which 'served in some measure to place it on a different and higher platform than those around it, and this enhanced not a little the austere solemnity of the scene.' Unfortunately a lady with

more generosity than taste came lately to Varallo, and seeing this archaic figure among the more assured works of Gaudenzio, she determined to replace it with one hot from the modern mint of Turin. The authorities were complaisant, and so the time-honoured Christ of Varallo has disappeared, and in its place reigns the empty dexterity of nineteenth-century Italian sculpture.

The two exhibitions in the Haymarket, Messrs. Tooth's and Mr. McLean's, are this year stronger than usual. At the larger show, that at Nos. 5 and 6, several of the best things are old friends, but such old friends as we are delighted to see again. The chief of these is the *Sculpture Gallery* of Mr. Alma Tadema. It is a good many years now since this picture was at the Royal Academy, but it has been seen in the interval at the Grosvenor, and Mons. Blanchard's engraving has helped to make it one of the best known of modern pictures. In many ways it is one of the happiest of its author's creations. Another familiar acquaintance is the *Lion at Home* of Mlle. Rosa Bonheur. The talent of Mlle. Bonheur does not appeal to the writer of these lines. It is too scientific and documentary in aim, too dry and harsh in its decorative results. No one can deny, however, that a picture like the *Lion at Home* is at any rate a conscientious report. The *Breton Shepherd*, in the next room, is more aesthetically sufficient. *Lingering Autumn*, the Millais landscape from the last Academy; Mr. David Farquharson's Scotch landscape, and a *Breton Peasant*, by Mons. Dagnan Bouveret, have also been admired before. For the rest we need only refer to a head by Sir Frederick Leighton, to a good Van Haanen, and to an Oriental interior painted with the Dou-like elaboration of Mr. Deutsch.

The best thing at Mr. McLean's Gallery is the *Crow Starving* of Mr. George Clausen. It is not one of his more recent productions, but in all that makes for pure and sincere art it is infinitely richer than the vociferous productions of Munkacsy, Kiesel, and other purveyors of foreign gaudiness which hang in its neighbourhood. All the foreigners, however, do not come under this head. Seiler's *Amateurs* is a really excellent little essay in Meissonierism, and Mons. Chevilliard's *Pinch of Snuff* sound enough in its way. *Lions in the Desert* represents Mr. J. M. Swan; *The Keeper's Cottage* and *A Roumanian Pedlar*, the earnestness and desire for truth of Mr. J. Zuber.

In an enlarged gallery under the reconstructed Willis's Rooms, the Messrs Shepherd are exhibiting a number of examples of those English painters we call our 'old masters,' who are now rising into such vogue.—At the 'Japanese Gallery,' in New Bond Street, Mr. Larkin has an exhibition of Dutch pictures, among them a good landscape by Jan Looten, a comparatively unknown Dutchman, whose works are usually given to other people. There is a specimen of Looten in the National Gallery. He was a disciple of Hobbema and Ruysdael, his work reminding one sometimes of the one master and sometimes of the other.

Mr. Gerald Robinson's plate after Mr. Frank Dicksee's *Passing of Arthur* is a performance on which that young engraver—one can't say 'scraper'—is to be sincerely congratulated. To translate a picture of such complexity into black and white was no easy task, but Mr. Robinson has carried it to success. The delicacy and tenderness which marked his earlier efforts here show no diminution, and the result is to be welcomed as warmly as our conscience will allow. We put it thus because it seems obvious that the process was never meant by its inventor, who, we take it, was 'the nature of things,' for the purpose to which Mr. Robinson has put it. Large mezzotints with many figures and much complexity of line and chiaroscuro, are comparatively unsatisfactory for exactly the same reason that a big Rembrandt, with much doing in it, is inferior to one of his heads of himself. The process suits concentration, and concentration is not the note of the *Passing of Arthur*.

The literary event of the autumn, from our point of view, has been the publication of Mr. Symonds's 'Life of Michelangelo Buonarroti.' It will be treated at greater length at a future opportunity, but here and now we may give a short account of its scope and aim. Many biographies of the great Florentine have been published, from the friendly panegyrics of Vasari and Condivi down to the excellent and too-little-regarded volume in which Mr. Heath Wilson embodied the best part—in the strict sense of that epithet—of Signor Gotti's 'Life.' Signor Gotti wrote with the *apropos* of the Michelangelo tercentenary. He had a fuller access than had been vouchsafed before to the archives locked away in the Casa Buonarroti. But his work left much to be desired. Some of this Mr. Heath Wilson supplied, but much still remains to be done. Mr. Symonds has endeavoured to do it. His research has been untiring; his enthusiasm for his subject unbounded; and he has had opportunities denied to all his predecessors. Whether or no the result is commensurate with all this, we shall endeavour in good time to determine. It may at once be said, however, that its fault is not a want of completeness. Every phase of Michelangelo's life, as artist, as poet, and as a mere human being with passions like the rest of us, is exhaustively treated. Mr. Symonds devotes, for instance, a whole chapter, and that one of the longest, to his hero's relations with Vittoria Colonna and Tommaso Cavalieri. The illustrations are numerous and good; that they are always well chosen, we should not like to say. For our own part, we should have liked more *fac-similes* of drawings, and fewer reproductions of things which cannot be satisfactorily shown within the limits of a modest octavo page.

At No. 57 Pall Mall, Mr. S. Gooden has on view a series of pictures painted 'at Gravetye Manor, Sussex, in the year 1891.' They are the work of two young artists who have been studying in Paris, and have both taken Corot for their model. Mr. W. E. Norton is American, Mr. H. G. Moon, English. They call their collective work *A Story of the Year round an old Country House*, and it tells with taste and fidelity the effects of the seasons as they pass. We hope it is not a national prejudice which leads us to see rather more of artistic promise in the work of Mr. Moon than in that of his friend.

In addition to the attractions already foreshadowed on this page, we hear that the counter-exhibition at the Royal Academy, which is due in little more than a month, will contain a selection of pictures from the Corporation Gallery of Glasgow, a gallery which has been brought rather vividly before those who really care about pure art by its loan this summer to the Burlington Fine Arts Club. It is said that the selection will include, among other things, the *Woman taken in Adultery*, ascribed to Giorgione, which is at least one of the finest Giorgionesque pictures in existence. Some of the best of the Dutch pictures will also be sent to London. By consenting to allow their treasures to journey southwards, the Glasgow Corporation set an example which, we hope, may some day be followed by the Board of Trustees in the case of the Edinburgh Gallery. The great Watteau, the *Fête Champetre*, the two Frans Halses, the Gainsborough, the Lomelini Vandyck, and a few more, ought to be seen in London. The new Rembrandt—for which, as well as the two portraits by Hals, Edinburgh is indebted to Mr. W. McEwan—has already been at Burlington House.

It seems to be settled that the new Gallery of British Art, for which we have to thank Mr. Tate, is to be planted at Milbank. The site sounds appalling, but the arrival there of the Tate Gallery and its inevitable consequences will probably have the effect of hastening the day of redemption. The street which now struggles on ignominiously, from the precincts of the Abbey to Vauxhall Bridge, might be as fine as the Chelsea Embankment, and the best way, perhaps, to get it made so, will be to create a 'monument' in its midst.

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